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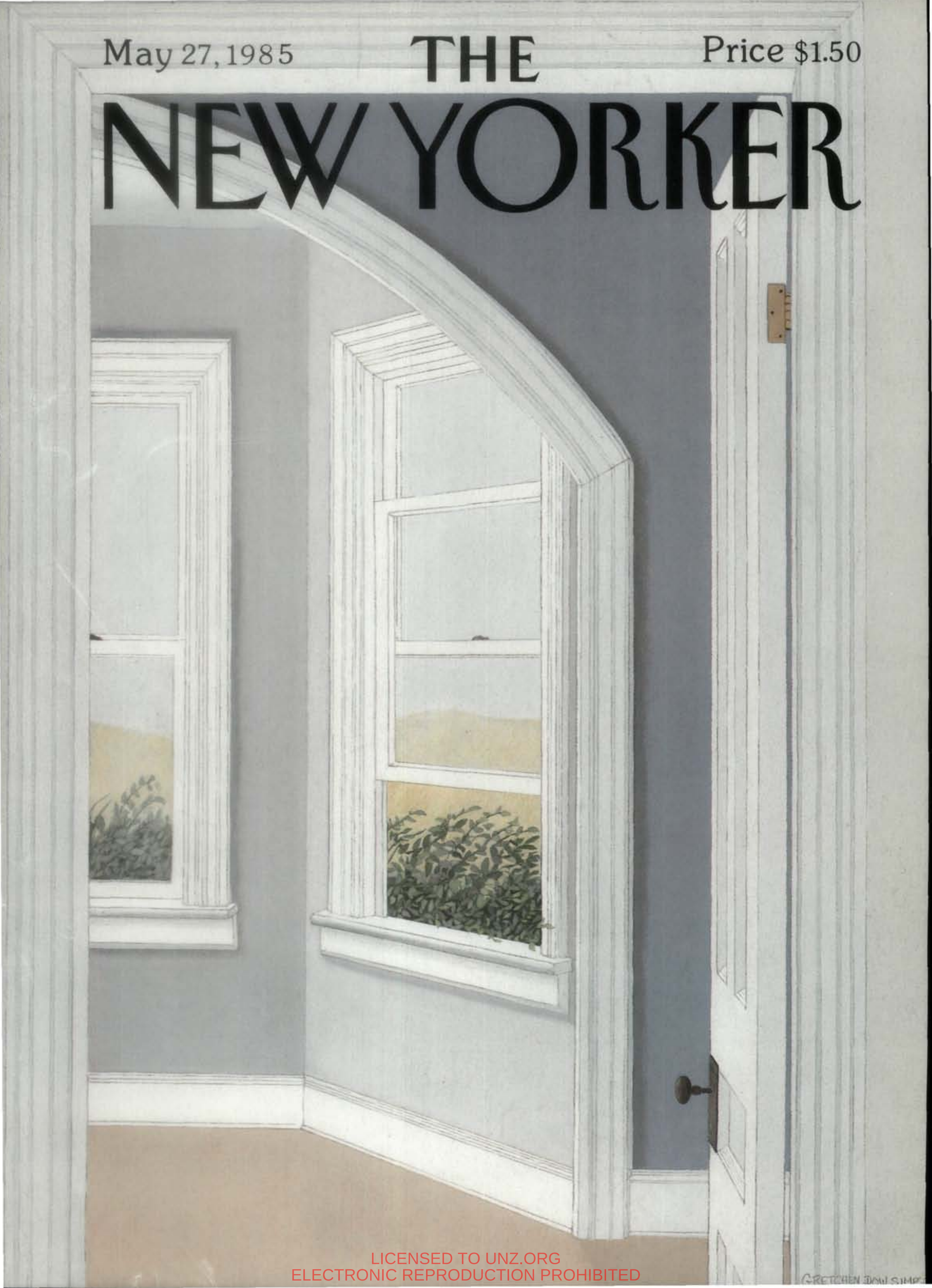
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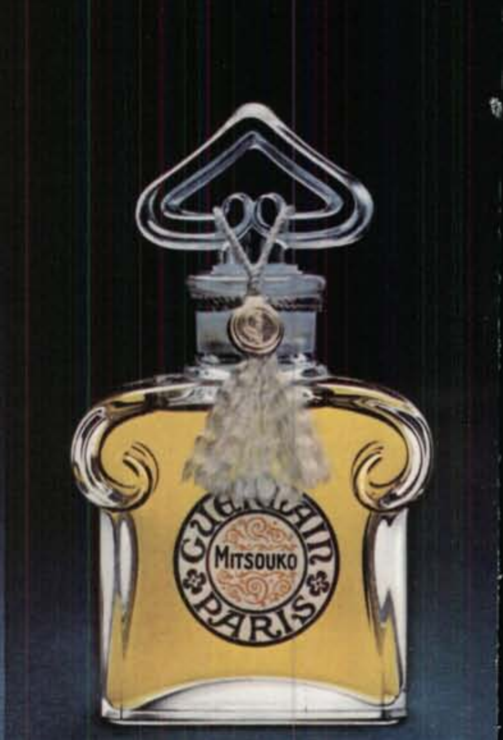
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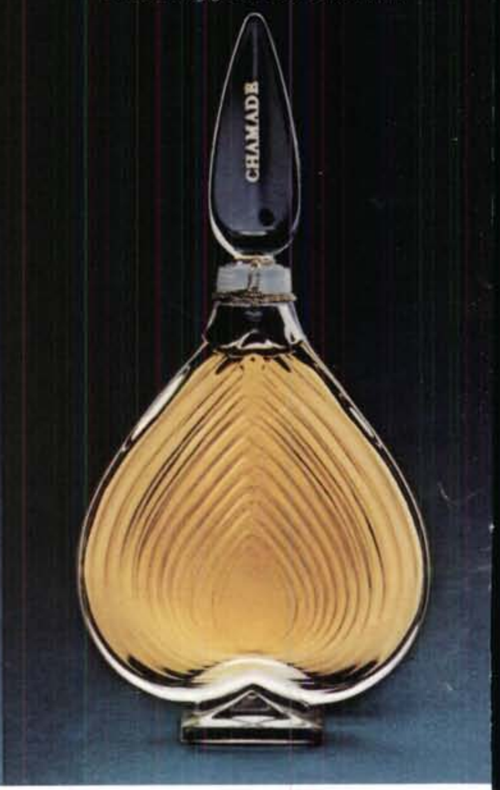

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's group. Shakespeare's AS YOU LIKE IT, directed by Mervyn Willis: Wednesday, May 22, at 2 and 8, and Thursday, May 23, at 8. . . . THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH, by Thornton Wilder, directed by Gerald Freedman: Friday, May 24, at 8, and Saturday, May 25, at 2 and 8. . . . A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS, by Philip Massinger, directed by Michael Kahn: Sunday, May 26, at 7. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Aren't We All?—Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and a superb assortment of supporting actors bring back to merry life the Frederick Lonsdale drawing-room comedy of 1923. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/13/85.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of the Shaw play, with Kevin Kline, Raul Julia, and Glenne Headley. John Malkovich is the director. Previews through Wednesday, May 29. Opens officially on Thursday, May 30, at 7. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Be Happy for Me—A comedy by Jerry Sterner, with David Groh and Philip Bosco. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, May 25.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. Matthew Broderick and the rest of the cast are first-rate. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Chopin in Space—A play by Phil Bosakowski. (Ark, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doctor Faustus—Daniel Gerroll and Samuel Blackwell's adaptation of the Christopher Marlowe play, with Mr. Gerroll in the title role. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 2. For tickets, call 722-1200.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Austin Pendleton, John Cullum, Ron Leibman, and Tony Roberts. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Eden Court—This brash, trying comedy about a couple who live in a trailer park and two of their friends is more television sitcom than play. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of twelve one-act plays, running through Monday, June 17. "The Road to the Graveyard," by Horton Foote; "Desperadoes," by Keith Reddin; "Aggressive Behavior," by Stuart Spencer; and "Between Cars," by Alan Zweibel: Thursday, May 23, at 7:30; Sunday, May 26, at 7; and Monday, May 27, and Wednesday and Thursday, May 29-30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Life Under Water," by Richard Greenberg; "Mariens Kammer," by Roger Hedden; "The Frog Prince," by David Mamet; and "Men Without Dates," by Jane Willis: Friday, May 24, at 7:30; Saturday, May 25, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, May 26, at 3. . . . ¶ "North of Providence," by Edward Allan Baker; "The Semi-Formal," by Louisa Jerauld; "Painting a Wall," by David Lan; and "The Happy Hour," by Shel Silverstein: Previews Friday, May 31, at 7:30, and Saturday, June 1, at 7 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

Episode 26—A play by Howard Korder. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1973 musical A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC by Stephen Sondheim (music and lyrics) and Hugh Wheeler (book), suggested by Ingmar Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is the last in this season's series of productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most

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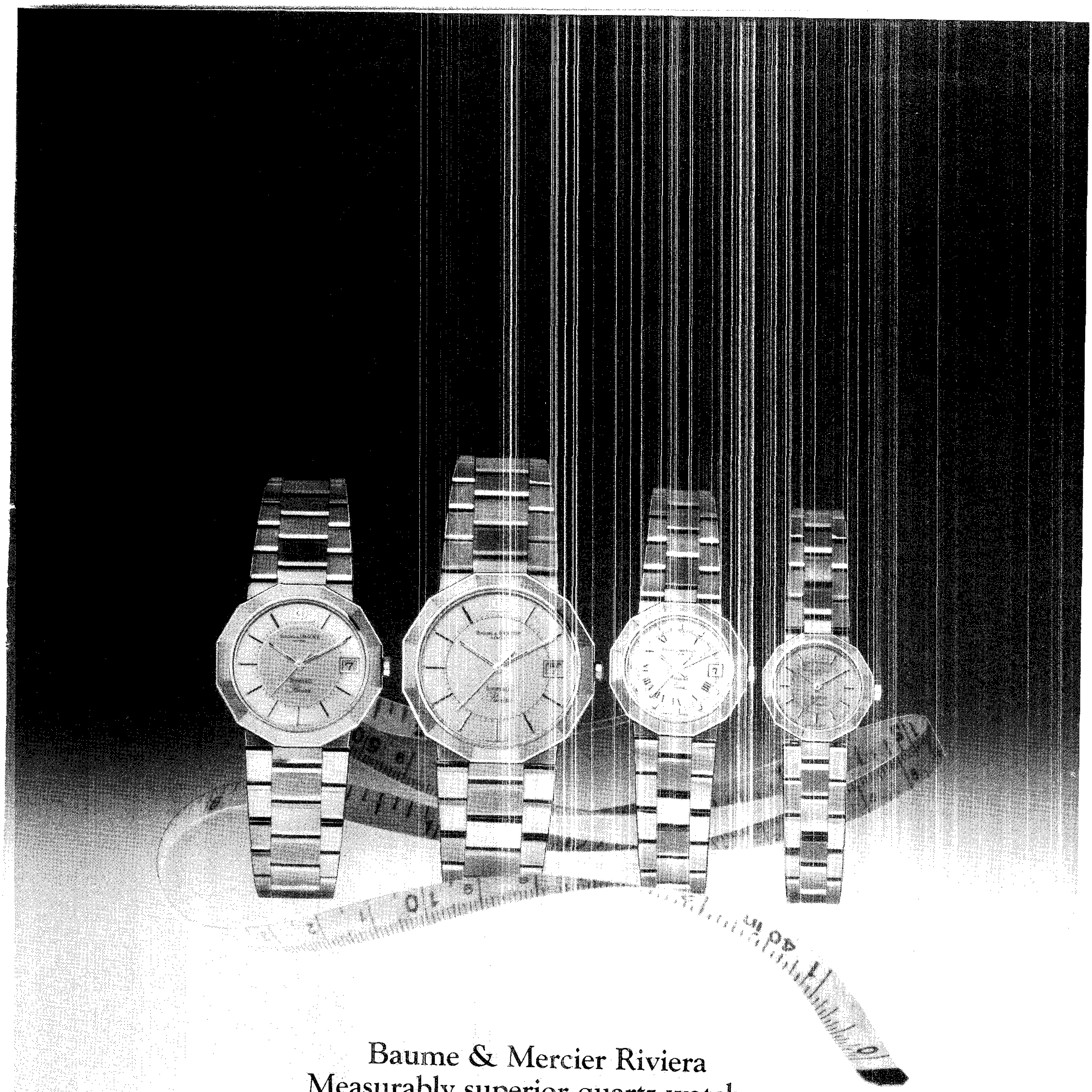
The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Steven T. Florio, executive vice-president & publisher; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 400 Perimeter Center Terrace, Suite 180, Atlanta, Ga. 30346; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Vol. LXI, No. 14, May 27, 1985. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1985 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. *All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may* be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



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notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grind—An ambitious musical (book by Fay Kanin, music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh) about life in a burlesque house in Chicago in 1933; black and white performers are professionally segregated, the Great Depression is on, and even a newly arrived Irish immigrant is in trouble. Directed with his usual energy and skill by Harold Prince and starring Ben Vereen, Leilani Jones, Stubby Kaye, and Timothy Nolen. (4/22/85) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Joe Egg—A superb performance of Peter Nichols' matchless bleak comedy. Jim Dale and Stockard Channing are the parents of the hopelessly brain-damaged child, and they are supported by John Tillinger, Margaret Hilton, Joanna Gleason, and Tenney Walsh. Arvin Brown was the director. (1/14/85) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A torrent of early-sixties songs, written by Ellie Greenwich and her collaborators. The songs are affixed to a soap-opera version of Miss Greenwich's life, and Miss Greenwich herself puts in an unexpected and rather touching appearance. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lies and Legends: The Musical Stories of Harry Chapin—A musical entertainment using works by the late composer. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2, and Saturday and Sunday at 3:30. Closes Sunday, May 26.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Marriage of Bette and Boo—Christopher Durang's very funny, mordant satire on a Catholic *mariage à la mode*, with the playwright himself as the luckless son of the couple under examination. The performance, under Jerry Zaks' direction, is absolutely first-rate. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Miss Universal Happiness—A play written and directed by Richard Foreman. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

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Negro Ensemble Company—The fourth in this season's series of productions is a revival of **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN,** by Lonne Elder III. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pack of Lies—A rather humdrum little melodrama by Hugh Whitemore, about a humdrum British couple and what befalls them when their best friends turn out to be Russian spies. With Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Rat in the Skull—London's Royal Court Theatre production of a play by Ron Hutchinson. Colum Convey, Brian Cox, Gerard Horan, and Philip Jackson make up the cast, and the director is Max Stafford-Clark. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, May 22, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Return of Herbert Bracewell—A comedy by Andrew Johns, with Milo O'Shea and Frances Sternhagen. Directed by Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rommel's Garden—Lonny Price and Jay O. Sanders are the entire cast of a play by Harvey Gabor. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Sally's Gone, She Left Her Name—A play by Russell Davis, with David Canary, Michael Learned, Robert Leonard, and Cynthia Nixon. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Jamie Ross (substituting for Van Johnson, who will return Monday, May 27) as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,432 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Deborah Strang and George Gerdes have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HURLYBURLY:** David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is well performed under Mike Nichols' direction. With Frank Langella, Ron Silver,

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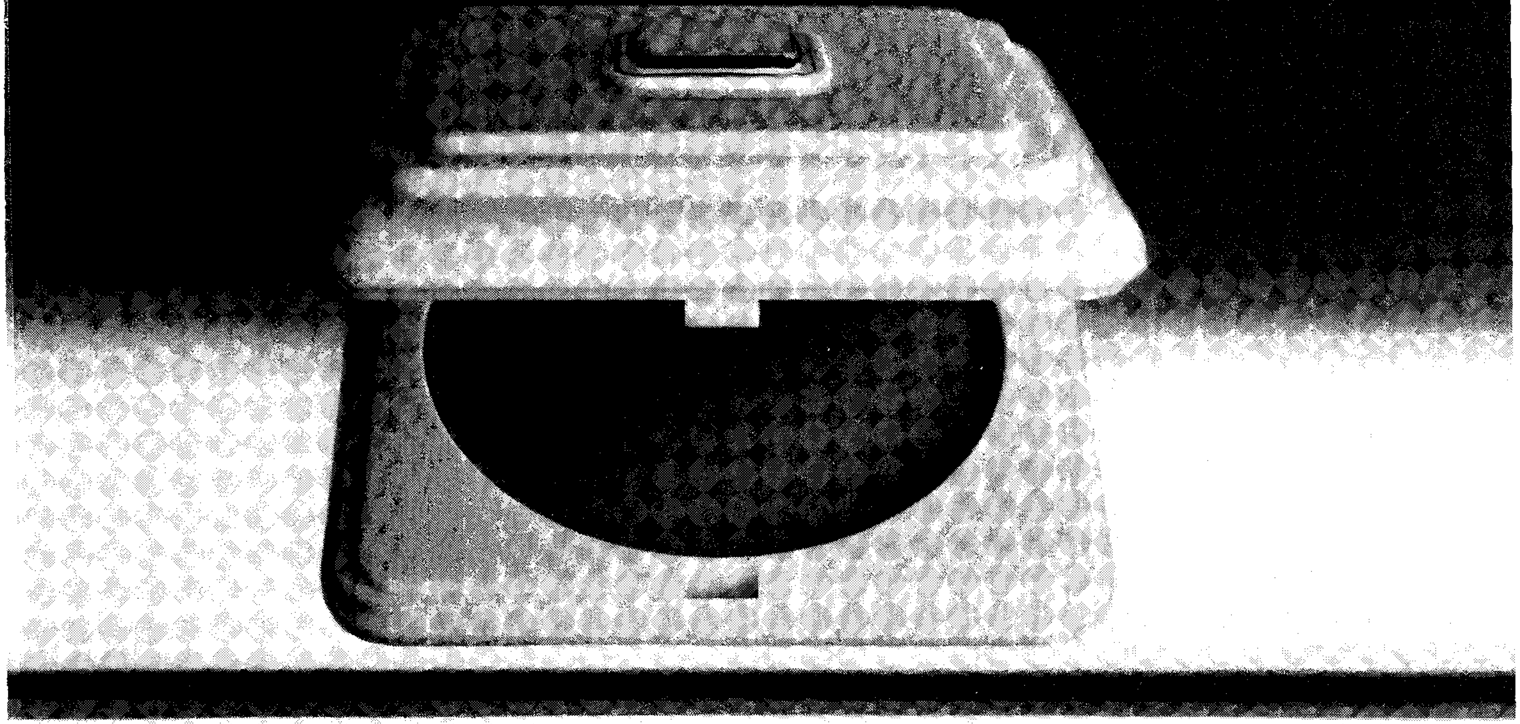

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiello, and Jerry Stiller. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's latest edition, with attractions ranging from "The Globe of Death" to a herd of twenty elephants. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays and Monday, May 27, at 1 and 5:30. Through Sunday, June 2.)

"QUARRY"—Meredith Monk and her company in a revival of her 1976 opera. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Tuesday, May 28.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—*Wednesday evening, May 22:* "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," "Apollo," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 23: "Concerto Barocco," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Brahms/Handel." . . .

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¶ Friday evening, May 24: "Apollo," "La Valse," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 25: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 25: "Firebird," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 26: "Swan Lake," the new ballet, and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 26: "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Menuetto," "In the Night," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 28: "Concerto Barocco," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "In the Night," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 29: "Swan Lake," "Tzigane," "Seven by Five," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 30: "Menuetto," "Eight Lines," "Poulenc Sonata," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 31: "Seven by Five," "Other Dances," the new ballet, and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 1: "Concerto Barocco," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Other Dances," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 1: "Menuetto," "Tzigane," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 23.)

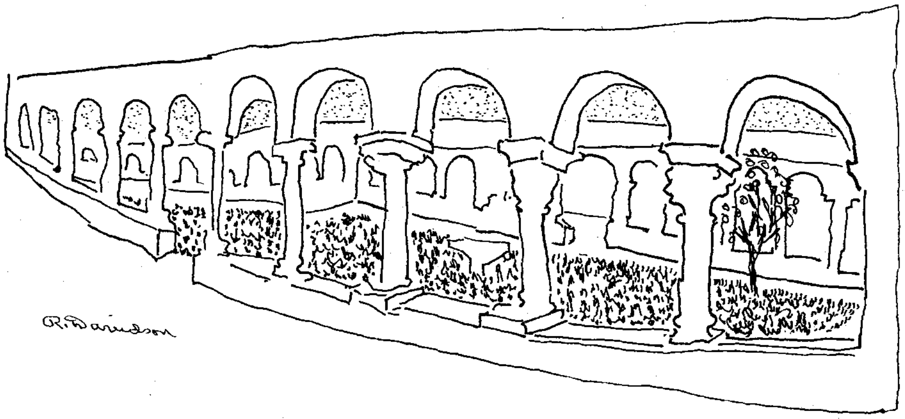
AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 22; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 30-31; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 1: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 23: "Les Sylphides," "Dim Lustre," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, May 24-25, and Monday evening, May 27: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 25: "Theme and Variations," "Anastasia," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 28, and Wednesday matinée and evening, May 29: "Cinderella." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 15.)

SAEKO ICHINOHE AND COMPANY—In a program of new and repertory works. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Wednesday, May 22, at 3 and 8.)

RITHA DEVI—The first of two performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, June 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—What with Cole Porter Month coming up, **JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, is gearing up by performing cabaret tunes in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays, Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **BILLY ECKSTINE** sings here through Sunday, May 26; on Monday, May 27, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS** will head up a combo; and starting Wednesday, May 29, bluesy tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will arrive with his band. Music from nine. **TED CURSON,** a jubilant hard-bop trumpeter, conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, May 22, swinging jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL** and his **LIVING TIME ORCHESTRA;** Thursday, May 23, La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, trumpeter **TOM BROWNE;** Thursday, May 30, the **PERSUASIONS** and John Hall; Friday, May 31, the Chesterfield Kings; and Saturday, June 1, comedienne Elayne Boosler. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** form one of those duos through Saturday, May 25. On Sunday, May 26, the management will somehow install a second piano so **BILL MAYS** and **FRED HERSCH** can play four-handed duets. Music from nine-forty-five.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back with his sidekicks, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

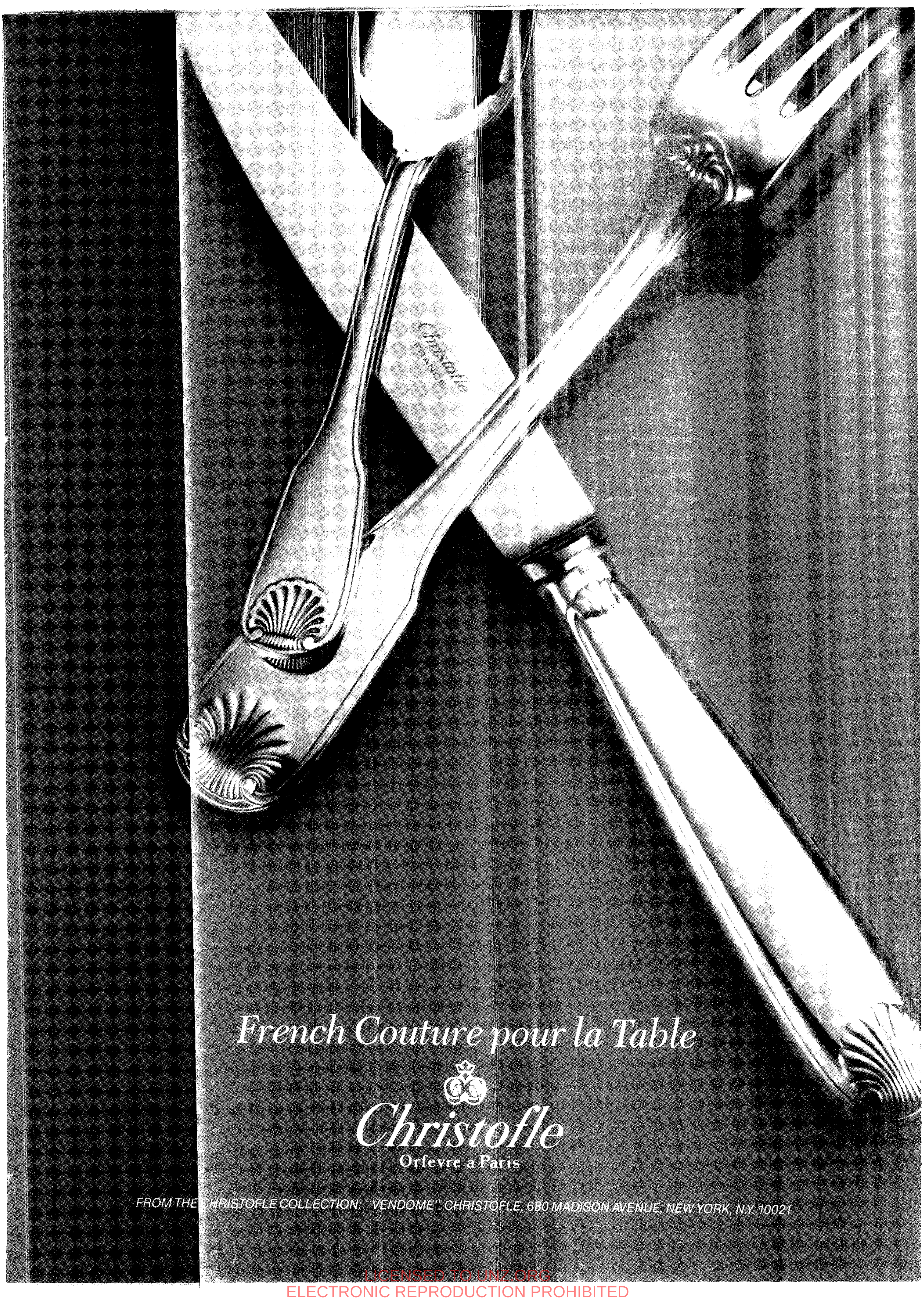
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, old-time-string-band, and Irish music is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. The band on Wednesday, May 22, is Stolen Child; Saturday, May 25, will belong to **FIDDLE FEVER,** with fiddlers **JAY UNGAR, MATT GLASER,** and **EVAN STOVER,** plus **RUSS BARENBERG** on guitar and **MOLLY MASON** on bass; and the music on Saturday, June 1, will be provided by Yellin Grass. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays as well. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home on the block for traditional small-band jazz. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Polish jazz pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** is supported by bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** and by drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, May 26, and starting Tuesday, May 28, flutist **HERBIE MANN** and his **FAMILY OF MANN** will be on the stand. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, May 22, Gordan Gano's Mercy Seat and the Figures; Thursday, May 23, Shok Tok, Bill Gordh & Sax Freymann, Bruce Donnola, and Deb Kayman; Friday, May 24, Vermontite **MICHAEL HURLEY;** Sunday, May 26, Who's Your Daddy, Frank Pinto, Don Frazier, Tom & Gay Fair, and Steve Kelley; Wednesday, May 29, Salem 66 and Yo La Tango; Friday, May 31, the Ben Vaughn Combo and Last Roundup; and Saturday, June 1, Charlie King and Judy Gorman-Jacobs. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** performs with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK;** on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays from five to ten, **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER** continue their longtime collaboration Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday, May 22, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Thursday, May 23, and Sunday, May 26, blues-rock pianist and singer **COMMANDER CODY;** and Wednesday through Friday, May 29-31, Soul Bro. No. 1 **JAMES BROWN.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. **AHMAD JAMAL,** a popular if controversial pianist—some people think he's gushy and rhapsodic, and Miles Davis has called him a genius—performs with his trio through Sunday, May 26, and starting Tuesday, May 28, swinging, boppy guitarists **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS** will take over. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt. Wednesday, May 22, the BMF Sextet; Thursday, May 23, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting swing music so infectiously that it's downright impossible not to want to Lindy to it. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, May 22, 'Til Tuesday; Thursday, May 23, John Hiatt and Kristi Rose; Friday, May 24, Mars Williams' All Over the Place; Saturday, May 25, Flash Kahan and Show of Hands; Sunday, May 26, salsa keyboard wizard **EDDIE PALMIERI;** Wednesday, May 29, East Side Saga; Thursday and Friday, May 30-31, the **RAMONES;** and Saturday, June 1, the Lords of the New Church and Crossfire Choir. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

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St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole (as in Old, not Nat) Room, **JOE BUSHKIN** plays piano and sings, husky-voiced, Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, May 22, the Ed Palermo band; Thursday through Saturday, May 23-25, pianist **DON GROLNICK,** saxophonist **MIKE BRECKER,** guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK,** drummer **PETER ERSKINE,** and bassist **WILL LEE;** Monday, May 27, the Tom Pierson big band; Tuesday, May 28, pianist **DAVID LAHM;** Wednesday, May 29, violinist **BERNIE CHARLES;** Thursday, May 30, singer Connie James; and Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, R. & B.-ists **WHO IT IS.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian (and African) exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). Wednesday and Thursday, May 22-23, **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, Batucaje; Wednesday and Thursday, May 29-30, salsa singer and lyricist **RUBEN BLADES;** Friday, May 31, **MIKATA;** and Saturday, June 1, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION.** Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. **PHAROAH SANDERS,** on wailing tenor sax and wailing vocals, leads his quartet through Sunday, May 26, and on Tuesday, May 28, **CRAIG HARRIS,** a wild, stirring, growling trombonist and occasional didgeridoo soloist, will begin working with trumpeter **OLU DARA,** drummer **BILLY HIGGINS,** percussionist **DON MOYE,** bassist **ANTHONY COX,** and other musicians. Mondays are **GIL EVANS BIG BAND** nights. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On May 27, **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, the **LOUIS RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ** orchestra, and pianist **HILTON RUIZ,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, Wendy Simon and Eric Spiegel perform piano-bass duets nightly, except Monday, after nine-thirty. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays. Sets begin at nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. **LESTER BOWIE,** who has been known to play "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," a dramatic "The Great Pretender," and "It's Howdy Doody Time" on his talking, squawking trumpet, leads a quintet through Sunday, May 26. On Tuesday, May 28, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **ART TAYLOR** will all move in. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The swing-music and swinging music lineup: drummer **CHICO HAMILTON'S** quintet through Sunday, May 26; Monday and Tuesday, May 27-28, pianist **JOE ALBANY;** and on Wednesday, May 29, saxophonist **NORRIS TURNEY** will bring in his band, the **DUKE'S MEN.** Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Piano-bass duos in a town-house restaurant: **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** work through Saturday, May 25; **BEN ARONOV** and **JAY LEONHART** will start in on Tuesday, May 28. Music from eight. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 26-27.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Tania Maria and **Michel Camilo**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, May 22, at 8.

Jane Ira Bloom and **the David Lopato Quartet**—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 242-4140. Thursday, May 23, at 8:30.

Anita O'Day—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 24, at 8.

Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, at 10 and midnight.

Jackie Daly—With Seamus & Manus McGuire. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Sunday, May 26, at 8.)

Gilberto Gil—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 29, at 8.

Andreas Vollenweider—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 30, at 8.

George Benson and **Roberta Flack**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1, at 8.

Marian McPartland Trio—With the New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, May 31, at 8.)

World Chamber Ensemble & Brian Smith Quartet—Alternative Museum. Friday, May 31, at 8.

Roger Whittaker—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 1, at 8.

Joseph Jarman—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, June 1, at 8:30.

Jazz Center of New York—Saturday, May 25, at 9 and 10:30: Norris Turney & the Duke's Men in a salute to Billy Strayhorn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 28, at 8: John Shaw & Assemblage. . . . ¶ Friday, May 31, at 8:30: Armen Donelian. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

Benefit Concerts—Two programs in tribute to the fifteenth-anniversary season of Lyrics and Lyricists, for the benefit of the Y School of Music. Saturday, June 1, at 8: Jerry Herman, Burton Lane, Charles Strouse, Larry Kert, Julie Wilson, and Mike Renzi. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 2, at 2:30: Sammy Cahn, Sheldon Harnick, Burton Lane, and Jerry Herman. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

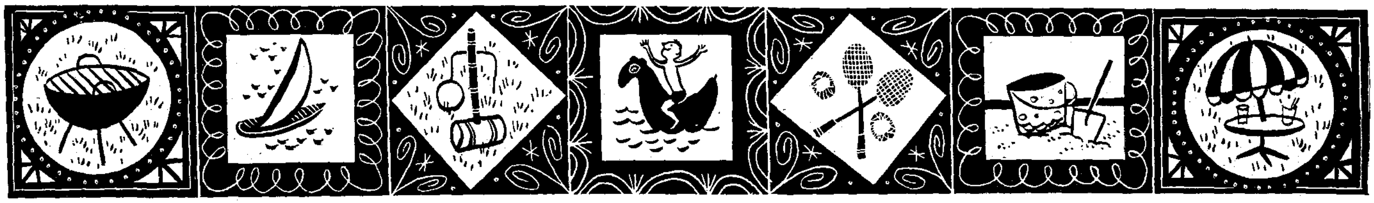
Bill Barrett—Abstract sculptures in bronze and aluminum. Through Saturday, June 1. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

William Crozier—Bronze figures, some of them in sexually explicit attitudes. Through June 8. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Johannes Dörflinger—Startlingly warm colors (red, orange, purple) are dominant in these paintings of trees, figures, and a landscape, stylized almost to the point of abstraction. Through June 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Russell Forester / Chester Kasnowski—Boxlike Formica sculptures illuminated with neon lights and blinking diodes. / Collages of paper, pen-and-ink, and acrylic on unprimed canvas. Through Saturday, June 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Still-lifes and landscapes done



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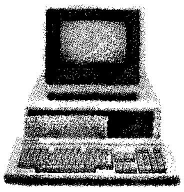

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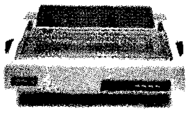

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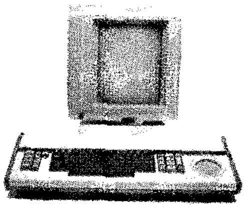

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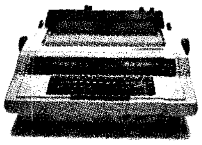

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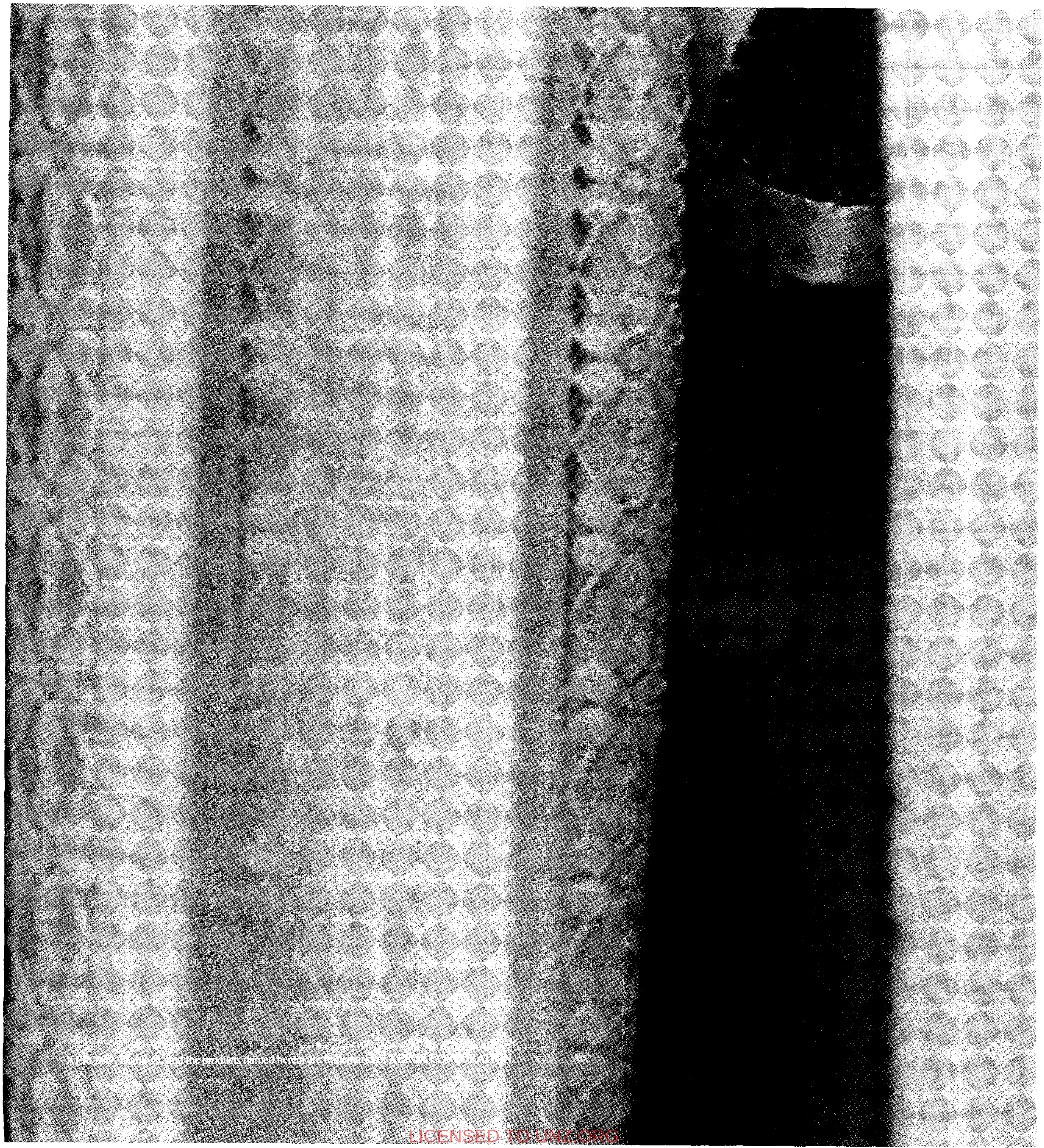

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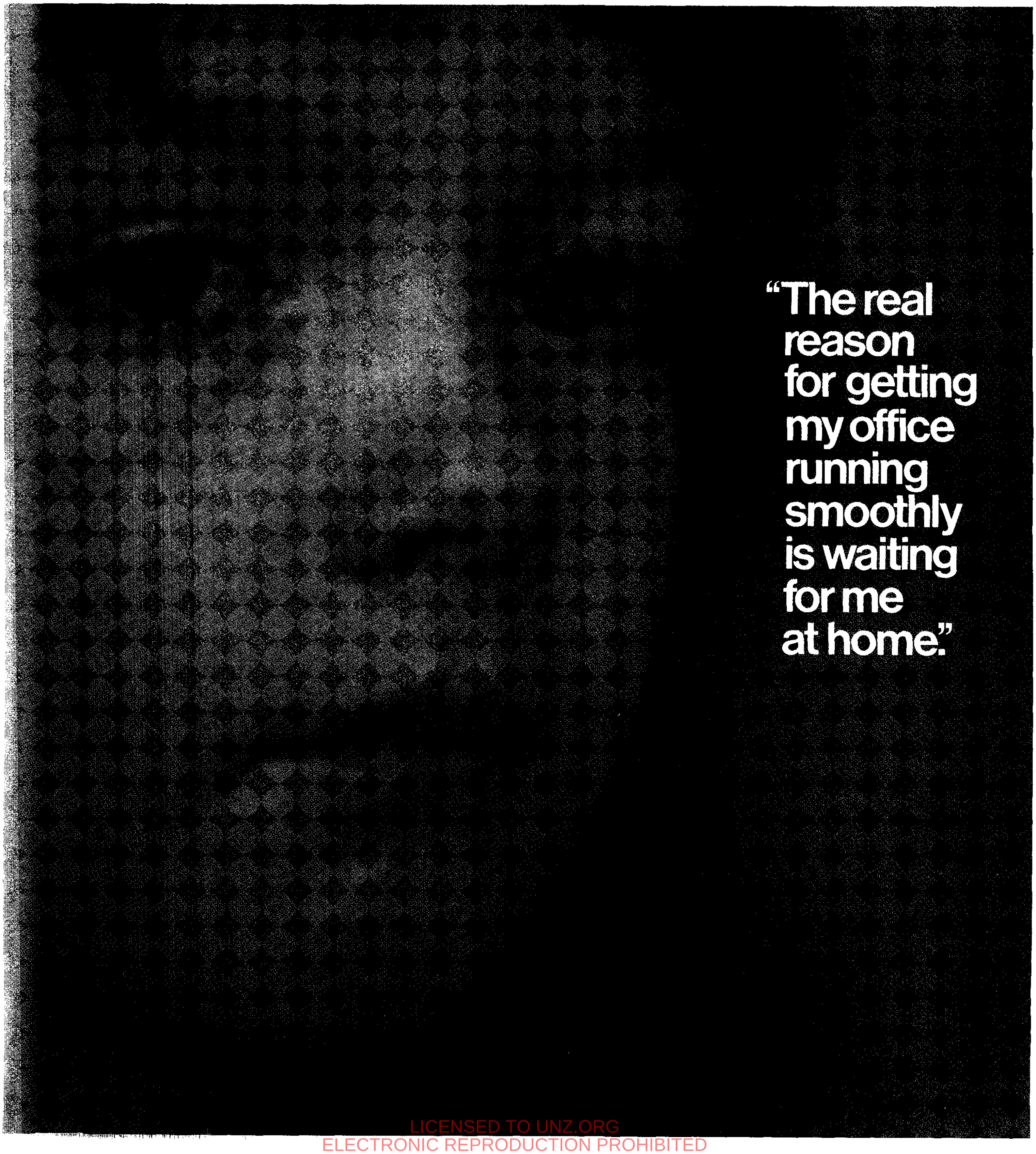
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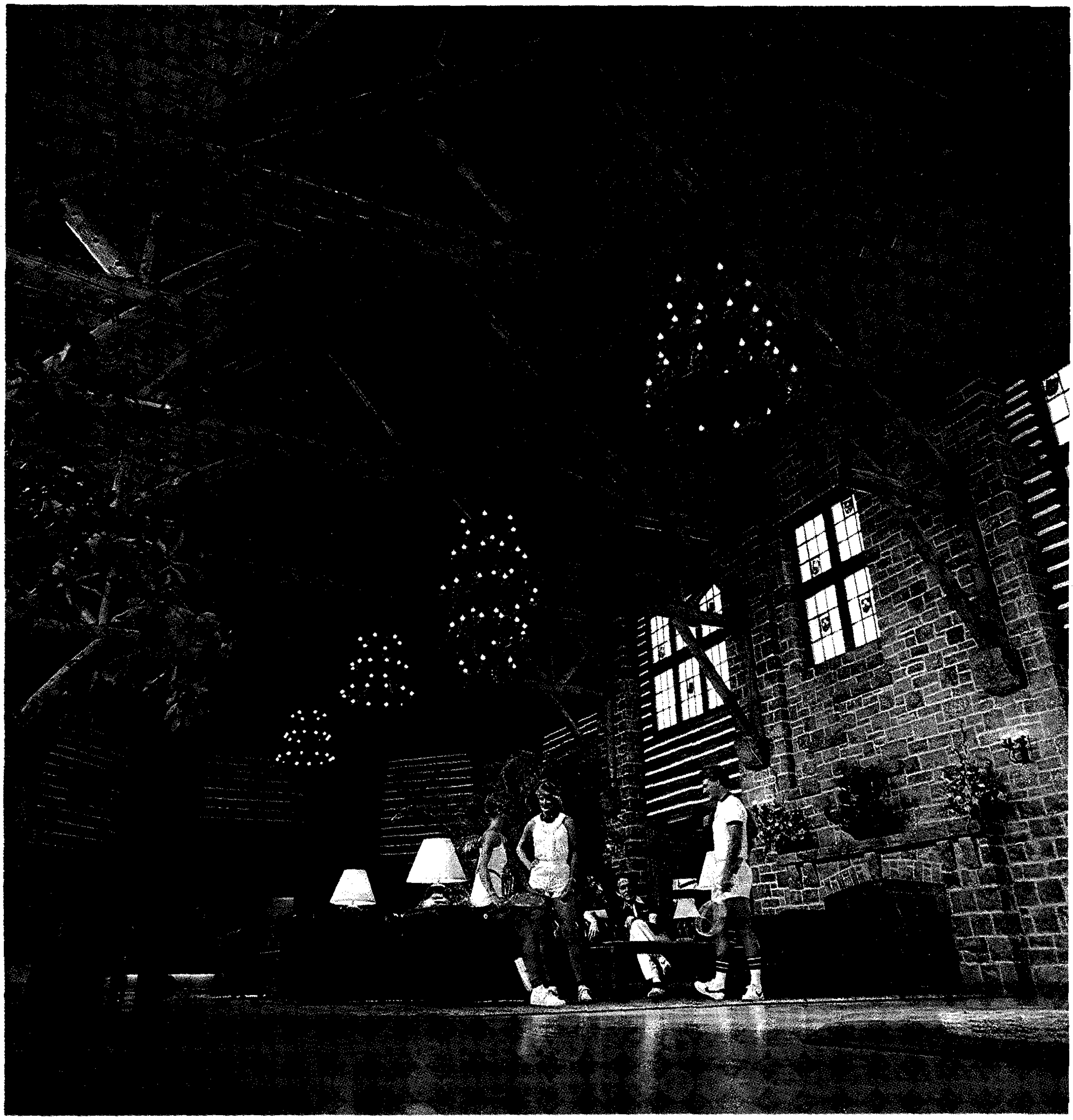

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in various mediums, the landscapes usually interrupted by a framed mirror containing a distorted self-portrait. Through Saturday, June 1. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Adams Griefen—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.).

Simon Harling / Sally Amster—Landscapes, mostly large scale, of the British Isles. / Expressionistic landscapes. Through Saturday, June 1. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jean Hélion—The artist's shift from abstraction to figuration is documented in these paintings and works on paper completed between 1934 and 1948. Through Saturday, June 1. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.)

Will Horwitt (1934-85)—Four large loop-shaped steel sculptures that were cut with an industrial laser by the artist, who died this month. Through Friday, May 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Michael Tetherow—Large, richly colored paintings in which figures are insinuated rather than defined. Through Saturday, June 1. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joan Thorne—Recent abstract paintings, some incorporating more than twenty colors, plus pastels on paper. Through June 21. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors and drawings by eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century British artists, including Constable, Blake, and Whistler. Through Friday, May 31. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings in oil and watercolor by American artists from the thirties and forties, including Milton Avery and Max Weber; an exhibit meant to go hand in hand with one at the Saidenberg Gallery, listed below. Through Friday, May 31. . . . **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, primarily, by second-generation women surrealists, including Dorothea Tanning, Kay Sage, and Leonora Carrington. Through June 8. . . . **MAZOH**, 13 E. 76th St.: Matisse, Picasso, de Kooning, and Gorky are among the fourteen twentieth-century artists represented by paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, June 1. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by European artists from the thirties and forties, Klee, Léger, and Picasso among them. Through Saturday, June 1. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifteen contemporary painters are represented by one work apiece, using mediums ranging from sandpaper to silk. Ross Bleckner, David Deutsch, and Andrea Belag are three. Through June 15.

Sculpture—Bronzes by Maillol, mobiles by Calder, and assorted pieces by Archipenko are complemented with paintings and works on paper by the artists. Through Friday, May 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

James Aponovich—Still-life and figurative paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gifford Beal (1879-1956)—A retrospective of paintings by an American Impressionist noted for his New England scenes. Through Saturday, May 25. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

James Bohary—Abstract paintings (large and small) in oil, plus charcoal drawings on paper. Through June 18. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Paintings and sculptures of the overfed crowd at the bullfights. Through Saturday, May 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—A happy assembly of some of his best works—stabiles, mobiles, paintings—shown to their best advantage. Through June 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Dugan / James Surls—Large, colorful abstractions. / Large sculptures of imaginary beasts contrived from tree branches. Through Saturday, June 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

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R. M. Fischer—Stylized metal lamp-sculptures. Through Saturday, June 1. (Baskerville+Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Gibbons—Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Realist works on paper; one, in pastel and charcoal, shows two women lugging an unconscious man. Through June 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Haas / Stephen Buckley—Pastel drawings of New York buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Friday, May 24. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Hogue—Landscapes of Big Bend National Park, Texas. Through June 15. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures done in plaster, carved wood, and steel. Through June 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—The Gold Series: The artist's familiar figures (strollers, bathers) in action on canvases suffused with warm gold tones. Through June 7. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Koursaros—Recent paintings and works on paper, full of mythological motifs. Through Saturday, June 1. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Hitch Lyman / Gary Kulak—A new set of small watercolors of Greece, Turkey, and Italy. / Bronze and steel sculptures of benches and chairs. Through June 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures, and gouaches, of figures reminiscent of the twenties. Through Saturday, June 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Luigi Ontani—Fantasy paintings with mythical figures and symbols for good luck and bad; many of the works reflect the artist's frequent visits in India. Through Saturday, May 25. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Figurative drawings incorporating lines of poetry written by the artist. Through June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

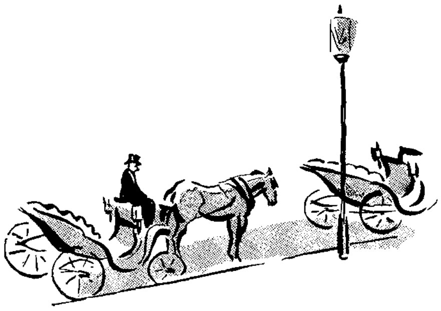
Osvaldo Romberg—Abstract paintings dealing with outer space. Through June 6. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Judith Rothschild—Abstract relief paintings. Through Saturday, June 1. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, June 1. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuschman—Plaster-and-balsa wall sculptures shaped like conventional houses and containing small figures, some of which have been decapitated. Through Saturday, June 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Ziegler—A pair of shows by a German Expressionist who, at ninety-four, is exhibiting here for the first time. Satirical paintings, drawings, and prints depicting bourgeois Berliners in the twenties. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Landscapes, cityscapes, and portraits from the same period. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) Both shows through June 22.



Group Shows—At the **ARMSTRONG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by nine Irish artists who participated in last year's Dublin exhibit called "Rosc," which is a nice Gaelic word meaning "poetry of vision." Through June 8. . . . **DAVID FINDLAY, JR.**, 41 E. 57th St.: A family affair, with works on paper by Tully Filmus and his sons, Michael and Stephen. Through June 15. . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: Eight young American artists are represented by paintings, collages, and sculptures. Through Friday, May 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Arnoldi—Paintings that are the result of a process in which the artist wielded a chain saw on a surface of laminated plywood several inches thick, dousing it with paint in various colors as he went. The idea came from an aerial photograph of the Mount St. Helens eruption. Through Saturday, June 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Elise Asher—Fanciful landscapes done in oil. Through Saturday, June 1. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Ilan Averbuch / Jack Mendenhall—Massive sculptures of granite and wood, a bit smaller than Stonehenge but in the same general mood, except that one piece is shaped like a boat. / Slick paintings of high life—beautiful people, penthouses, flossy table settings, electronic luxuries. Through Saturday, May 25. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

David Bowes—Expert painting of droll subjects—for instance, a realistic St. Anthony averting his eyes from a glittering temptation that is wholly abstract. Through Saturday, May 25. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jack Chevalier—Painted carved-wood and balsa constructions interpreting the Northwest landscape. Through Saturday, May 25. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Adam Cvijanovic—An exhibit called "Expulsion" presents a graphic dioramic painting, sixty-five feet long, of a lower East Side neighborhood, with its people shown on hanging Plexiglas panels and its tawdry intramural secrets revealed in additional paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Gilbert and George—New hand-dyed photographic works in a show that complements their retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, June 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Glovsky—An installation containing a flowing stream of water, five swings, and fifteen hundred pounds of talcum powder. Through Saturday, May 25. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

George D. Green—Big abstract works that look like wall constructions à la Stella but are really flat paintings with a convincing trompe-l'oeil third dimension. Through Saturday, May 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Hans Haacke—The artist is on the attack once again, this time criticizing, via photographs and paintings, the conduct of major corporations and their support of the arts. Through Saturday, May 25. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Nancy Haynes—Working on wood, slate, or canvas, in elemental forms—rectangles, L-shapes, crosses—this painter juxtaposes areas that have been worked over and over in luminous colors with areas left unpainted or covered with a neutral gray. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

David Kapp—Semi-abstract paintings of city traffic. Through Saturday, June 1. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Jane Kaufman—Decorative screens and a quilt. Through Saturday, June 1. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Maurie Kerrigan—Boats, paddles, and sails are basic forms in most of these fresco paintings (done on wood panels) and sculptural works, which are decorated with American Indian and other primitive symbols. Through Wednesday, May 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sabina Mirri—Figurative pastel-and-watercolor drawings on paper applied to canvas. Through June 5. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Mimmo Paladino—Sculptures in stone and bronze. Through June 8. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Ellen Phelan—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

David Salle—Eight big new paintings done in mixed mediums (one is collaged with chairs). Through Saturday, May 25. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Edwin Schlossberg / Helen Mayer Harrison and **Newton Harrison**—Drawings and silk screens incorporating poetry. / Collages using maps, photographs, drawings, and text through which these California artists speak out about three different environmental concerns (the Arroyo Seco River in California is one). Through June 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Alan Singer / David Sipress—Abstract oil paintings and works on paper. / Wood constructions and drawings. Through Saturday, June 1. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Dennis Smith (1951-83)—Large, visionary paintings, some of them doleful and some comic—Betty Boop's head on the body of Buddha, for instance. Through Friday, May 31. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Nigel van Wieck—Realist paintings of circus performers, mostly trapeze artists dramatically lighted from below. Through Saturday, May 25. (Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Bill Woodrow—Sculptures composed with salvage—for instance, an airplane composed, more or less, from a wrecked wing, with a shovel made from the same wreckage serving as one blade of the propeller. Through June 8. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Jack Youngerman—Large sculptures of cast fibre glass, with which the artist shows what can be accomplished by twisting a simple rectangle into a three-dimensional form. Through Friday, May 31. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Related works on paper. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through July 27. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **lorence-monk,** a recently opened gallery at 568 Broadway: Magritte, Cornell, and Picabia are some of the earlier artists in an exhibit called "Real Surreal;" and Rosenquist, Fischl, and Salle are some of the contemporary ones. Through Saturday, May 25. . . . **thorp,** 103 Prince St.: Recent paintings by Gregory Crane, R. L. Kaplan, and June Leaf. Through June 29.

Sculpture—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Geometric sculptures—rectangles or cubes by Sol LeWitt, Tony Smith, Robert Grosvenor, Donald Judd, Carl Andre, and Jackie Winsor, and a cone by Joel Shapiro. Through Saturday, June 1. . . . **esman,** 70 Greene St.: Sol LeWitt showing aluminum pieces (large and small), Jene Highstein showing free-standing, globular plaster works, and George Creamer showing painted-wood wall constructions. Through Saturday, June 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Daze—Large canvases of spray-painted graffiti, and smaller works of graffiti done in watercolor, a new medium for the artist. Through June 9. (Eastman-Wahmendorf, 216 E. 10th St. Opens daily at 1.)

Lucio Pozzi—Small abstract paintings from the past three years. Through Sunday, May 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Diego Rivera (1886-1957)—Watercolors and drawings, mostly of Mexican subjects but a few done in Russia when the artist was a guest at the tenth anniversary of the revolution. Through June 28. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Taro Suzuki—The artist pokes fun at the local science fair with a glass model of a solar system, drawings of planets, and an installation of light reflecting off plastic pieces. Through Saturday, June 1. (Newburg, 44 White St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

P.S. 1—One of the many shows here is a group of works by forty-four painters from Houston. Through June 23. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

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The Gathering of the Avant-Garde: The Lower East Side, 1948-1970—A three-part exhibit that recalls the days before art and money had found each other, when artists congregated in what was the low-rent section of the East Village. Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures from that time, by Elaine de Kooning, Red Grooms, Robert Rauschenberg, Janet Fish, and others. (Kenkeleba Gallery, 214 E. 2nd St. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6. . . . ¶ Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ Documentary materials from the period, primarily photographs but also literary journals and show announcements, are at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows through June 30.

Group Shows—At the **alternative museum,** 17 White St.: The second half of a two-part survey of paintings and sculptures by artists from the Southeast. Through June 8. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **katz,** 6-8 Avenue A, at Houston St.: Pastels by Victoria Bugbee of a Chinatown fish-store window and figurative oils by K. Bloss are among the works by ten downtown artists. Through Thursday, May 30. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, and Thursdays, when it is open until 8.) . . . **postmasters,** 66 Avenue A, near 4th St.: An abstract painting in vivid colors by Peter Halley and a wall sculpture involving Plexiglas and store-bought hardware by Alan Belcher, among other works. Through June 2. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Tina Barney—Large-scale photographs showing family and friends on their home ground. Through Friday, May 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harry Callahan / Carl Toth—Multiple-exposure dye-transfer prints of downtown urban shopping areas. / Abstract color-Xerox collages. Through June 15. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Barbara Ess—Large pinhole-camera photographs—of beaches, birds, interiors—veiled by the murkiness inherent in lensless-camera works. Through June 8. (Cable, 611 Broadway.)

Larry Fink / Anthony Hernandez—Photographs juxtaposing social gatherings in high-society Manhattan and in Martin's Creek, Pennsylvania. / Another juxtaposition, here contained in each photograph of tourists and locals on Rodeo Drive. Through June 15. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

André Kertész—Vintage and modern prints of public gardens in Budapest, Paris, and New York. Through June 29. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Russell Lee—Documentary photographs of New York in the Depression, plus more uplifting F.S.A. prints. Through Friday, May 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Sol LeWitt / Jack Sal—Photographs and sculptures. / *Cliché-verre* pictures. Through Saturday, May 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Large platinum prints. Through Saturday, May 25. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tod Papageorge—Silver prints of visitors to Central Park and the Acropolis. Through Saturday, June 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Sam Wagstaff Collection—Mr. Wagstaff selected this show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs that were in his collection before it was bought by the J. Paul Getty Museum, and of a few photographs he recently acquired. Through June 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Various prints, eighteen-forties to nineteen-thirties, from a private collection. For dates and times, see below under "Museums." . . . **prakapas,** 19 E. 71st St.: An exhibit of thirty-two prints underscoring the idea that the landscape compositions of early-to-mid-twentieth-century European photographers had more to do with art movements than with mountains. Through July 5. (Opens at noon; closed Saturday, June 1.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred gold objects produced by the prodigious craftsmen of pre-Columbian cultures of the Americas. The pieces, among them pendants, masks, and cups, are from the collection of Jan Mitchell. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of landscape paintings by George Inness. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

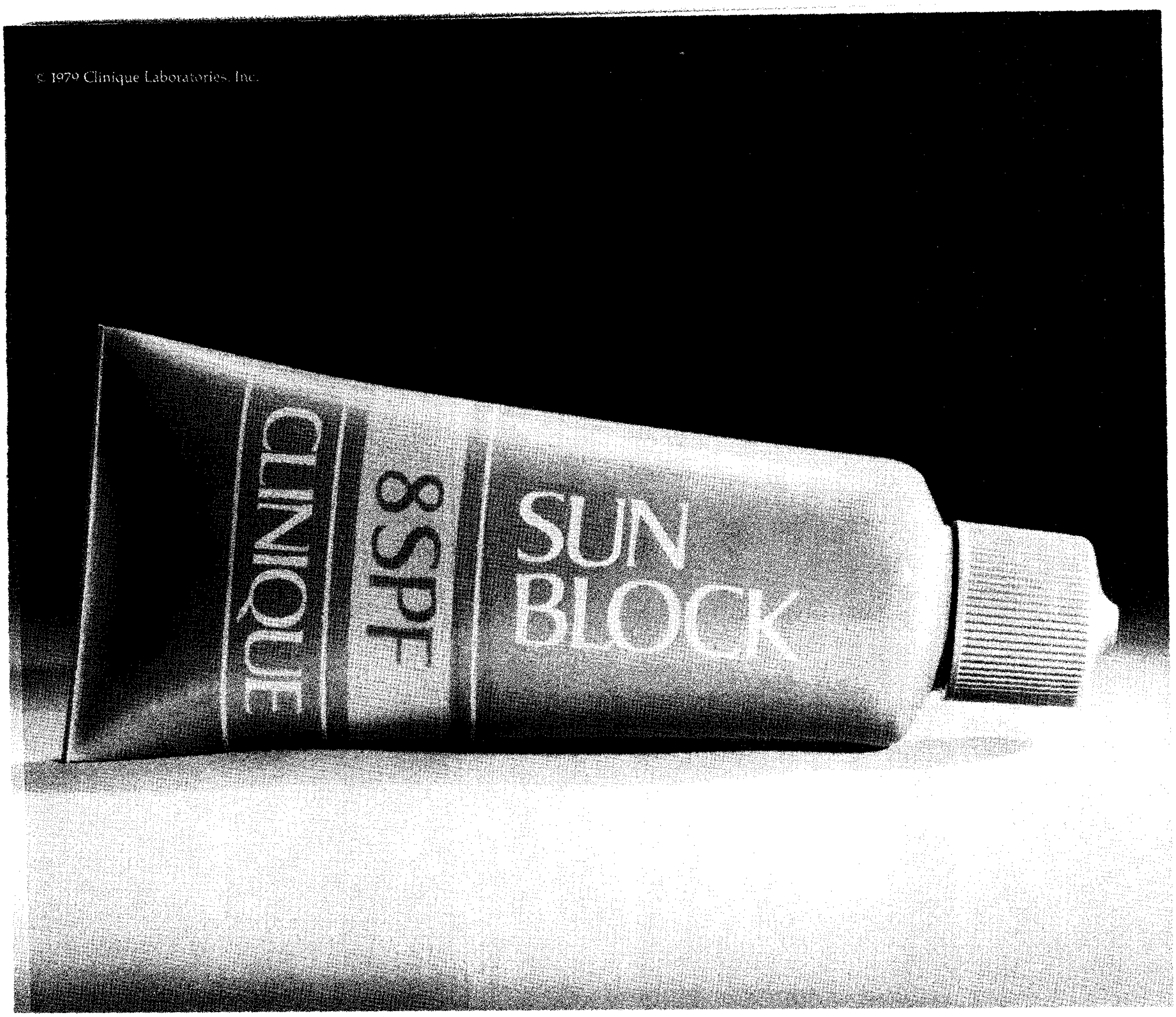
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. . . . ¶ Two shows that illustrate the shot in the arm the museum's collections derive from gifts. Forty paintings and sculptures from Philip Johnson by such artists as Agnes Martin, Richard Serra, and others. (Third floor.) Seventy photographs, many of historical interest, which have been promised to the museum by Paul F. Walter. (Second floor.) (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A Gilbert and George retrospective of large photographic murals, in which the artists themselves appear. A complementary show is at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works on paper by Mark Rothko. Both shows through June 16. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 27, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lifes. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside of but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Through June 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except May 27, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, May 27, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in



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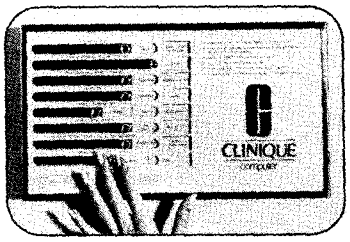

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an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of literary and music manuscripts and of paintings and sculptures by recipients of Academy-Institute awards and by newly elected members, among them Robert Penn Warren, Elizabeth Spencer, Carolyn Kizer, George W. S. Trow, Charles Wuorinen, Esteban Vicente, and George Sugarman. Through June 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A retrospective of furniture made in Chicago: An 1873 dressing table by W. W. Strong for the bridal suite of the Palmer House; a 1927 skyscraper-style armchair by Abel Fraidy; a 1983 green lacquer vanity by Cal Spritzer. . . . ¶ A display of books and manuals on design themes which are admired for their bindings or for their texts, the requisite "Practical Ostrich Feather Dyer" (1886) an example of the latter. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show that reviews recent public buildings designed by Japanese architects Fumihiko Maki and Arata Isozaki, outlining their projects from conception to completion through models, drawings, blueprints, photographs, and slides. Among the structures presented are the National Museum of Modern Art in Kyoto (Maki) and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles (Isozaki). Starts Thursday, May 23. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. . . . ¶ A series of recent prints by Frank Stella, who based them on a series (also on exhibit) by El Lissitzky (1919), who based *his* prints on the children's Seder song "Had Gadya." Through June 9. (Open daily except Saturdays and Sunday and Monday, May 26-27. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. Through Sunday, May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including Moravian redware and a quilt in the Afro-American tradition from North Carolina; a 1743 sampler from South Carolina; and, from Mississippi, examples of a singular nineteenth-century art form combining silhouettes and watercolors and called Nita Yuma pasties (after a plantation of that name), by William Henry Brown. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of drawings by John Singer Sargent which provides a broad selection of his works on paper; on loan from the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Through June 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The forms and the language of signs (as in road signs and logos) are reflected in paintings, photographs, video, and, well, signs of all kinds by nine artists—Al Souza, Jenny Holzer, John Knight, and Marian Galczenski among them. Through July 7. . . . ¶ A show of paintings and works on paper by Pierre Tal-Coat, a French abstractionist. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Photographs that tell the long history of and relationship between architecture in New York and Chicago. Also, preliminary studies. From the archives of the society and from the Art Institute of Chicago. . . . ¶ The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A large show called "Images of a Turbulent Decade, 1963-1973," which presents works in diverse mediums, primarily by black but also by anti-war and feminist artists, among them Benny Andrews, Rudolf Baranik, Romare Bearden, David Hammons, Gordon Parks, Betye Saar, and May Stevens. Also, a number of documentary photographs of civil-rights leaders and marchers. Through June 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Performances by Swiss artists: Peter Trachsel and Knut Remond, Thursday, May 23, at 8:30; Hans-Jurg Gilgen, Thursday, May 30, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Charles Dennis (performance), Wednesdays, May 22 and 29; Susan Rethorst (dance), Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, at 9; Yoshiko Chuma's company, the School of Hard Knocks (performance and dance), Monday, May 27, at 10; Martha Bowers (dance), Friday through Sunday, May 31-June 2, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

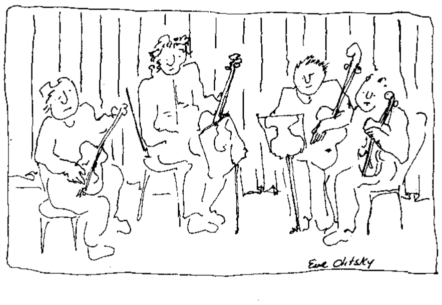
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final concerts of the season—Thursday, May 23, at 8: With Joseph Robinson, oboe; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Judith Le Clair, bassoon; and Philip Myers, horn. . . . ¶ Friday, May 24, at 2, and Saturday, May 25, at 8: Two programs, each featuring Prokofieff's Violin Concerto No. 2, with Glenn Dicterow as soloist.

IMAS Chamber Orchestra of Tokyo—Hidekazu Himoto conducting, with Eugene Fodor, violin, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing a program for double chorus and soloists, accompanied by a baroque ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

I Contori di New York—Bart Folse directing an a-cappella Bach-Schütz program, with Karen Grahn, soprano; Katie Geissinger, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Sweetland, tenor; and Phillip Sneed, bass. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, May 31, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



RECITALS

Rita Bouboulidi—The last two in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesdays, May 22 and 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4770.)

J. S. Bach: The Complete Organ Works—Two in a series of sixteen biweekly recitals, each performed by a different organist. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, May 23, at 8: Frederick Grimes. . . . Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Sunday, May 26, at 3: McNeil Robinson. Admission by contribution.) . . . ¶ The seventh in a series of thirteen recitals by Donald Joyce. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, May 23, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinettist/composer, in a program of new music written by him and his friends, dedicated to the memory of Max Pollikoff. With Mary Findley, violin, and Marjorie Lee, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 22, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 22, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

Robert Schwartz—Piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Thursday, May 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

Nina Tichman—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

Anthony Davis and Ursula Oppens—A program of new music for two pianos. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 23, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson, Frances Bing, and Whitney Tustin—Violin, piano, and oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 25, at 8:30.)

Hampshire Quartet—A program of contemporary works, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano, and William Trigg, percussion. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, May 28, at 8.)

Mary Findley—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 29, at 8.)

Thouvenal String Quartet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, May 29, at 8.)

Phoenix—A program of French baroque chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, May 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Leontyne Price, Simon Estes, and Wynton Marsalis will be among the participants in a concert for the benefit of African famine relief. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 31, at 8.)

Amato Opera Company—A staged performance of Massenet's "Thérèse," preceded by a concert of selections from other French operas. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, June 1, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, May 22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Friday, May 24, at 8:05; Saturday, May 25, at 1:20; Sunday, May 26, at 1:35; and Monday, May 27, at 7:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday and Thursday, May 29-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday and Saturday, May 31-June 1, at 8.

Bicycling—The finale of the *Self* Cycling Circuit, a twenty-five-mile race, will start at ten-thirty on Wednesday, May 29, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish back at the same place.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 30-June 1.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 29. The Saranac, Wednesday, May 22; the Acorn, Saturday, May 25; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 26; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 27; and the Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, June 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 27, between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, May 27, at 12:30; through Saturday, June 15. The Jersey Derby, Monday, May 27. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 24, through Saturday, Aug. 31.

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten kilometres, with close to seven thousand participating, will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, June 1, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Independiente of Argentina. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, May 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-3900.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, June 17. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, May 27, at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—A benefit reading by Grace Paley, Louis Auchincloss, Erica Jong, Calvin Trillin, and André Gregory. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Thursday, May 23, at 8. For tickets, call 737-1450.) . . . ¶ Amy Clampitt reading from her own poetry. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, May 23, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Galway Kinnell, Stanley Kunitz, and C. K. Williams reading from Paul Zweig's "Eternity's Woods." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Thursday, May 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Maria Tucci, Carrie Nye, and another actor to be announced reading from the short stories of Tillie Olsen, Truman Capote, and Grace Paley. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 29, at 6:30.)

Walking Tour—"East Seventies," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 26, starting at St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 22, at 7: Oriental paintings, from the collection of Coral Petroleum, Inc. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Friday, May 24, at 10:15: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 28, at 7, and Wednesday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 23. Admission to the Tuesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 30, at 10:15 and 2: American nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 25. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 23, at 10: American furniture, as well as silver and decorative pieces. . . . ¶ Friday, May 24, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 30, at 11: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 24.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semi-annual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 25-27; Saturday and Sunday, June 1-2; and Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9, from noon until sundown.

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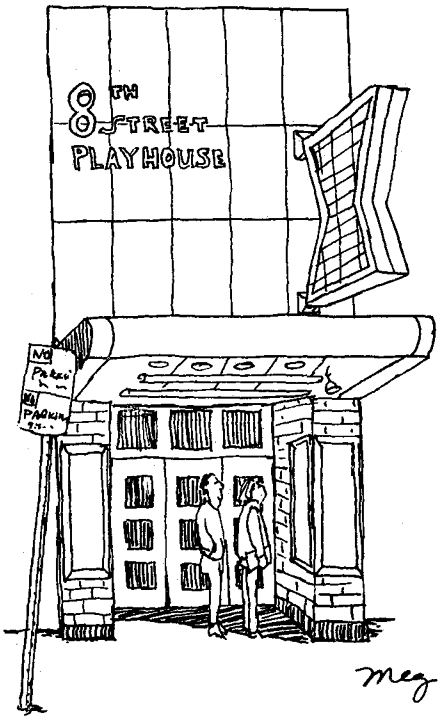

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Les Années 80" (1983; directed by Chantal Akerman).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Lost in America" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 23: "The 4th Man" (Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé; and "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
May 24-30: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From May 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 27: "Gymkata."
From May 28: Theatre temporarily closed.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 24: "A View to a Kill" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 3: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 23: "The Secret of the Sword," an animated film.
From May 24: "A Passage to India" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Ladyhawke" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 23: Theatre closed.
From May 24: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 30: "Secret Places" (Zelda Barron).
From May 31: "Sylvia" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Lily in Love" (Karoly Makk), with Christopher Plummer and Maggie Smith.
Theatre 2: "Silver City" (Sophia Turkiewicz; an Australian film).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 23: "Gymkata."
From May 24: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976; Elaine May), with Peter Falk and John Cassavetes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976; Elaine May), with Peter Falk and John Cassavetes. From May 24: "The Shooting Party" (Alan Bridges).
Theatre 2: "Movers and Shakers" (William Asher), with Walter Matthau and Charles Grodin.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Grace Quigley" (Anthony Harvey), with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 24: "A View to a Kill" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: Through May 29: "Rustlers' Rhapsody" (Hugh Wilson), with Tom Berenger. From May 30: "Witness" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris. From May 24: "A View to a Kill (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 23: "Gymkata."
From May 24: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 28: "Freckled Rice" (1983; directed by Stephen C. Ning; in Cantonese and English, with English subtitles); and "Vacant Lot" (1984; Ken Selden). From May 29: "Gaza Ghetto" (1984; PeA Holmquist, Joan Mandell, and Pierre Björklund; in Arabic, Hebrew, and English, with English subtitles).
Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Twenty Years Later" (Eduardo Coutinho; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From May 24: "Kaddish" (Steve Brand), a documentary.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Return to Waterloo" (Ray Davies). From May 24: "Mikey and Nicky" (1976; Elaine May), with Peter Falk and John Cassavetes.
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Grace Quigley" (Anthony Harvey), with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte.
Theatre 2: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.
Theatre 3: Through May 23: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†). From May 24: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.
Theatre 4: Through May 23: "Where's Picone?" (Nanni Loy; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini. From May 24: "A Private Function" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Secret of the Sword," an animated film.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 23: "A Passage to India" (†).
From May 24: "Almost You" (Adam Brooks), with Brooke Adams and Griffin Dunne.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Pumping Iron II: The Women" (George Butler). No evening performances on Thursday, May 23.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 23: "A Private Function" (†).
From May 24: "Dangerous Moves" (Richard Dembo; in French), with Michel Piccoli.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through May 23: "1918" (Ken Harrison).
From May 24: "A Private Function" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "Jules and Jim" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "MacArthur's Children" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey" (George Stevens, Jr.), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Goodbye New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek.

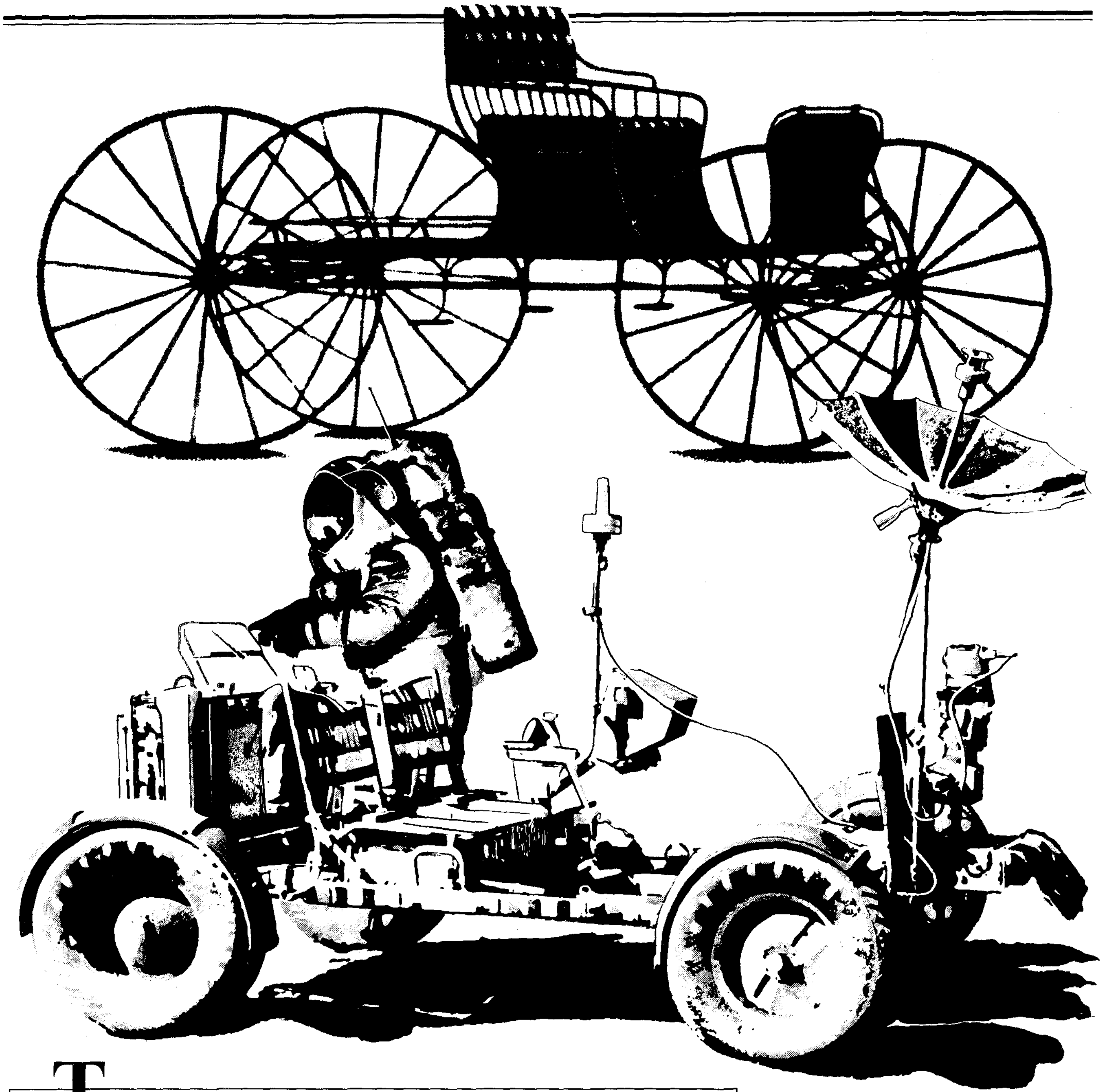
Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (†).
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 3: "Grace Quigley" (Anthony Harvey), with Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte.
Theatre 4: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 5: Through May 23: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards. From May 24: "A View to a Kill" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.
Theatre 6: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.
Theatre 3: Through May 23: "Gymkata." May 24-30: "Certain Fury." From May 31: "Future Cop."
Theatre 4: Through May 23: "The Secret of the Sword," an animated film. From May 24: "Witness" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Police Academy 2: Their First

BUCKBOARD MEETS BUCK ROGERS: DOES THE PAST DRIVE THE FUTURE?



Two vehicles. Both about the same size, with four wheels, designed to explore a frontier. Are their similarities merely a coincidence? Or do we use the past to build our future?

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

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Assignment" (directed by Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Moving Violations" (Neal Israel). From May 24: "Gotcha!" (Jeff Kanew), with Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 3: "Stick" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds, George Segal, and Candice Bergen.

Theatre 4: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

Theatre 5: "Ladyhawke" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Secret of the Sword," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Just One of the Guys" (Lisa Gottlieb).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 23: "Witness" (†).
From May 24: "A View to a Kill" (John Glen), with Roger Moore as James Bond.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 23: "Gymkata." From May 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Night Train to Terror."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" (Alan Metter).
Theatre 2: Through May 23: "Marvin & Tige" (Eric Watson), with John Cassavetes and Billy Dee Williams. From May 24: "Certain Fury."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 30: "Rappin' " (Joel Silberg). From May 31: "Future Cop."
Theatre 2: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).

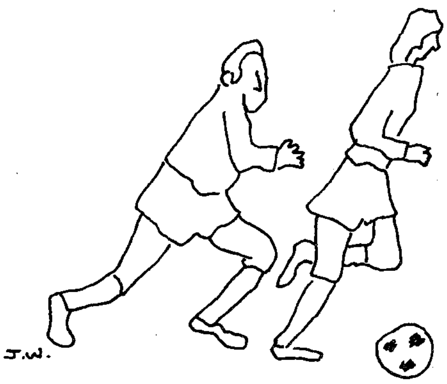
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 25: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
May 26-28: "Marnie" (1964; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, and Martin Gabel; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
From May 29: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day; and "The Birds" (1963; Alfred Hitchcock), with Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy, Suzanne Pleshette, and Tippi Hedren.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 23: "Camila" (1985; Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
May 24: "At Dawn It's Quiet Here" (1976; Stanislav Rostotsky; in Russian); and "Armored Attack" ("The North Star;" 1943; Lewis Milestone), with Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, and Ann Harding.
May 25: "A Wartime Romance" (1984; Pyotr Todorovsky; in Russian); and "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946; William Wyler), with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Teresa Wright, and Dana Andrews.
May 26: "Shore" (1984; Alexander Alov and Vladimir Naumov; in Russian); and "Stalag 17" (†).
May 27: "The Battle of Russia" (†); and "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957; Mikhail Kalatozov; in Russian), with Tatiana Samoilova.
May 28: "Marshal Zhukov" (1984; Marina Babak), a documentary; "Recollections of Pavlovsk" (1984; Irina Kalinina), a documentary; and "A Bridge Too Far" (†).
May 29: "The Great Battle" (†); and "Mission to Moscow" (1943; Michael Curtiz), with Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka.
May 30: "The Longest Day" (†); and "Ballad of a Soldier" (1959; Grigori Chukhari; in Russian).
May 31-June 1: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 23: "Places in the Heart" (1984; Robert Benton), with Sally Field; and "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.
May 24-25: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
May 26-28: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.
May 29-30: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
May 31-June 1: "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 28: "Moron Movies."
From May 29: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 23: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.
May 24-25: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Scarface" (1983; Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.
May 26: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.
May 27-28: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, and John Savage; and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
May 29-30: "Revenge of the Nerds" (1984; Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards; and "Bachelor Party" (1984; Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
May 31-June 1: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Jessica Lange, and John Colicos; and "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 23: "The Breakfast Club" (1985; John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald; and "Sixteen Candles" (1984; John Hughes), with Molly Ringwald, Paul Dooley, and Anthony Michael Hall.
From May 24: To be announced.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 22: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada; and "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
May 23: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
May 24: "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton; and two Buster Keaton short films.
May 25: "Sherlock Jr." (1924; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton; and three Buster Keaton short films.
May 26: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton; and two Buster Keaton short films.
May 27: "The Navigator" (†); and two Buster Keaton short films.
May 28: "Go West" (†); and two Buster Keaton short films.
May 29: "Our Hospitality" (†); and two Buster Keaton short films.
May 30: "Battling Butler" (†); and two Buster Keaton short films.
May 31: "Seven Chances" (†); and two Buster Keaton short films.
June 1: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†); and two Buster Keaton short films.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 22: "Wonder Bar" (1934; Lloyd Bacon), with Al Jolson, Kay Francis, and Dick Powell; and "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.
May 23-25: "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.
May 26-28: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones; and "Carousel" (†).
May 29-30: "Thanks a Million" (1937; Roy del Ruth), with Fred Allen and Dick Powell; and "Wake Up and Live" (†).
May 31-June 1: "Leave Her to Heaven" (†); and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 22: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; a short film, in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal.
May 23: "Funny Girl" (1968; William Wyler), with Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif; and "Be Yourself" (1930), with Fanny Brice and Robert Armstrong.
May 24: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring; and "Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe" (1981; Les Blank).
May 25: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and

"Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

May 26: "First Name: Carmen" (1984; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.

May 27: "Wings" (1927; William A. Wellman; a silent film), with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers; and "What Price Glory?" (1926; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Dolores Del Rio, Victor McLaglen, and Edmund Lowe.

May 28: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "Born Yesterday" (†).

May 29: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (1982; Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward; and "My Favorite Brunette" (1947; Elliott Nugent), with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour.

May 30: "None Shall Escape" (1944; André de Toth), with Marsha Hunt and Alexander Knox; and "Professor Mamlock" (1938; Adolf Minkin; in Russian).

May 31: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (†); and "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook.

June 1: A program of four Laurel and Hardy short films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 22: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

May 23: "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor.

May 24-25: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

May 26-27: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle.

May 28: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in German), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (†).

May 29: "Case of the Stuttering Bishop" (1937; William Clemens), with Donald Woods; and "The Case of the Velvet Claws" (1936; William Clemens), with Warren William.

May 30: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (†) and "Key Largo" (†).

May 31-June 1: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: May 23 at 2:30 and 6: "Berlin: Symphony of a Great City" (1927; directed by Walter Ruttmann; a German silent film, without intertitles); and "Rien Que les Heures" (1926; Alberto Cavalcanti; a French silent film). . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: "Victim" (1961; Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ May 24 at 6: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch, James Mason, and Yvonne Mitchell. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Tom Courtenay, Michael Redgrave, and Alec McCowen. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5: "Darling . . ." (1965; John Schlesinger), with Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2: "Nothing but the Best" (1963; Clive Donner), with Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott, Millicent Martin, and Harry Andrews. . . . ¶ May 26 at 5: "I'm All Right Jack" (1959; John Boulting), with Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Dennis Price, and Terry-Thomas. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde." . . . ¶ May 27 at 5: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner." . . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "Sapphire" (1959; Basil Dearden), with Yvonne Mitchell, Nigel Patrick, and Bernard Miles. . . . ¶ May 28 at 6: "Victim." . . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "The Turn of the Tide" (1935; Norman Walker), with Fisher White and Geraldine Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ May 30 at 6: "Moscow Nights" (1935; Anthony Asquith), with Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ May 30 at 8: "Educating Rita" (1983; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters. . . . ¶ May 31 at 2:30: "Nothing but the Best." . . . ¶ May 31 at 6: "Sapphire." . . . ¶ June 1 at 2: "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, and Sarah Miles. . . . ¶ June 1 at 5: "This Sporting Life" (1963; Lindsay Anderson), with Richard Harris and Rachel Roberts.

Theatre 2: May 23 at 3 and 6:30: "Herbicide Trials" (1984; Neal Livingston), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 24 at 3 and 6:30: "Hotel Imperial" (1927; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film). . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Joy of Living" (1938; Tay Garnett), with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5:30 and May 26 at 2:30: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ May 26 at 5:30: "Joy of Living." . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30 and 5:30: "American Guerrilla in the Philippines" (1950; Fritz Lang), with Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle, and Tom Ewell. . . . ¶ May 28 at 3 and 6:30: A program of animated films by Norman McLaren. . . . ¶ May 30 at 3 and 6:30: "Grand Openings" (1980; Howard Silver) and "Godzilla Meets Mona Lisa" (1984; Ralph Arlyck). . . . ¶ May 31 at 3: "Woman Basketball Player No. 5" (1957; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 31 at 6:30: "The Red Detachment of Women" (1960; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "Big Li, Young Li, and Old Li" (1962; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ June 1 at 5:30: "Two Stage Sisters" (1964; Xie Jin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film "Pépé le Moko"—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. Boyer plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. With Sigrid Gurie, Joseph Calleia, and Gene Lockhart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Battle of Russia (1943)—A documentary neatly and dramatically put together by the U.S. government to show Russia's part in the Second World War. Directed by Frank Capra. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 27.)

Battling Butler (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed. Silent. (Metro Cinema; May 30.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 24-30. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; starting May 24.)

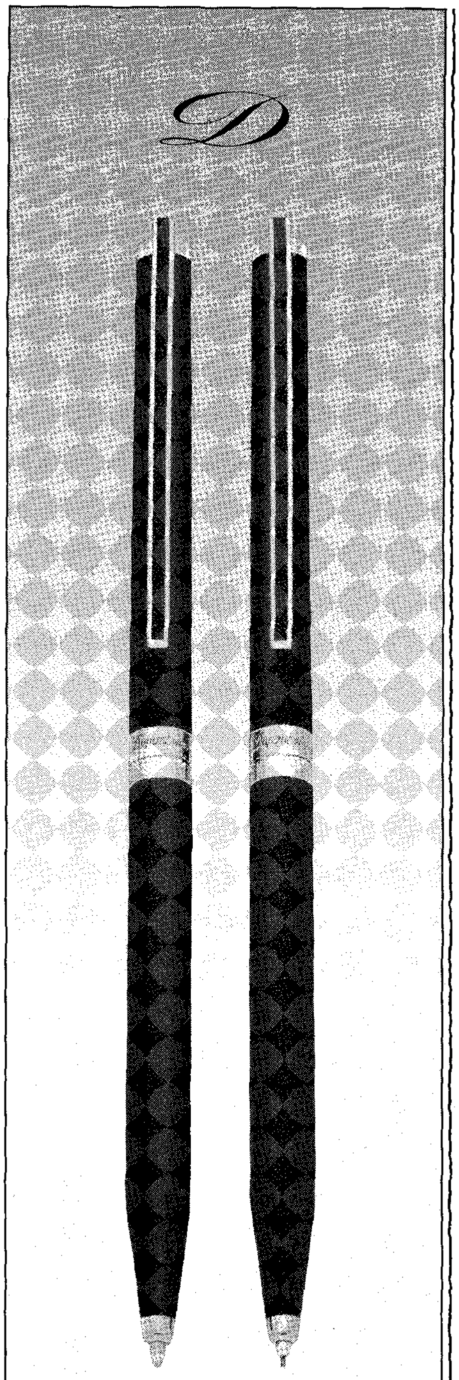
Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday's classic portrait of the dumb blonde—brassy, vacuous Billie Dawn. Broderick Crawford plays the man who "keeps" her—a junkman lately become "a dealer in scrap metal" in the world of cartels. Afraid that Billie will disgrace him in Washington, he hires a newspaperman, William Holden, to make Billie more "couth." Unfortunately for both the junkman and the picture, the journalist reforms Billie, and as she gains in virtue she diminishes in interest. But you'll remember the early, acquisitive Billie with her truculent voice and glassy eyes and her gin-rummy game. Directed by George Cukor, who's not in top form; the movie is visually dead. (Thalia; May 28.)

A Bridge Too Far (1977)—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. Directed by Richard Attenborough. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

Carousel (1956)—Henry King's version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, who would have been acceptable enough as the leads in a bus-and-truck touring version of the stage production. (Regency; May 26-28.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Eastside Cinema, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Earrings of Madame de . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is set, ironically, in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The performances by Danielle Darrieux as Madame de, by Vittorio De Sica as her lover the Baron, and by Charles Boyer as her husband, Mon-



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sieur de, a general, are quite likely the finest each has given. Max Ophuls' lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are used to evoke the protection that style and manners and wealth provide, and to demonstrate that passion destroys it all. Even the fashionable and secure become rash, make fools of themselves. Madame de places love before honor (what woman does not?), and neither her husband nor her lover can forgive her. With Jean Debucourt and Lia de Léa. In French. (Thalia; May 31.)

Go West (1925)—Not one of the great Buster Keaton comedies; perhaps unique among his films in that it aims for intense pathos; however, it's sad and funny at the same time—which wasn't true of Chaplin's pathos. Keaton plays Friendless—a lonely, buffeted, uncomplaining drifter without home, country, or dime. Having found the city's heart cold, he hides in a freight train going to Arizona, and there among the cacti he finds his first and only comfort and fellowship in a sad-eyed cow. Together they weather it through storm and sunshine. It's a strange movie, directed and partly written by Keaton right after the breakup of the team he had been working with since his two-reeler days. Silent. (Metro Cinema; May 28.)

The Great Battle (1971)—Condensation of a five-hour Russian film dealing with the defense of Kursk and the liberation of Kiev from the German Armies in 1943. Directed by Yuri Ozerov. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre), have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau) they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress. Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston fills the rancid atmosphere of the setting—a hotel in the Florida Keys—with suspense, ambiguous motives, and some hilariously hammy bits, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart plays a Second World War veteran—a major who goes to the hotel, which is run by the widow (Lauren Bacall) and father (Lionel Barrymore) of one of his men. The major has become disillusioned about the value of fighting, but when gangsters (who are symbols of reaction, corruption, Hitlerism) take over the hotel and start killing people, he is forced into action. Bogart wins Bacall, who looks wonderful but gives a stiff, amateurish performance. The most memorable image is that of Edward G. Robinson, as the head racketeer, wearing his hat and chomping on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub. With Claire Trevor and Thomas Gomez. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Ladyhawke—Set in the Middle Ages, it's about the romance between Princess Isabeau (Michelle Pfeiffer) and the noble Navarre (Rutger Hauer), which is cursed by an evil sorcerer-bishop (John Wood). Each sunrise, Isabeau turns into a hawk; each sundown, Navarre turns into a black wolf. The settings and accoutrements have grandeur; just about everything connected with the movie is big except the storytelling instinct of its director, Richard Donner. At almost every point where we might expect a little ping of surprise or mystery, Donner lets us down. It's a limp and dreary movie. The lovers are helped by a boy thief, played by Matthew Broderick, who is like a contemporary urban-American adolescent placed in medieval France—the effect is something like putting, say, a boy Woody Allen at Robert Taylor's elbow in "Ivanhoe." The device doesn't feel integral and the boy is made too endearing and impish, yet even when Broderick's lines are irritating, this happy, ingenious young actor isn't. Put up on the screen for comic relief, he has more of a fairy-tale quality than anyone else. With Leo McKern as the swillbelly priest, and Ken Hutchison. The overly fastidious script, which lifts its climax from Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," is by Edward Khmara, Michael Thomas, and Tom Mankiewicz; the cinematography is by Vittorio Storaro; the disco-medieval music is by Andrew Powell. (5/13/85) (Sutton, and Criterion Theatres.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's a juicy entertainment. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are scenes to cherish: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed. With Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, and Gene Lockhart. (Regency; May 31-June 1.)

The Longest Day (1962)—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious reconstruction of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

Lost in America—Original and pleasantly snappy. It lacks the fullness of a major comedy, but Albert Brooks, who stars in it and directed, is on to something: satirizing the upper middle class from within, he shows the nagging terror along with the complacency. And he keeps you laughing fairly steadily. As David, an L.A. advertising whiz, he's an anxious wreck who tortures himself and his wife over every detail of his existence. With her little-girl breathiness and her look of panic, Julie Hagerty is an ideal choice for the timid, depressed woman who puts up with him. These two buy a luxury motor home, and, with the security of a nest egg of roughly a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, set out to find themselves and get in touch with the real America. With Garry Marshall, Art Frankel, and Michael Greene. (4/8/85) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Buster Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton), who can't even shave himself, and his rich, dizzy girlfriend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton (and Donald Crisp) directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Keaton pulled it through, all right, while playing with the abstract possibilities of the film image the way a violin virtuoso uses his fiddle. Silent. (Metro Cinema; May 27.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife), and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. Silent. (Metro Cinema; May 29.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Festival; through May 23. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting May 24.)

A Private Function—It never quite makes the final leap into lewd farce, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. With Liz Smith, Bill Paterson, and Rachel Davies. Directed by Malcolm Mowbray. (3/25/85) (Paris; through May 23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3; starting May 24.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Cinema Studio.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. Silent. (Metro Cinema; May 31.)

Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play, is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Neville Brand, Peter Graves, and Sig Rumann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. The film features a memorable comic cyclone and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Metro Cinema; June 1.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema; through May 23.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico dig for gold and strike it rich—and the writer-director, John Huston, "looks on," as he says, and "lets them stew in their own juice." Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, Robert Blake, and Bruce Bennett. The first section (about twenty minutes), set in Tampico, with Bogart getting a haircut and fighting Barton MacLane in a bar, is so sure and lucid it's as good as anything John Huston ever did—maybe even better than "The Maltese Falcon." But there he sustained the hard, economic style; here he doesn't. And an episode involving the reading of a letter written by Bruce Bennett's wife is so false and virtuous that it's hard to believe that it's in the same movie as those scenes in Tampico. The picture is emotionally memorable, though—it has a powerful cumulative effect; when it's over you know you've seen something. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

Wake Up and Live (1937)—Alice Faye in a tuneful B picture (not pretentious and heavy, like the South American and "period" follies, in which she usually looked numb). With Patsy Kelly, Walter Winchell, and Ben Bernie. Sidney Lanfield directed. (Regency; May 29-30.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through May 23. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 24. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; starting May 30.)

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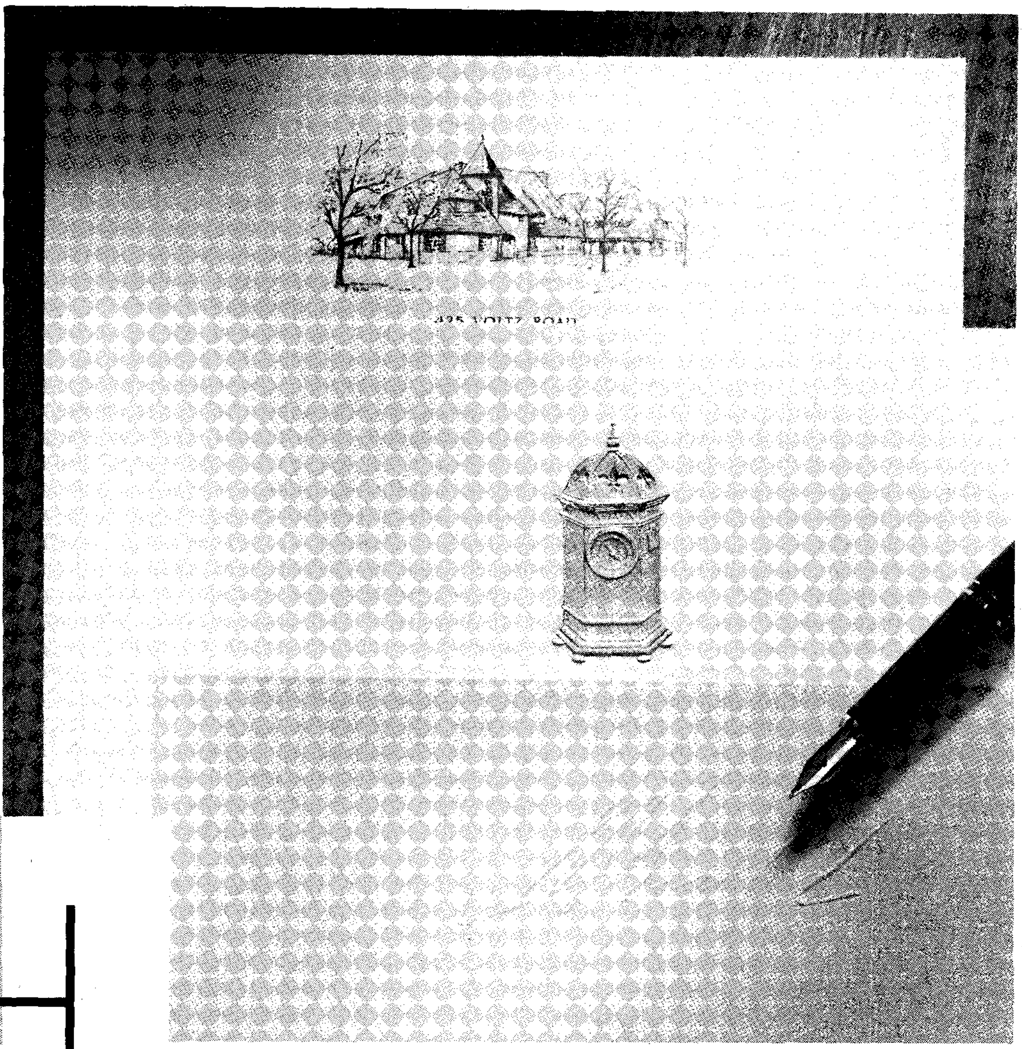

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THE NEW YORKER

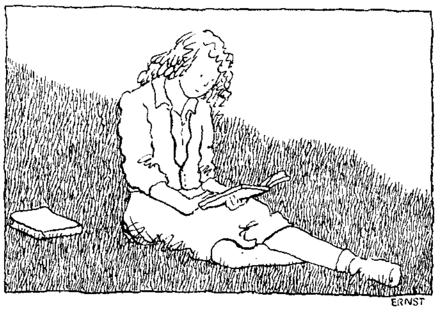
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent weeks, the United States has been in crisis. To be sure, no war has broken out, nor has any Third World country defaulted on its debt, nor, for that matter, has any patent medicine had to be recalled from the shelves; rather, by every tangible measure the United States remains pretty much as it was before the crisis developed. The crisis is, in fact, only a public-relations crisis—the one that crystallized around the President's visit to Bitburg, to lay a wreath at the graves of German soldiers who died in the Second World War. Public relations, though, has become more than a mere accessory to our public life; it is something like the chief medium through which we conduct our political affairs—the crossroads of our politics, the modern agora. The world of public-relations images may as often as not be a world of nonsense, but events of grave consequence can occur in that nonsense world, and so we would do well to take the crisis seriously. What has happened is that, according to a surprising number of political observers, the powerful magic of President Reagan's skill at "communication"—magic recently put on stunning display in his election victory—has lost some of its potency. What public-relations mistakes have lost, of course, future public-relations triumphs may be able to restore, but the decline itself, the first of its kind in the Reagan Presidency, is worth pondering. How could a controversy about a war that ended forty years ago so affect the standing of a contemporary statesman? How could a merely symbolic visit produce a result that no real event has been able to produce in more than four years? What is going on?

Events in the world of images have a history and a context, just like events in the world of substance. In this case, the context is the image that the Reagan Administration has presented of itself and its influence on global affairs. In the world of images, there is room for only one or two ideas—or "themes," to use the current phrase—at a time. A theme is a quick gloss on events—an interpretation of what is currently happening. A theme must be simple, it must be emotionally satisfying, and, while it need not be based on facts (and, indeed, may be used as a means of distracting the public from the facts), it must resonate in experience. In the Reagan cosmos, two themes, one good, the other bad, are locked in struggle for the soul of America. The bad theme centers on the Vietnam War, taking the form of the "Vietnam syndrome"—a kind of national mental illness growing out of that war. In this syndrome, the central lesson of the war is that American military power is limited. By extension, those military limits become a metaphor for an array of other limits, which constrain the entire world—economic limits, ecological limits, limits on natural resources, and so on, adding up to a whole "era of limits." (If this theme could be said to have a handbook, it would probably be "The Global 2000 Report to the President," issued by the Carter Administration.) And these false lessons, it has been said, lead to an array of dangerous public attitudes—"malaise," "self-hatred," "defeatism."

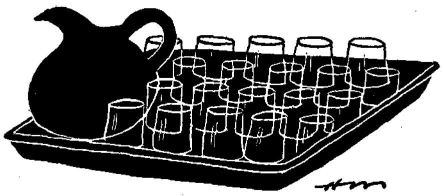
President Reagan presented himself as the doctor for all these ailments. Just as he "felt good about himself" (as some observers noted), so the country would come to feel good about itself. The limits, he said, were phantoms, and as they faded away, and people's native confidence and optimism were restored, the nation would embark on a course of growth and renewal of strength which was, essentially, limitless. Against the theme of limits he pitted a theme of infinite possibility, the theme that "there is nothing we can't do." This theme, too, harked back to a particular historical experience, in which it had its emotional resonance: the Second World War and its aftermath—that shining and fortunate moment in our history when, it seemed, abundance, military might, and virtue all walked hand in hand. The precise instant being harked back to was perhaps pinpointed by the most successful symbolic extravaganza of Ronald Reagan's Presidency—his visit to Normandy to commemorate D Day. It was on D Day that, with the Allied victory in sight, America stood poised to assume leadership of the world, in what Henry R. Luce called "the American Century." Thus, while President Reagan offered the country an optimistic vision of the future the content of that vision was borrowed from the past. The President's supporters speak of "the Reagan Revolution," but "the Reagan Restoration" might be a more accurate phrase. At any rate, it seems to be more the restorational than the revolutionary aspects of his Presidency which appeal to the public.



Just as Vietnam was at the heart of the theme of limits, so the Second World War was at the heart of the theme of infinite possibility: two wars, two outcomes, two moments in the history of American life, two images of ourselves, two images of the world we live in. The public was invited to choose which it preferred. And, of course, once the definition of the alternatives was accepted the choice was a foregone conclusion. It has often been said that a limousine is not an acquired taste—you get used to it immediately. The same might be said of belonging to the richest and most powerful nation on earth. Certainly Americans drank deep of the satisfaction of global preëminence. The prospect of declining from that high station, on the other hand, was decidedly an acquired taste—if it could be acquired at all. The notion of "the Japanese Century" or "the Third World Century," or some such, held small appeal. Whatever the truth about our situation in the world, Americans were evidently tired of the cramped era of limits, and were ready for another jubilee.

Then the President went to Bitburg. In the real world of legislation and executive orders, the visit was without substance, but in the image world, on which so much of what happens in the real world now depends, it was a minor earthquake. No one, in the last analysis, can know the reasons for a change in the political atmosphere, but in this case the symptoms were a kind of public-relations self-defeat, in which the techniques that had previously served the Administration so well now turned against their masters, and each attempted repair only brought on a host of new problems. With statement after statement, the President rent the ties that had established the emotional continuity of his Administration with the Second World War period and had permitted him to beat back the memory of Vietnam, with all its unwanted lessons. He said that there were few Germans left alive who remembered the war—a statement with the startling implication that there were few Americans left alive who remembered it, either. But Americans not only remembered the war (as did Germans) but had put Reagan in office partly in order to give those memories a new lease on life. In laying his wreath, the President was putting the wrong war behind him. It was the Vietnam War that people wanted to forget. His V-E Day undid his D Day, and so left the public to watch once more the fall of Saigon, whose tenth anniversary happened to occur around the same time. From forgetfulness—which he seemed to have confused with forgiveness—the President proceeded to revisionism. He began with his remark that the Nazi soldiers were victims of the Nazis "just as surely" as those murdered in the concentration camps were. But America's veterans who had gone into battle against those soldiers had not previously grasped the point that they were fighting the *victims* of Nazism, and they did not propose to grasp it now. Still less could people grasp the point that the concentration-camp victims had suffered no worse evil than the Nazi conscripts suffered. The next revision was to drop the Soviet Union, which lost twenty million lives in the Second World War, from the history books. In his speech to the European Parliament, at Strasbourg, the President omitted any mention of the Soviet role in defeating Hitler. In his version of things, that country, apparently, was reserved exclusively for the present, in which it played the role of today's totalitarian menace. Perhaps the calculation was that if we could get our minds off the right-wing totalitarian threat of the past we could focus more intently on the left-wing totalitarian threat of the present. But if that was the aim the President again defeated his own purpose. In an enlightening essay in the Washington *Post*, Sidney Blumenthal noted that the Administration undercut its own reliance on "Munich"—meaning the Allies' acquiescence in Hitler's seizure of part of Czechoslovakia in 1938—as a metaphor for Communist encroachments in Latin America and elsewhere. As Blumenthal pointed out, the President can hardly expect to summon us to arms against "Hitler" in Managua while making peace with the memory of the actual Hitler in Germany. To see Hitler in Mr. Gorbachev, the new leader of the Soviet Union, will also be harder now. For memories of Hitler did not in fact sap but, rather, fortified our resolve to struggle against the Soviets—permitting us, as we faced the new adversary, to draw freely on the emotional reserves we had built up fighting the old one.

The superannuated Munich metaphor could live on as a guide only in a nation that, in reaction against the humiliation of Vietnam (which was itself the product, in part, of a misuse of the metaphor), was seeking refuge in the remembered halcyon atmosphere of the American Century. To the extent that our prolonged, or revived, residence in that atmosphere was a product of public-relations techniques, public-relations errors are the fitting instrument to have brought it to an end. And to that extent the domination of public relations itself over our political life may be weakened. Unwittingly, the enchanter may have broken his own spell. In this sense, an era really may have come to a close. But, if so, what era are we in now? The Vietnam era of limits—to which we are obliged to add the limits currently imposed by our mountainous budget deficits and Third World debt? Unquestionably, those limits and others are real, but that definition of our time bears a suspicious resemblance to the definition of infinite possibility which replaced it, being its negative twin, and, in any case, is wholly cautionary, informing us of what our problems are but not suggesting how to face them. Disenthralled, we look around us and see a tremendous accumulation of new phenomena waiting to be understood—an immense new proliferation of nuclear and other weapons, a new communications revolution and computer revolution, a new leadership in the Soviet Union, a capitalist revival in Communist China, a democratic revival in South America, a free-trade-union movement in Poland, an Islamic fundamentalist movement in the Middle East, and famine in Africa, to mention just a few. We can list them, and begin to think about them, but we cannot yet grasp their political meaning—much less encompass them in a theme, or fashion a political response to them out of mere images.



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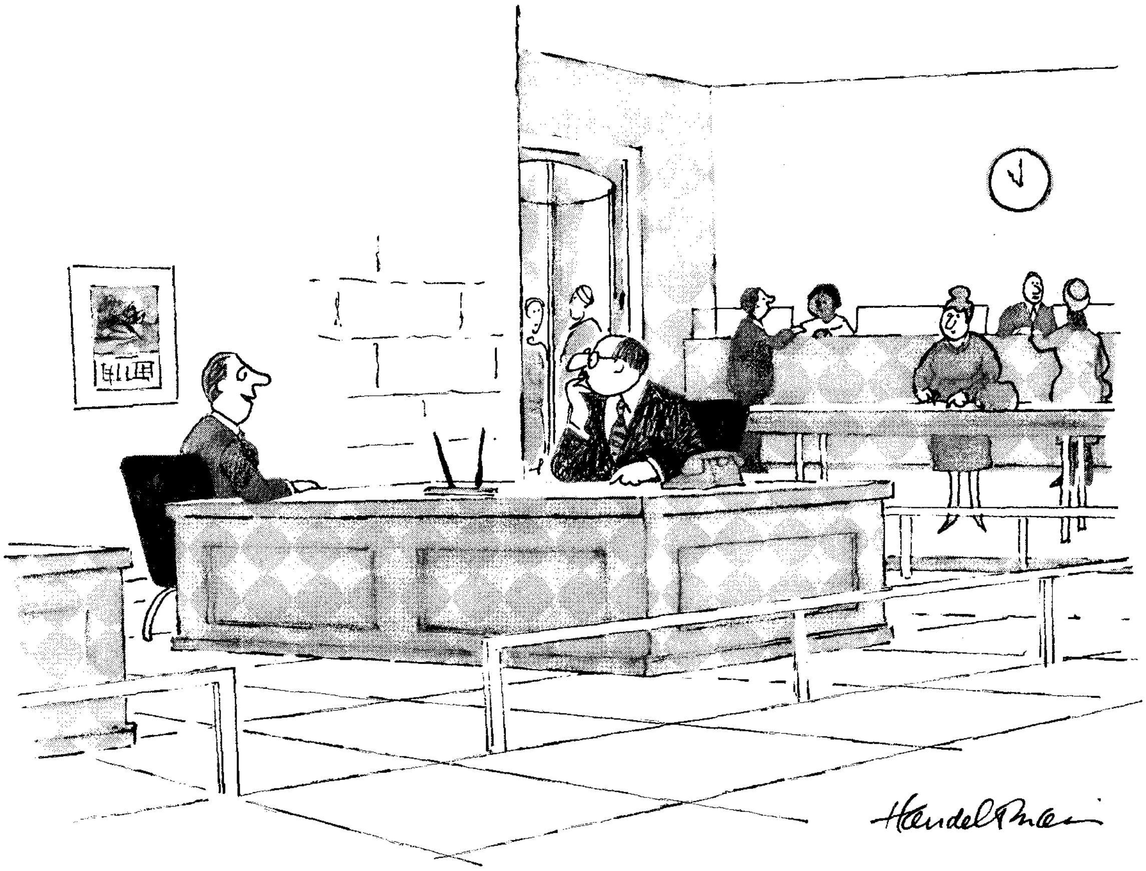
We have just received the following letter from a friend in his early forties:

I don't feel very well. I may be suffering from what some people insist on calling a mid-life crisis. They say that during a mid-life crisis you begin to doubt whether the things you've believed all your life are, after all, true, or were ever true. Well, I was born during the Second World War, and one of the things I guess I've believed all my life, without really thinking about it very much, is that we Americans—conservatives, liberals, no matter who—had a shared understanding about the reasons we fought that war. And sometimes beliefs that you hold



"What I'd like, basically, is a temporary line of credit just to tide me over the rest of my life."

• •

but don't think about every day, because you take them for granted, are the ones that are most important to you, and it seems to me this must be one of the really important ones, because ever since I began to doubt it, a few days ago, as a result of all the talk in the air right now, I've been extremely disoriented.

As I was growing up, I learned about the many crimes committed by Communist regimes, and I've always known that most Americans consider "Communism" (in some sense) an enemy, whether it's because they detest these crimes or because they fear that Communist regimes might someday threaten our shores or our very existence or because they just don't care for an ideology that challenges our free-enterprise system. And in recent years we have certainly heard a lot from our leaders about the evils of Communism. But it never occurred to me until just now that the passing decades had brought about a fundamental change in our view of the world or in our view of the Second World War. I had always thought we were simply mentioning to ourselves, as a sort of footnote, that we—the anti-Nazis—were somewhat anti-Communist as well. Now, Hitler, of course, was an anti-Communist. You could even say he was the most determined anti-Communist who has ever lived. And Hitler could never understand why certain Western countries, like England, refused to join with him in a crusade against the Soviet Union. England simply wanted no alliance with Hitler, and neither did we. Instead, we fought side by side with the Russians to destroy Hitler's regime. And so I had thought that it was a shared but unspoken assumption, unchanged since that time, that with Communist regimes we might sometimes find, somehow, some common ground, but that we simply could not find common ground with Hitler. And why was this? To put the matter very, very simply, the writings of Marx, which are the basis of Communism, contain many ominous undercurrents and have been used to justify many horrors, but I had thought that we all at least granted that Marx wrote what he did out of compassion for humanity, and that therefore those who followed him could not automatically be assumed to be inhumane. Hitler's ideology, in contrast, was *grounded* in inhumanity—was fundamentally based on hatred, on a merciless, demented racist theory, of which the assembly-line slaughter of innocents was the perfectly logical expression. And so I had thought that we were all united in this understanding, and that if the Second World War were happening today we would not hesitate for a moment to join once again with the Soviet Union to fight against Hitler, with whom we never made peace and never could make peace.

But some of the things I've been hearing recently have made me doubt whether this is so; and if it isn't so, then I guess I'm living in an entirely different country from the one I always thought I was living in. I'm amazed to discover what pride I took in that country—how I accepted its faults, how, as I walked its streets, I quietly admired all the unknown citizens who walked beside me, how I pulled my own personal vigor and enthusiasm from that country's well. Deprived of that country, I feel old and weak. I don't know how to live among strangers.

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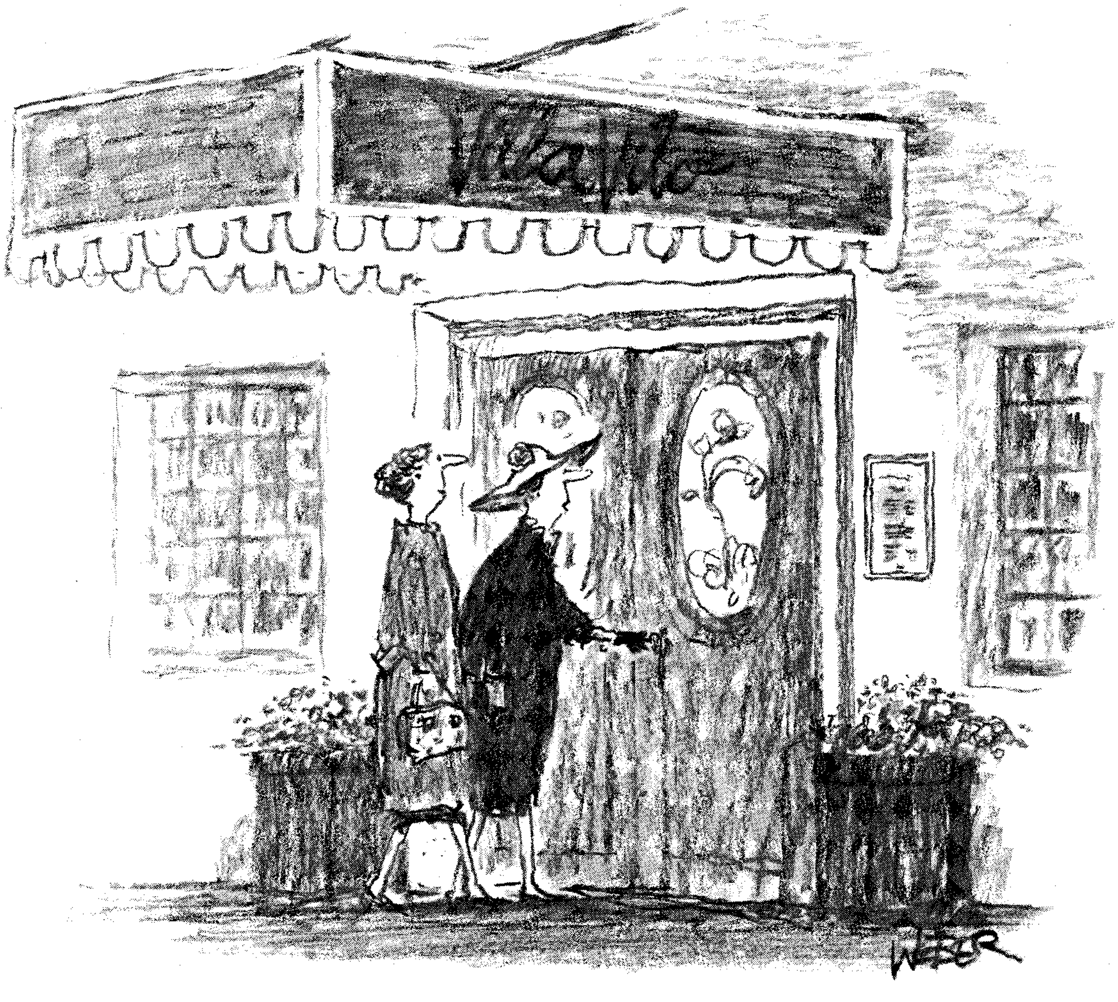
WE have received a related letter from a young man we know:

Mother's Day, I have to admit, is one of those so-called holidays that make me want to go underground and crack the greeting-card lobby that I'm sure is at the bottom of it all. But my folks and I live in the same city, so it's never been hard for them to reach out and pin me, and when they suggested celebrating Mother's Day with lunch at their favorite Hungarian café on the upper East Side and a movie—the much publicized foreign-film hit "The Gods Must Be Crazy"—I was there on time in shirt and tie and three-piece suit. My mother had had a few tough weeks: because she was born in Berlin and survived the Nazi regime, the whole Bitburg incident and the recent Holocaust remembrances wiped out, at least for the moment, the forty years of relative calm and security she had known as a New Yorker. Retreating for a few hours into a familiar environment (the café) and then a hermetic one (the movies) seemed like a good plan—especially for someone who happened to know more than the news media could ever know about the horrors of the Holocaust, and was eager to somehow get past it. Lunch was pleasant, as was the leisurely stroll down to the East Sixty-eighth Street movie theatre, where we stood in the ticket holders' line for about fifteen minutes before the film. Though the film has been running here for almost a year to sold-out houses, I knew little about it except that it had something to do with African primitives facing the modern world, and that it was a comedy. Apparently, someone felt that it wasn't, for there was a young white man representing Brooklynites Against Apartheid handing out leaflets to all of us in the line and imploring us to ask for refunds instead of going in, because the film was produced by a white South African. Since the movie had been running for almost a year without any reported trouble, I wondered what could be so bad, and I adopted a let-me-see-for-myself attitude, and so did everyone else in the line.

After we were seated and the lights dimmed and the Twentieth Century-Fox logo passed, two young women seated toward the front stood up and began protesting the showing of the film, *on the ground that the film did* not truly portray the plight of black South Africans; and they succeeded in stopping the film temporarily. The lights came on, and the women continued their speech, only to be drowned out by irate patrons demanding their removal. Shouts went up, and there was a crossfire of feelings. "This is America, and if you want to protest you can do it outside!" a woman yelled from the balcony. A young man called out, "We paid our five dollars! Let us decide for ourselves!" A little voice from the back rang out, saying, "Why not just let them speak?" "Out! Out! Out! Out!" the majority of the audience began chanting. I looked at my mother, sitting next to me, and I could see that she was upset. "If these people"—she meant the two women—"are so committed that they are willing to spend ten dollars to come into a hostile place and get thrown out, there must be some reason," she said. A theatre employee appeared, to the applause of the majority, and he was a little physical in dealing with the two women. Several people shouted at him to *take it easy*, but most of the audience continued to shout angrily at the women. A few minutes later, things settled down, the theatre darkened again, and the movie began. Just after the opening credits, a young man in the front row stood up and said, in a British accent, "I would like to point out that this is a racist film that supports—" and he was drowned out by an infuriated crowd, which now wanted the police to intervene. The young man was undaunted. "I will not leave here until I have a chance to say what I have to say," he said. The atmosphere in the theatre—on the upper East Side, on Mother's Day afternoon—grew increasingly tense as demands for the young man's removal became more vehement, and as one or two people in the audience ventured to tell the rest that maybe there was a point worth listening to. "Leave with him! Out! Out! Out!" the chant rose. Finally, two cops arrived, smiling and slightly bewildered by the cheers that met their entrance. The young man left peaceably, and order was almost restored when a bearded fellow in his early twenties stood up in the back and said, "*Look, I'm not* part of this group, I paid for the movie just like everyone else here, but maybe it's important that we think about taking a moral stand on issues that affect people's lives, instead of just wanting to be entertained. If people had felt as strongly as this about protecting the Jews in Germany, my grandfather might be alive today instead of



"The food is very good, but I've found the celebrities tend to be somewhat disappointing."

having been gassed in Dachau." Then I heard a familiar voice saying, "He's right, and you better not tell me to shut up." There was my sixty-four-year-old mother facing down the entire theatre, and she was trembling.

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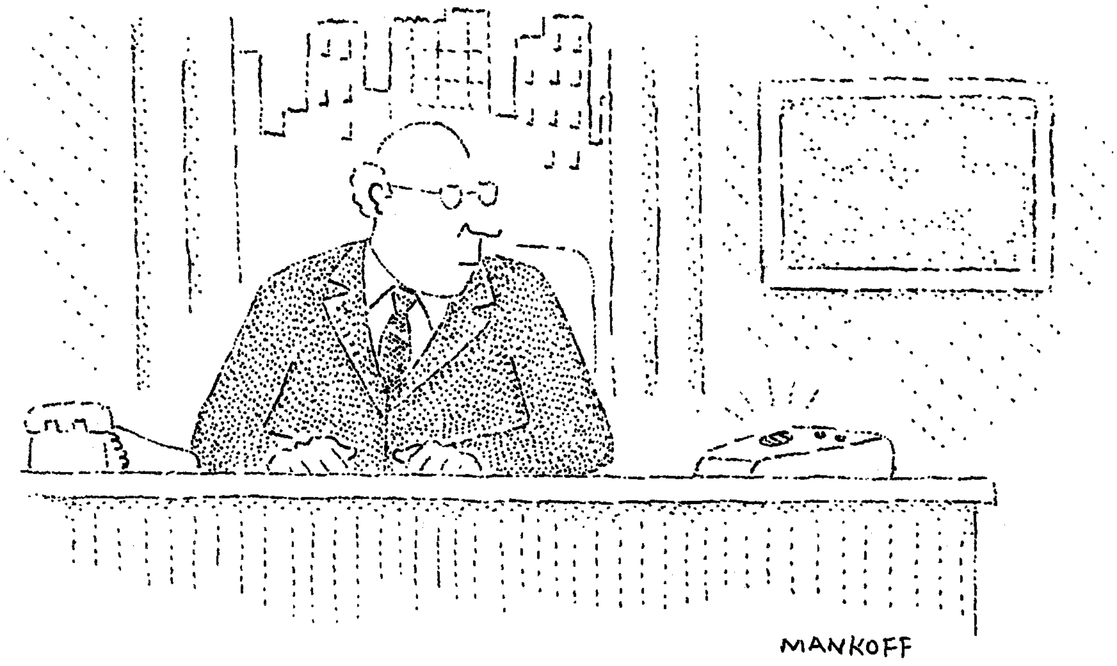
Game

WE laced up our Etonics one day last week in preparation for the Paul Magriel 800-Metre Dash—a tour of fifty of Mr. Magriel's favorite sculptures in the Metropolitan Museum, conducted unofficially every once in a while for the pleasure of his friends and anyone fortunate enough to latch on to a friend's coattails. There are over three million objects in the Metropolitan, and many people are so overwhelmed just by entering it that they don't really look at anything. A neat solution to bewilderment is a Magriel tour (there are three: sculpture, painting, and miscellaneous objects), which he does for love—it's free. At noon, we presented ourself at the information booth and were introduced, by a friend, to a debonair gentleman with white hair and a white mustache, wearing a vintage tweed jacket and a very expensive purple silk tie, who said, "All right, let's be off. Don't look at other things on your way through. Too much. Things blur." He walks like a dancer (which he once was)—with one arm flung out to the side, the other bent, acting as a kind of rudder. We took off at a dogtrot, hung a left at the foot of the grand staircase, and then executed a series of zigzags and U-turns, interspersed with rides up on the escalator and down on the elevator, and some fancy footwork careering and checking around corners, and ended up back at the starting line exactly one hour later. During that hour, we had looked at, if not contemplated, everything from an ancient bronze hook-and-weight (Byzantine) to a marionette with great style clad in a dress made from a piece of rag (Mali, 19th-20th C.). Among forty-eight other objects of grace we took in were an elegant gilt-bronze David; a Chelsea porcelain Ceres with an unsoppy face; an ivory corpus of Christ, powerful and moving and all of seven inches high (Spanish, c. 1250); a silver statuette, neither a goddess nor a queen but a perfectly formed, voluptuous "Look at me!" sort of woman (Egyptian, 664-525 B.C.); one of thirteen Degas horses suspended in motion; at an unscheduled stop, a small Cézanne painting of apples in a random but cohesive arrangement; the marble head of a remarkably unsinister Caligula (Roman, 37-41 A.D., perhaps by a sculptor who did not wish to be thrown to the lions); an Etruscan warrior, attenuated, like a Giacometti; a late-fourteenth-century wrought-iron door knocker in the shape of a woman; a white Chinese vase, its proportions, form, and glaze of a breathtaking simplicity; a Cycladic head, three inches high, so avant-garde it might have been sculptured last week but in fact was done circa 2700 B.C. There was just enough time to view each work in the round, none for dawdling or effusions. Only one old favorite was on the itinerary—Degas's charming fourteen-year-old dancer in her gray tutu, ready to soar. In Mr. Magriel's words, "everything is take-homeable"—everything except a serene T'ang Buddha, which would need a space the size of a bowling alley. Most of the sculptures are so small, or are displayed in a case with so many others, that only a selective and discriminating eye would spot them in a swing around the Met.

Afterward, we sat on a bench with our tour guide and pried the following information out of him: He was born in Latvia, in 1906; at the age of two, emigrated to Easthampton, Massachusetts, where his father became a shoe merchant; studied the violin between the ages of five and thirteen, ballet for several years after that; was a protégé of Lincoln Kirstein's; has been at various times a researcher, a writer, a curator, a collector, and a dealer; has assembled and dissolved six different collections, of paintings, sculpture, furnishings (Art Deco), and drawings, paying for the next collection with the proceeds from its predecessor. "All art belongs to the world," he said. "We are only temporary custodians, and even when I was forming a collection I always felt that the pieces weren't mine."

When we asked why he gave these tours, he said, "For renewal. I don't cover exactly the same things each time, and I change the route. It's kind of a game, and I only play it in the Met and in the Louvre. The Met is less tiring. Couldn't do it in the Frick—you'd be stopping in front of everything. Highly personal, of course. I like elegance, grace—things that move me. There must be variety, and it has to be fast or the mind grows tired." An exhilarating exercise; Mr. Magriel has added a dimension of velocity to the static museum.



"While you were out, Stevie Wonder just called to say he loves you."

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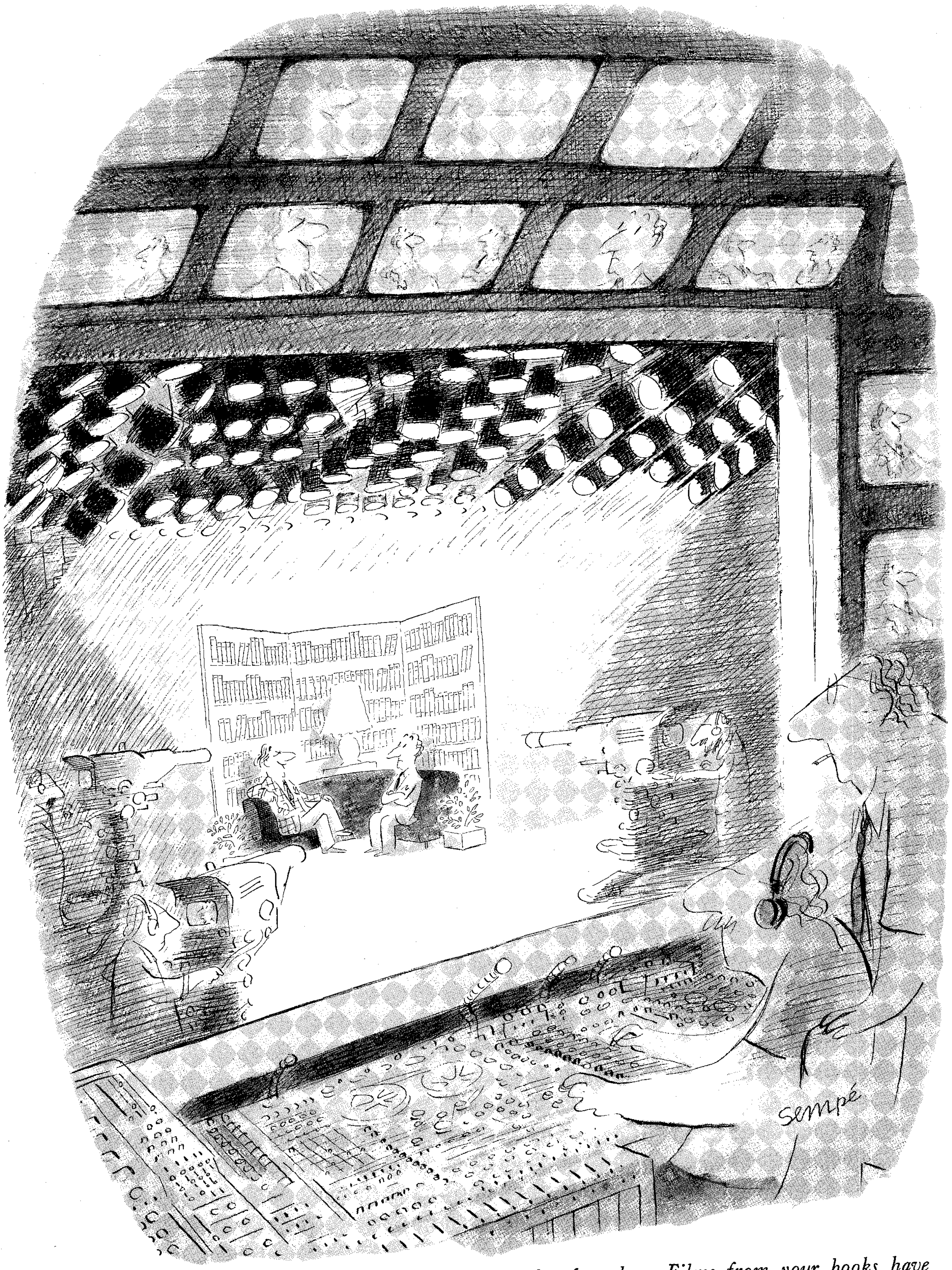


"You've written dozens of books read by thousands of readers. Films from your books have been seen by millions of people. You have houses in many countries, yachts, and expensive cars. So tell me, why have you only been married once?"

JANUS

THE bowl was perfect. Perhaps it was not what you'd select if you faced a shelf of bowls, and not the sort of thing that would inevitably attract a lot of attention at a crafts fair, yet it had real presence. It was as predictably admired as a mutt who has no reason to suspect he might be funny. Just such a dog, in fact, was often brought out (and in) along with the bowl.

Andrea was a real-estate agent, and when she thought that some prospective buyers might be dog-lovers, she would drop off her dog at the same time she placed the bowl in the house that was up for sale. She would put a dish of water in the kitchen for Mondo, take his squeaking plastic frog out of her purse and drop it on the floor. He would pounce delightedly, just as he did every day at home, batting around his favorite toy. The bowl usually sat on a coffee table, though recently she had displayed it on top of a pine blanket chest and on a lacquered table. It was once placed on a cherry table beneath a Bonnard still-life, where it held its own.

Everyone who has purchased a house or who has wanted to sell a house must be familiar with some of the tricks used to convince a buyer that the house is quite special: a fire in the fireplace in early evening; jonquils in a pitcher on the kitchen counter, where no one ordinarily has space to put flowers; perhaps the slight aroma of spring, made by a single drop of scent vaporizing from a lamp bulb.

The wonderful thing about the bowl, Andrea thought, was that it was both subtle and noticeable—a paradox of a bowl. Its glaze was the color of cream and seemed to glow no matter what light it was placed in. There were a few bits of color in it—tiny geometric flashes—and some of these were tinged with flecks of silver. They were as mysterious as cells seen under a microscope; it was difficult not to study them, because they shimmered, flashing for a split second, and then resumed their shape. Something about the colors and their random placement suggested motion. People who liked country furniture always commented on the bowl, but then it turned out that people who felt comfortable with Biedermeier loved it just as much. But the bowl was not at all ostentatious, or even so noticeable that anyone would suspect that it had been put in place deliberately. They might notice the height of the ceiling on first entering a room, and only when their eye moved down from that, or away from the refraction of sunlight on a pale wall, would they see the bowl. Then they would go immediately to it and comment. Yet they always faltered when they tried to say something. Perhaps it was because they were in the house for a serious reason, not to notice some object.

Once, Andrea got a call from a woman who had not put in an offer on a house she had shown her. That bowl, she said—would it be possible to find out where the owners had bought that beautiful bowl? Andrea pretended that she did not know what the woman was referring to. A bowl, somewhere in the house? Oh, on a table under the window. Yes, she would ask, of course. She let a couple of days pass, then called back to say that the bowl had been a present and the people did not know where it had been purchased.

When the bowl was not being taken from house to house, it sat on Andrea's coffee table at home. She didn't keep it carefully wrapped (although she transported it that way, in a box); she kept it on the table, because she liked to see it. It was large enough so that it didn't seem fragile, or particularly vulnerable if anyone sideswiped the table or Mondo blundered into it at play. She had asked her husband to please not drop his house key in it. It was meant to be empty.

When her husband first noticed the bowl, he had peered into it and smiled briefly. He always urged her to buy things she liked. In recent years, both of them had acquired many things to make up for all the lean years when they were graduate students, but now that they had been comfortable for quite a while, the pleasure of new possessions dwindled. Her husband had pronounced the bowl "pretty," and he had turned away without picking it up to examine it. He had no more interest in the bowl than she had in his new Leica.

She was sure that the bowl brought her luck. Bids were often put in on houses where she had displayed the bowl. Sometimes the owners, who were always asked to be away or to step outside when the house was being shown, didn't even know that the bowl had been in their house. Once—she could not imagine how—she left it behind, and then she was so afraid that something might have happened to it that she rushed back to the house and sighed with relief when the woman owner opened the door. The bowl, Andrea explained—she had purchased a bowl and set it on the chest for safekeeping while she toured the house with the prospective buyers, and she . . . She felt like rushing past the frowning woman and seizing her bowl. The owner stepped aside, and it was only when Andrea ran to the chest that the lady glanced at her a little strangely. In the few seconds before Andrea picked up the bowl, she realized that the owner must have just seen that it had been perfectly placed, that the sunlight struck the bluer part of it. Her pitcher had been moved to the far side of the chest, and the bowl predominated. All the way home, Andrea wondered how she could have left the bowl behind. It was like leaving a friend at an outing—just walking off. Sometimes there were stories in the paper about families forgetting a child somewhere and driving to the next city. Andrea had only gone a mile down the road before she remembered.

In time, she dreamed of the bowl. Twice, in a waking dream—early in the morning, between sleep and a last nap before rising—she had a clear vision of it. It came into sharp focus and startled her for a moment—the same bowl she looked at every day.

SHE had a very profitable year selling real estate. Word spread, and she had more clients than she felt comfortable with. She had the foolish thought that if only the bowl were an animate object she could thank it. There were times when she wanted to talk to her husband about the bowl. He

WOUNDED WHALE

What has not been touched is the deep black
hill of its back,
slug-smooth in glistening water.
And its song, still nested in its brain, its midnight-forest flesh—
that, too, has not been touched.
And the head, shaped like a blacksmith's hammer,
with eyes glittering like razors,
it bobs smooth and whole as a stone.
The shore

is flat and mild, miles of green-gray scarves billowing on water,
filmy, perishable,
thin and veined as leaves in light.
Nothing is rooted;
even the inland roads float upon water, a world of glittering flux
where driftwood houses sift slowly downward
and sand roses drift on the sea of their leaves.
In this world

the whale moves forward through syrupy thickness,
through the weight of its own wounds.
Its tail, raised like a tattered flag or a glove without fingers,
flaps back and forth,
almost a separate body
that longs to sink down on its own,
not quite lifeless,
into the morgue of the water,
tasting, awake, the salt morgue of the water.
How slowly

it falls into stillness
while its belly shines, a white shield, in the sea-light,
and the other whales, the whole ones,
keep away from the one they know
has been wounded.
Its death smell fans out into the air.
For weeks it has swum far from the propeller
that churned its living flesh like water, that changed
smooth edges into yellow ooze and crusted blood.
Melted down

like tar, deflated like flat tires in the sun,
others have sunk onto the shore,
doilies of foam prim around their fins.
Only their eyes have survived; mud-brown,
they stare amazed, wide open.
But this one still moves between the living
and the dead,

its eyes alive, its tail like ash in fire.
The sea makes little noise,
as if it, too, had stopped to watch
this breaking down of flesh,
this ghostly pushing forward from water into water,
this brutal, slow acceptance
by one more living creature
that only it

is permanent.

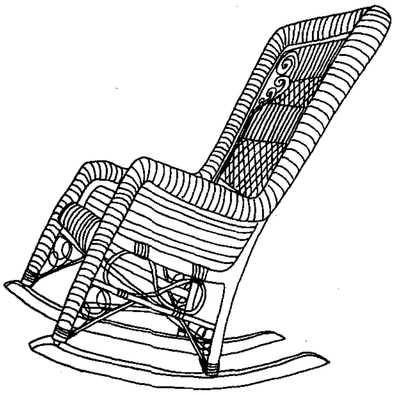
—Laurie Sheck

• •

was a stockbroker, and sometimes told people that he was fortunate to be married to a woman who had such a fine aesthetic sense and yet could also function in the real world. They were a lot alike, really—they had agreed on that. They were both quiet people—reflective, slow to make value judgments, but almost intractable once they had come to a conclusion. They both liked details, but while ironies attracted her, he was more impatient and dismissive when matters became many-sided or unclear. But they both knew this; it was the kind of thing they could talk about when they were alone in the car together, coming home from a party or after a weekend with friends. But she never talked to him about the bowl. When they were at dinner, exchanging their news of the day, or while they lay in bed at night listening to the stereo and murmuring sleepy disconnections, she was often tempted to come right out and say that she thought that the bowl in the living room, the cream-colored bowl, was responsible for her success. But she didn't say it. She couldn't begin to explain it. Sometimes in the morning, she would look at him and feel guilty that she had such a constant secret.

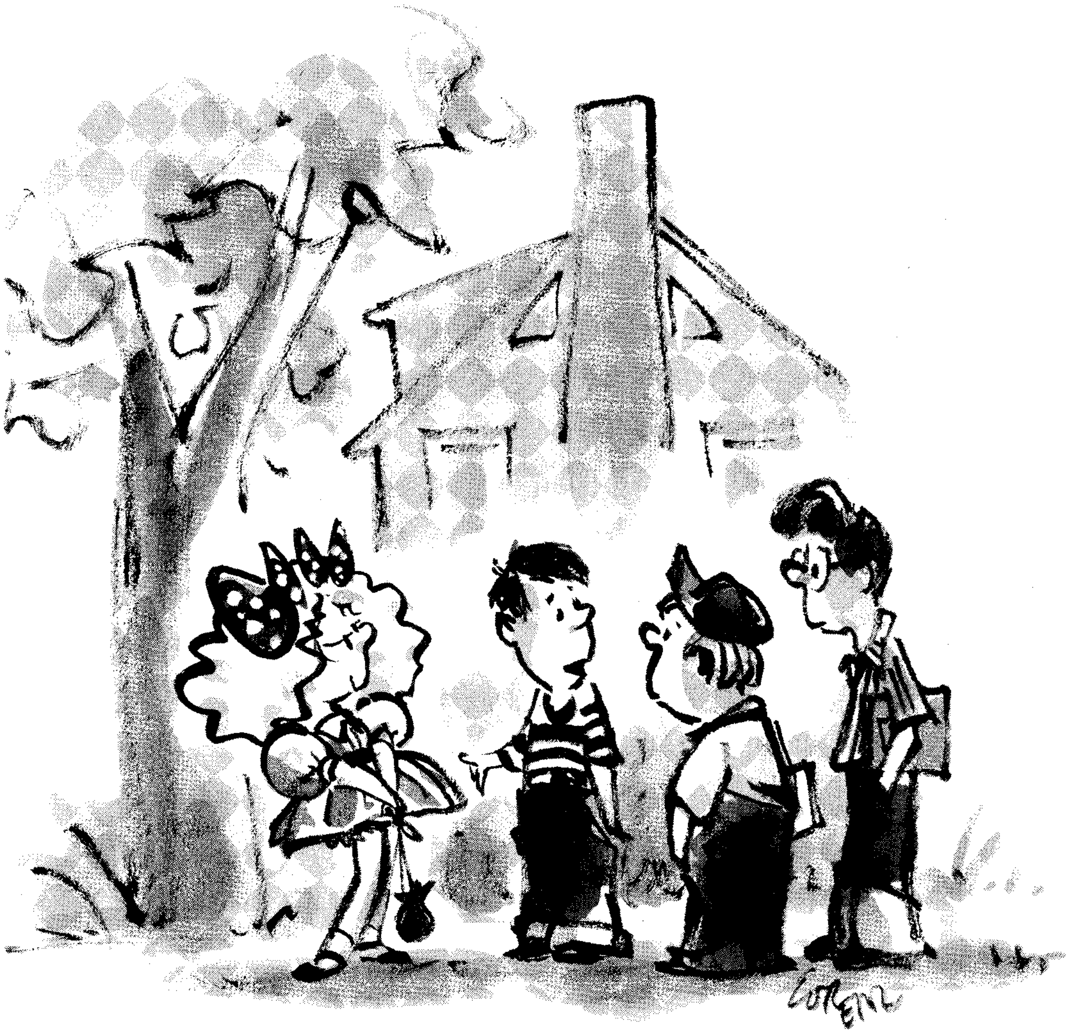
Could it be that she had some deeper connection with the bowl—a relationship of some kind? She corrected her thinking: how could she imagine such a thing, when she was a human being and it was a bowl? It was ridiculous. Just think of how people lived together and loved each other . . . But was that always so clear, always a relationship? She was confused by these thoughts, but they remained in her mind. There was something within her now, something real, that she never talked about.

The bowl was a mystery, even to her. It was frustrating, because her involvement with the bowl contained a steady sense of unrequited good fortune; it would have been easier to respond if some sort of demand were made in return. But that only happened in fairy tales. The bowl was just a bowl. She did not believe that for one second. What she believed was that it was something she loved.



In the past, she had sometimes talked to her husband about a new property she was about to buy or sell—confiding some clever strategy she had devised to persuade owners who seemed ready to sell. Now she stopped doing that, for all her strategies involved the bowl. She became more deliberate with the bowl, and more possessive. She put it in houses only when no one was there, and removed it when she left the house. Instead of just moving a pitcher or a dish, she would remove all the other objects from a table. She had to force herself to handle them carefully, because she didn't really care about them. She just wanted them out of sight.

She wondered how the situation would end. As with a lover, there was no exact scenario of how matters



"*Fellas, this is Natalie Kaufman. Natalie represents a new, softer image of womankind.*"

• •

would come to a close. Anxiety became the operative force. It would be irrelevant if the lover rushed into someone else's arms, or wrote her a note and departed to another city. The horror was the possibility of the disappearance. That was what mattered.

She would get up at night and look at the bowl. It never occurred to her that she might break it. She washed and dried it without anxiety, and she moved it often, from coffee table to mahogany corner table or wherever, without fearing an accident. It was clear that she would not be the one who would do anything to the bowl. The bowl was only handled by her, set safely on one surface or another; it was not very likely that anyone would break it. A bowl was a poor conductor of electricity: it would not be hit by lightning. Yet the idea of damage persisted. She did not think beyond that—to what her life would be without the bowl. She only continued to fear that some accident would happen. Why not, in a world where people set plants where they did not belong, so that visitors touring a house would be fooled into thinking that dark corners got sunlight—a world full of tricks?

She had first seen the bowl several years earlier, at a crafts fair she had visited half in secret, with her lover. He had urged her to buy the bowl. She didn't *need* any more things, she told him. But she had been drawn to the bowl, and they had lingered near it. Then she went on to the next booth, and he came up behind her, tapping the rim against her shoulder as she ran her fingers over a wood carving. "You're still insisting that I buy that?" she said. "No," he said. "I bought it for you." He had bought her other things before this—things she liked more, at first—the child's ebony-and-turquoise ring that fitted her little finger; the wooden box, long and thin, beautifully dovetailed, that she used to hold paper clips; the soft gray sweater with a pouch pocket. It was his idea that when he could not be there to hold her hand she could hold her own—clasp her hands inside the lone pocket that stretched across the front. But in time she became more attached to the bowl than to any of his other presents. She tried to talk herself out of it. She owned other things that were more striking or valuable. It wasn't an object whose beauty jumped out at you; a lot of people must have passed it by before the two of them saw it that day.

Her lover had said that she was always too slow to know what she really loved. Why continue with her life the way it was? Why be two-faced, he asked her. He had made the first move toward her. When she would not decide in his favor, would not change her life and come to him, he asked her what made her think she could have it both ways. And then he made the last move and left. It was a decision meant to break her will, to shatter her intransigent ideas about honoring previous commitments.

Time passed. Alone in the living room at night, she often looked at the bowl sitting on the table, still and safe, unilluminated. In its way, it was perfect: the world cut in half, deep and smoothly empty. Near the rim, even in dim light, the eye moved toward one small flash of blue, a vanishing point on the horizon.

—ANN BEATTIE

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Walnut Creek* (*Calif.*) *Contra Costa Times*]

MINI trampoline, $50. Neck traction kit, $75.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME

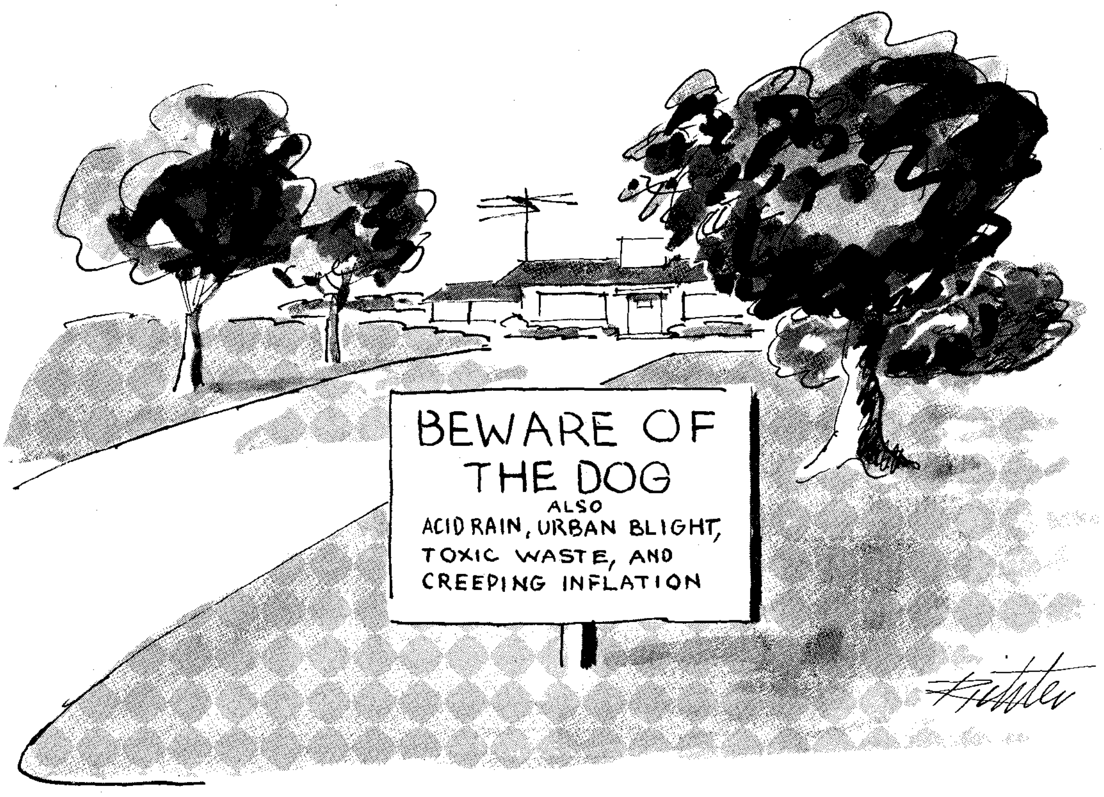
LAST May, I cancelled my classes for a week, and my wife, Elizabeth, and I took Uncle Sol up from the public-housing project in Chelsea where he lives during the winter to his big red farmhouse in Sheffield, Massachusetts—which, owing to an otherwise imperceptible doctrinal mellowing in his old age, Uncle Sol recently decided to bequeath not to the Alliance of Socialist Youth, or whatever it was, but to me. Dave. Though I shall be "Davey" to Uncle Sol even if I am knighted or win the Nobel Prize or am named Emperor of the Universe. The flexibility of the academic calendar is one of the reasons I quit my job as a City Hall reporter a few years back and went to teach at Columbia's journalism school. I guess I never quite outgrew the child's expectation of a couple of weeks off in the winter, another in the spring, and three months in the summer. Also, I didn't like the venality of the politics I was covering, so I accepted the university's invitation and took refuge among its quieter follies and plenitudinous vacations. And, anyway, as the years at the newspaper went by I grew to hate writing. One writer is enough in any family. Elizabeth, who quit her job as a curator at the Museum of Natural History just before Charlie came along, now writes serious pieces about psychology for serious magazines. She enjoys it.

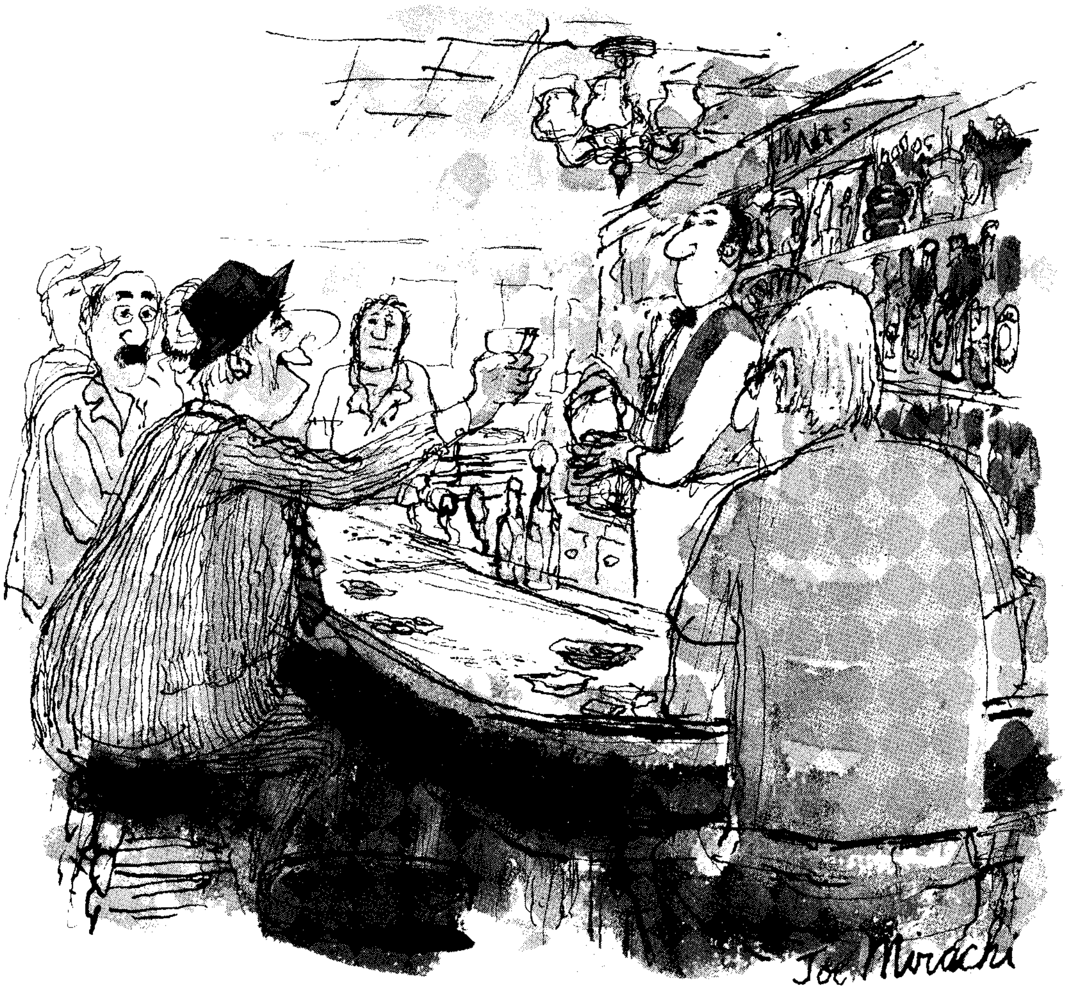
When we drove down to Chelsea from our two-tiny-bedroom upper-West Side apartment, we found Uncle Sol outside his place, standing on the sidewalk next to a huge old leather suitcase with twine wrapped around it a few times. The sun was out and it was balmy, but Uncle Sol, hypochondria in full spring bloom, had on a heavy, oversize wool overcoat and the usual brown beret. He is eighty-nine years old—all knobs, strings, bones, and dome—and in this getup he looked like an unshelled tortoise wrapped in a musty tweed curtain.

This would be the first real encounter between Uncle Sol and our son, Charles, who was ten months old. They had met once before, at the end of the previous summer, up in the country, just after Charlie was born, but the baby was still oblivious of the world around him, and Uncle Sol was almost completely supine, since he was recovering from severe pneumonia that had developed from a cold. The illness had put him in the hospital for a few days, which gave me a little time to batten down the house for the winter. When he was discharged, it seemed that his few remaining traces of geniality and humor had disappeared. I must confess that it was a relief to drive away with Elizabeth and Charlie and his infant paraphernalia, and leave Uncle Sol's transportation down to the city in the hands of a doctor and his wife who had a summer house nearby.

During the fall and winter, I went to visit Uncle Sol at his apartment alone. Elizabeth willingly stayed at home with Charlie and the chores that sprang up around him like weeds. I would have stayed away, too, but I had no choice in the matter. Not only was Uncle Sol all that remained of my family's older generation, but as a boy I had spent my summers at his house, so my inheritance of it would be a kind of physical complement of an already rich, intangible legacy: however impatiently, he had taught me how to use a rifle, play the guitar, ride a horse, bid at an auction, paint a barn, row a boat, drive a car, play poker, and regard wealth with suspicion. To have abandoned him to the housekeeper I hired for him and Meals on Wheels and the kindness of his housing-project neighbors would have been abandoning part of myself. For some reason, after the pneumonia he seemed able to summon up only bad memories—squalor and fear in the trenches in the First World War, rejection by women he claimed he had wanted to marry, a schism with my father over politics, government harassment during the thirties and forties—and he needed someone to tell them to. So on one or two afternoons a week I would go to him and, on a glacially slow trip through the snow to the drugstore or poring over the jumble of his financial affairs, I would listen. Sometimes, as the windows in his overheated apartment fogged over, he would begin talking about an attack of diarrhea or vomiting he had suffered recently, and I admit that the only way I could go on sitting there was to think about my wife and son, contented at home as the evening came on.

The big question in my mind on the way to Uncle Sol's in May was how would Uncle Sol, who had been around almost a hundred times longer than Charlie and had become so difficult to please, get along with him. It started off well. After refusing Elizabeth's offer of the front, Uncle Sol clam-


BEWARE OF THE DOG
ALSO
ACID RAIN, URBAN BLIGHT, TOXIC WASTE, AND CREEPING INFLATION



"To fine stores everywhere!"

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bered and creaked into the back, wagging his cane around this way and that, and finally came to rest alongside Charlie's car seat. He went to put the cane on the floor, but Charlie managed to grab the curved end during one of its passes.

"So this is What's-His-Name," Uncle Sol said. He tried to reclaim his cane, but Charlie held on tight. "You won't need one of these things for a while yet," Uncle Sol said, whereupon Charlie unleashed one of his Devastator smiles, which he seldom does for anyone but us, and yanked the cane entirely free of his granduncle's feeble grip.

"I bet you two think he's pretty cute," Uncle Sol said.

"He'll do," I said as I started the car.

"He doesn't smile like that at everyone," Elizabeth said.

"She's exactly like you," Uncle Sol said to Charlie. "Both trying to get on my good side."

"Good luck to them in that case," I said.

We pulled away from Uncle Sol's building and the rest of the gigantic project, in which teemed a portion of the proletarian masses whom Uncle Sol, at least theoretically, champions.

"Who brought the suitcase down on the elevator for you?" I asked into the rearview mirror, knowing where the question would lead.

"Whattayacaller's son Whosis from down the hall," Uncle Sol said. That, as I expected, would be Felix Rodriguez, the baleful teen-ager who lives with his mother next door to Uncle Sol, and to whom I had slipped fifty bucks last November, to run errands for the old man. Uncle Sol had been propagandizing Mrs. Rodriguez for a few years; with long, confusing explanations, he urged her to vote for Gus Hall for President, and he pointed out to her how wonderful it was that that blind black guy, Something or Other Winston, was Party Chairman. "That boy is developing an excellent set of values," Uncle Sol said. What the Rodriguezes made of Uncle Sol and his vague but relentless ideology I could not even begin to guess; I just hoped that they could see at least something of the man he once had been in the man he was. "I was pretty much under the weather for the whole winter, as you know," he went on, "and that boy would do anything I'd ask him to at the drop of a hat and didn't expect a cent in return."

We stopped in traffic on Eleventh Avenue in the Thirties, the construction site of that gargantuan boondoggle the new convention center. Surrounding us, paralyzed by some union squabble, were mammoth yellow earthmovers and cranes, and in their long shadows strolled hard-looking ladies whose shoe heels were longer than their skirts. How remote, there and then, seemed an old man's utopian dreams. "Now, really, Sol, what do you think of Charles?" Elizabeth said. There was no reply from the back seat, and Elizabeth turned around. "Take a look, Dave," she said. I turned, too, to see Charlie asleep with his chin on his chest and one small hand still holding the cane, and Uncle Sol with his eyes closed and his head back, as if he were trying to remember something from a long, long time ago.

THE stream that winds down from the Berkshire Hills behind Uncle Sol's house had overflowed the rough plank bridge that marked the boundary between the farthest reach of lawn in front of the house and what used to be a cow pasture, just above the orchard. Cows have not grazed there for nearly twenty years—ever since John Powers died. Mr. Powers was a dairy farmer who lived down the road. There was an extraordinarily fruitful crab-apple tree at his place, and every September Uncle Sol would round up some of his young admirers and me and go down to Mr. Powers' and send a few guys up into the tree to shake it while the rest of us stood underneath holding blankets to catch the results. In return for that, and for milk and cream and so on, Uncle Sol let Mr. Powers pasture his cows in the meadows around his place. To get hit on the head by those crab apples was nothing more than fun, even for a little boy, and they pelted down in what seemed to me miraculous abundance, like something in the Bible. No less miraculous was the way Uncle Sol, complaining about the work and ordering me around the kitchen, transformed the sour noggins into sweet jelly, which he would give away to his visitors, who came up from the city in even greater numbers at the end of the summer than at the start or in the middle. As the leaves outside began their colorful demise, the people at Uncle Sol's would dance to his square-dance calling, listen to his stories, sing songs with him, and tolerate his condemnation, good-humored back then, of their profligate materialism. When the last of them left, Uncle Sol and I closed the house and went back to the city ourselves, he to his work running a settlement house and I to my progressive private school in the Village, where our teachers called us "people" and we called them by their first names. Uncle Sol had outlasted almost all his old friends; his visitors had dwindled to a mere trickle, and he had spent most of the last few summers alone, except for some visits from me and Elizabeth and a few others. He hasn't put up jelly or anything else for years.

I was recounting some of this ancient history for Elizabeth as we stood in contemplation of the little rogue creek. We had been at Uncle Sol's for a week, and would be leaving the next day, Sunday. When I got to the part about shaking the tree, I found that I couldn't go on. Unconscious for a moment of the bright, cool May morning washed clean and clear by an apocalyptic thunderstorm the night before, I was suffused with the slanting orange light of the early-autumn afternoons of my boyhood. I saw young Communists silhouetted in branches high above me, the sound of the water became the sound of leaves being rattled, and I half expected crab apples to rain down upon us. I was, in a word, mush—maybe in part because our visit, however vexed, was almost over—and to hide it I turned around and picked up Charlie, who was sitting on the lawn behind us, having another and still very uncertain encounter with grass. Every time we put him down on it during the week, he had avoided touching it; he held his hands out over it as if he were afraid it would grow rapidly and need to be held in check. Charlie didn't notice the ridiculous tears that had welled up in his late-early-middle-aged father's eyes. He was just happy to be lifted away from something he felt ought to be wood or concrete or at least fake Oriental but wasn't.

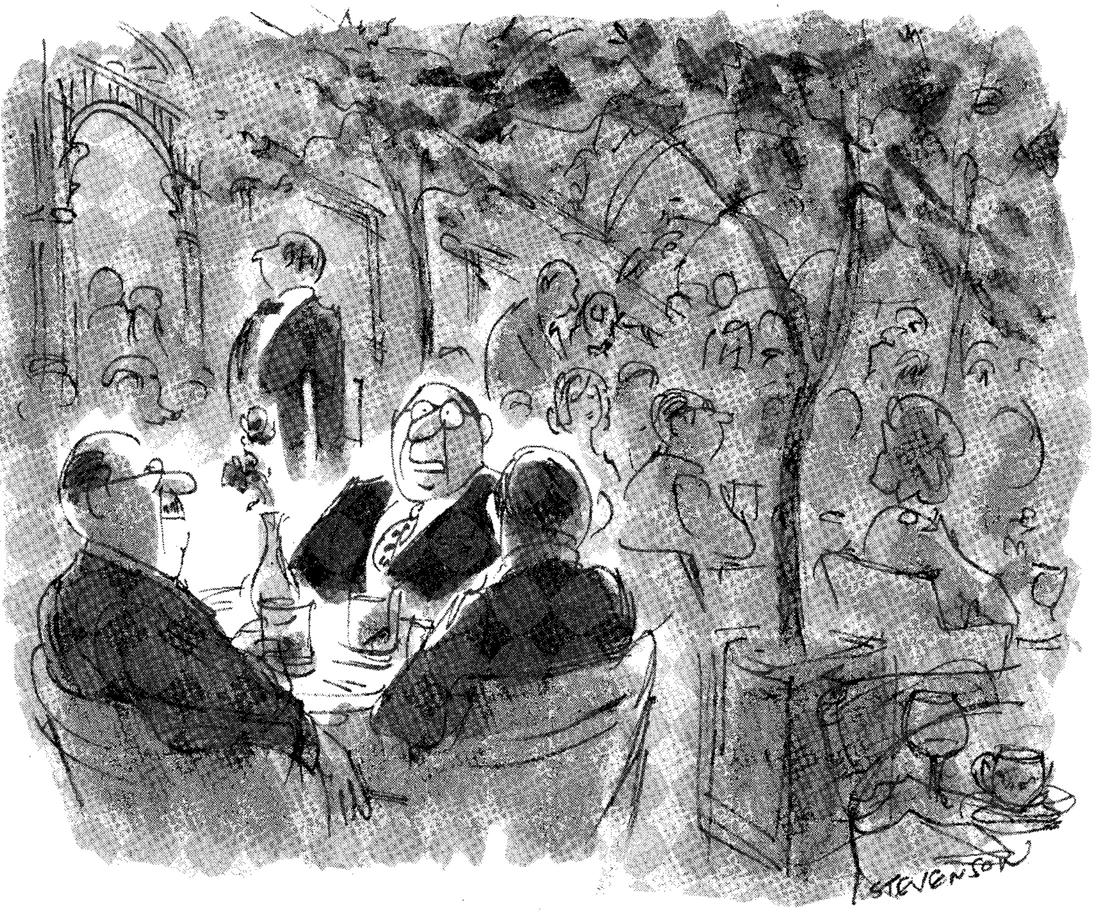
"You're sad," Elizabeth said.

"I was just trying to remember something."

"We should have dug this silt out to get the water down," Elizabeth said. "The boards are going to rot."

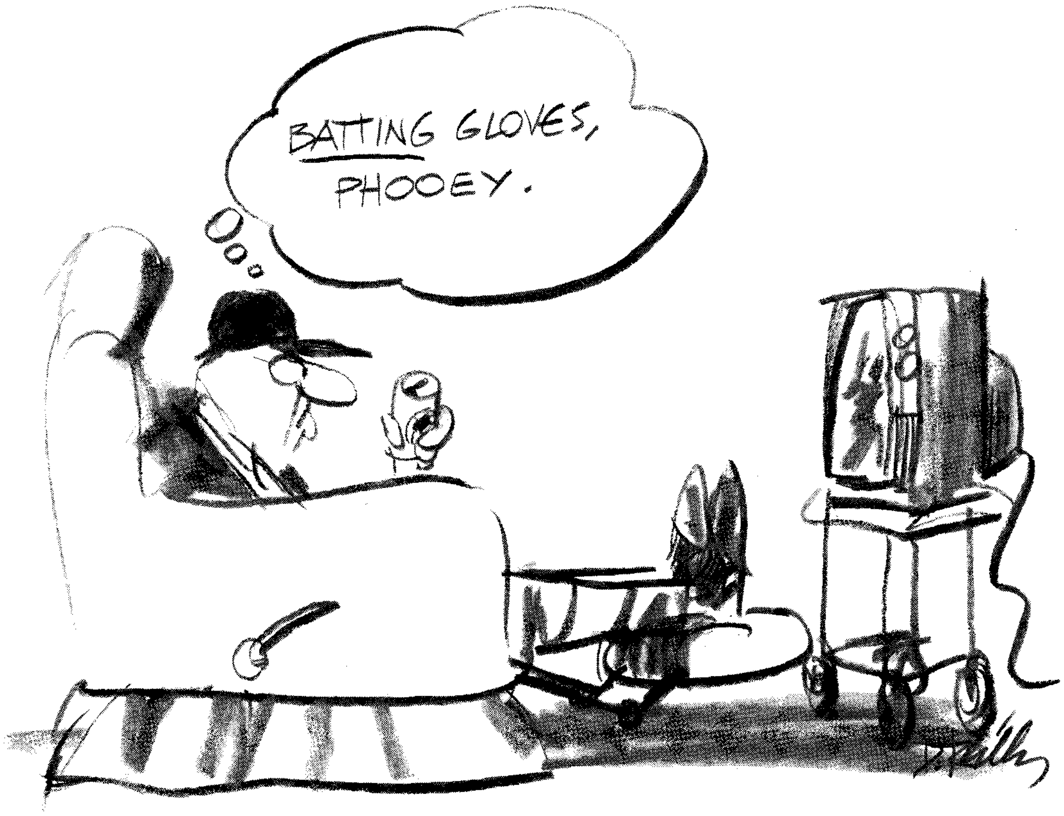
Charlie gestured like a maestro toward the creek and shouted, "Dada!" This is what he called almost everything that interested him—trees, garbage trucks, Elizabeth, and the entire Columbia University campus. The rest of his working vocabulary was "kitty" and "booey." The last he applied exclusively to me and to food.

"We should have done a lot of things," I said, "but with Uncle Sol around it would be hard to start the real work that has to be done on this place, even if he let us. It would be like building his coffin while he looked on."



"I'm honest, but not scrupulously honest."

Charlie started squirming with boredom in my arms, so we headed back toward the house. When we got there, I set Charlie down, to let him go *mano a mano* with the lawn once more. He started to crawl nowhere in particular, then he got scared of the botany all over again, reassumed his wary, hands-out position, and raised his eyes to the red pile before him. This is what he saw: peeling paint, dry rot under the eaves which had eaten out a doorway for squirrels, clotted, flaking white gutters with downspouts akimbo, screens with a lot of rips and fewer patches, a sagging porch, cracked windowpanes, a leaky slate roof, a woodshed whose sliding doors didn't, flower beds giving way at their borders to grass choked with ajuga and dandelions. What he didn't see, inside, was a haywire, jerry-built electrical system, mice in the cupboards, a sweating freezer in the cellar filled with dubious food, an ancient, whistling furnace with a loose fan belt, nails poking up from the floors in the second-story bedrooms, six flashlights that didn't work, plumbing of capillary straitness, and a collection of photographs, crockery, shoes, chairs, clocks, pots, blankets, toys, sheet music, tools, racquets, records, radios, letters, footstools, luggage, scarves, books, pipes, and cushions that had started accumulating fifty years ago, when Uncle Sol bought the place, and hadn't stopped since. I held my hand out and said, toward the little blond head below, "Someday all this will be yours." A large woodchuck peered out from under the porch and then made a fat dash across the lawn.



"Kitty!" Charlie shouted.

"TRY some of this," Uncle Sol had said to me the night before, while I was cooking dinner. He waggled a fork with some kind of black-green matter on it in front of my face. The day had been gray and humid for May, and now thunder was rumbling around somewhere in the hills across the valley from Uncle Sol's.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Pickled tomatoes. You never tasted anything so good."

"No, thanks," I said, with an emphatic stroke of the cleaver to the second joint of a chicken leg.

"You used to love my pickles," Uncle Sol said.

"I just don't want any."

"You just don't want any."

"That's right."

"I opened this especially for you," Uncle Sol said. He slammed the jar down on the counter where I was working.

"They look spoiled," I said, extracting the giblets in their neat wrapping from inside the chicken carcass.

"Just like yourself," Uncle Sol said. "And that son of yours, if you keep on with him the way you're going. Come on now, boy, I'm telling you to take a bite." From upstairs, far away in the front bedroom, where we had set up Charlie's crib—an industrial-green relic from Uncle Sol's attic that I had slept in when I was a baby—came an attenuated wail of bedtime protest, like a ribbon of aroma in a cartoon.

"No, thanks, really," I said.

"Why do you always say no to what I offer you?"

"Listen, Sol, I'm sorry, but the food you have around here is just too old. A lot of things from the freezer have been thawed and refrozen, and you open things and don't refrigerate them."

"And you'd rather let perfectly good stuff go to waste and drive into town and spend money, even with the world in the state it's in."

"I just like to be careful," I said.

"Enough of this nonsense, Davey. These pickles are excellent, and you're going to try them." Another vaporous cry, this one tinged with resignation, drifted down from the bedroom.

"Oh, all right," I said, and nibbled from the fork that Uncle Sol was once again waving in front of my face.

"What did I tell you?" Uncle Sol said.

"They don't seem right to me," I said. "Let me see the jar." I picked it up and read the label: "Pickled tomatoes, 11/73," it said. "Christ, Sol, this is eleven years old."

"It is not."

"What do you mean? That's what the label says."

"They're almost brand-new."

"Then why does it say eleven seventy-three?"

"I was just using some old labels the other day—last fall," Uncle Sol said. He ostentatiously took a large mouthful of the kelp-like mess. "I don't like being called a liar," he said. He shuffled over to the sink, threw the fork into it, and held his head, as if in the grip of a sudden migraine. "I'm beginning to wonder if our relationship is what I thought it was."

Elizabeth appeared in the kitchen doorway, to the accompaniment of a remote peal of thunder. Uncle Sol was staring out the window, searching for something—anything—that might bear witness to the disrespect he was suffering at my hands. I turned my back to him and loaded the chicken into the oven.

"He's asleep," Elizabeth said. I turned around again, and she held up an empty formula bottle in triumph. "So, let's eat."

"I just started this," I said, "so you'll simply have to wait another forty-five minutes."

Elizabeth looked at me and then at

Uncle Sol, and then said, "Oh, no, not again."

WHAT she meant was that after the smooth sailing on the trip up from the city the week's anchorage at Uncle Sol's had been filled with almost nothing but muttering, discontent, and hostility on the part both of the superannuated captain and of his crew. On Sunday, Elizabeth and I—together, during Charlie's long naps, and alone, when he was awake—took down the storm windows and put up the screens. "Wait a minute," said Uncle Sol, hovering over or under us and gesturing with his cane at each new step in the procedure. Wait a minute and wash the ponderous windows, even though so much of the glass was broken; wait a minute and brush the screens, even though they were falling apart; wait a minute, the windows have never been stacked there before—they go over here, all of two feet away, and have to be restacked.

On Monday, Elizabeth tried putting in some begonias under the mock-orange bush near the horse barn. Uncle Sol, emerging onto the porch from the trapdoor to the cellar, where he had been poking around in the freezer for some detritus to serve at supper, thanked her for her efforts but said that the plants were the wrong thing to plant, the place was the wrong place, and the time was the wrong time.

ELIZABETH: I was just trying to help.

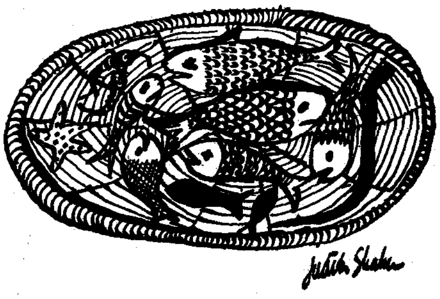
SOL: I'm sure you were, Miss, but it's no help at all if it isn't done right.

ELIZABETH (*throwing down her trowel*): I give up.

SOL: Don't forget to put that whattayacallit back where it belongs.

On Tuesday, Uncle Sol and I had a confrontation over mowing the lawn. He said I was doing it in the wrong *pattern*—that it would be harder to rake if it wasn't done up the middle first and then etc., etc. Since it was me who would be doing the raking, I argued a little, and he retired to his bed with what he described as an attack of "needles" in his neck and back.

On Wednesday, it rained, and we sat in the living room after breakfast and argued about the Russian intervention in Afghanistan. This provoked a session of inheritance torture that consisted of Uncle Sol airily musing about the possibility of giving fifty of his sixty acres to the Communist Party for a "progressive" children's camp. And, speaking of children, it was Uncle Sol's constant refrain during the week, when he wasn't saying wait a minute to our maintenance and horticultural efforts, that we were trying to spoil Charlie. If he dropped a toy and we picked it up for him, we were overindulging him. If we allowed him to beg a bite of a cookie from us, we were letting him get away with murder. This in spite of Charlie's generally excellent behavior, and in spite of the burgeoning friendship between the two of them. Uncle Sol played with Charlie for half hours on end—tugging on the cane, banging the piano in the dining room, playing which-hand-is-it-in when Charlie crawled up to him on the porch and gave him a dandelion blossom. At one point Uncle Sol donned a tall, conical orange party hat, an artifact lying around among the clutter, dating no doubt from the Halloween of 1938 or 1939, and Charlie was transported by mirth. That was after dinner on Wednesday, and Charlie got so worked up that it took him an extra hour to go to sleep. His crying brought renewed charges from Uncle Sol in the kitchen while I was washing the dishes. He somehow managed to link my poor performance as a father to my retrograde geopolitics, and, for good measure, told me that seeing how much hot water I used had given him a gassy stomach.



It was sad to be around someone

THE OTHER GREAT COMPOSERS

They lived in places tourists don't care to visit,
beside streams the obscure workings of local pride
insisted were rivers: there were willows or derelict mills,
sometimes a boathouse with Palladian ambitions,
in the backwoods, except that the towering pines were,
often as not, replaced by clusters of factory chimneys,
isolate, the factories gone, the chimneys octagonal,
grand as columns remembering a Trojan victory,
although severely unadorned. They lived in places where
commerce destroyed the Roman forts, the common fields
with red viaducts, canals now, like them, disused
and forgotten, depositories for ignorance, or else
they sank into the confines of a half-suburban dream
of pastoral they couldn't share: the works grew longer,
"unperformable." The aggression of the ordinary,
the tepid love expressed in summerhouses too small
really to contain lover and beloved, the muted modes
and folk songs rediscovered, dead as elms, drove them
to new forms of learning and excess, ruthless
distortions of the academic tones and tomes,
chords that decayed over long bars into distances
where bell-hung, bird-haunted pagodas of their own
design rose up, tier on tier, to radiant mountains—
mountains from which they confidently expected,
year after year, the arrival of the ancient and youthful
messenger who would confirm the truth of these visions.
It is impossible yet to say that they were wrong:
the music is unproved and undisproved; their operas
require cathedrals in which the angels and grotesques
come alive for one scene only; their fugues and toccatas
demand the emergence of a pianist eight-handed
like a Hindu god whose temples remain a sheaf of sketches,
whose religion is confined to a single head, maddened
or happy, dead-centered in a continent of neglect.

—JOHN ASH

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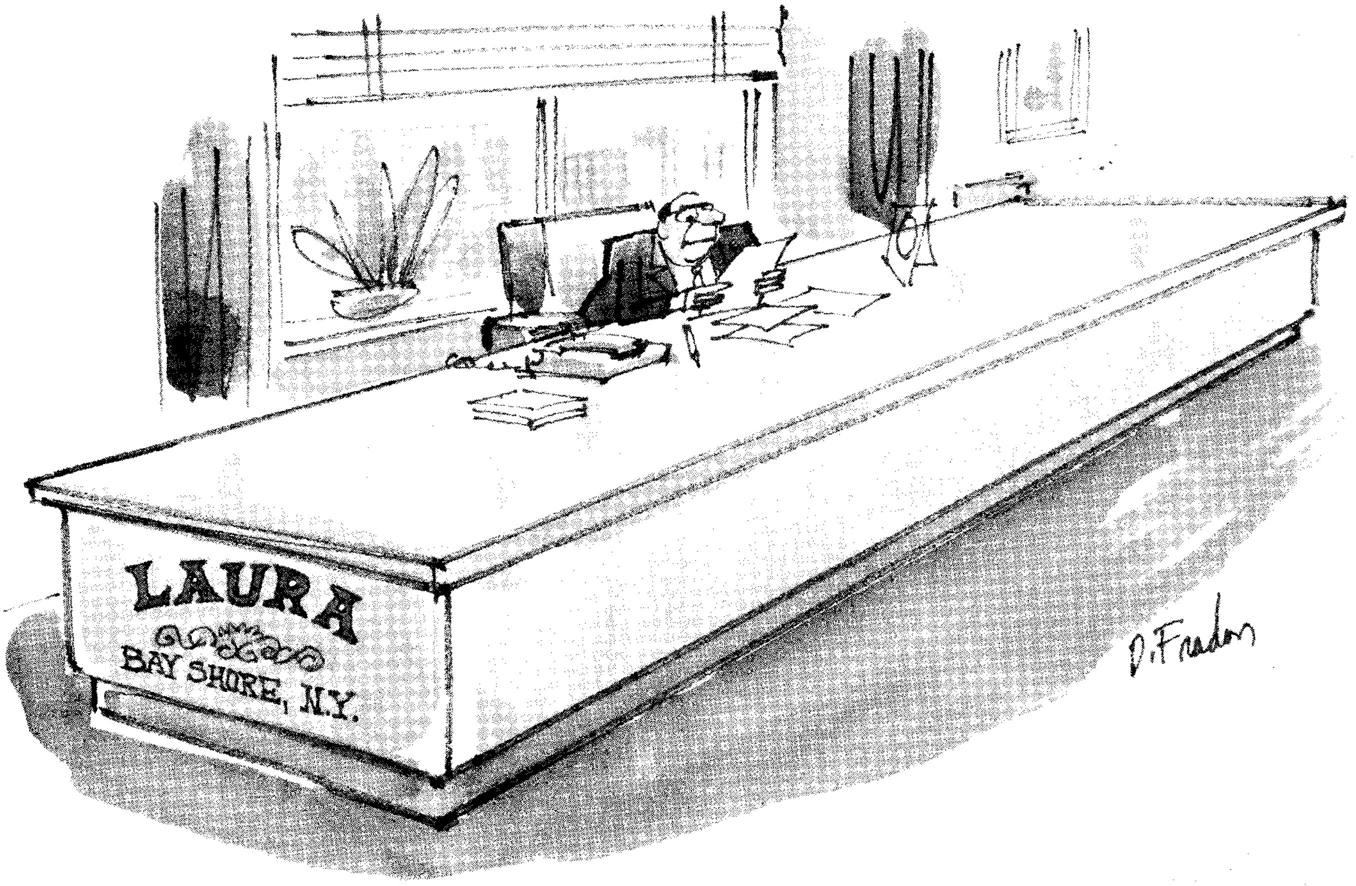


who had almost completely outlived his own personality, especially since I had no choice about continuing to love him. It was also unbearable for a solid week, so on Thursday Elizabeth and Charlie and I got in our car and took off for the day. At about seven-thirty that evening, ten miles from Uncle Sol's, Charlie's patience with the car seat, which we had humped him in and out of six or seven times—when we stopped for tag sales and sightseeing and wholesome junk food—gave out entirely, so we pulled off the road near a little cemetery at the foot of a mountain and let him play there for a while. The grass was short and unintimidating, and there were big rugs of moss here and there. Charlie, now in the one-piece bright-red pajamas that we had put on him in the hope that he would go to sleep in the car, crawled and chuckled above the dead, hiding from us, tracing chiselled inscriptions with his baby-carrot fingers, and pausing every now and then to point and shout "Dada!" at nothing, or everything. At the back of the cemetery there was a family plot that lay in the last of the day's sunlight. Charlie made his way over to it, emerging from the evening shadows into the sun like a flame. What celestial tree was this lovely child shaken down from, I wondered, and how were we lucky enough to catch him? He pushed himself up against one old gravestone and, taking a lurching half step, extended his hand to touch its twin, which stood a few inches away. He rocked from one foot to the other and did some deep knee bends. If Charlie's little hornpipe disturbed their rest, neither Martha Wheaton, b. 1784 d. 1860 aet. 76, mother of Virginia, Frederick, Mary, Emily, and William, nor her husband, John, let on.

On Friday, I arranged through the local Area Council on Aging for a homemaker to come to Uncle Sol's place three afternoons a week. Before I started the seven phone calls and the two trips to Great Barrington which the job ended up requiring, I told Uncle Sol what I was going to do. He bitterly opposed the idea and would not sign the necessary forms until I confirmed the obvious—yes, he could send away whoever turned up—and, torturing logic, made the case that I had already made in the city under similar circumstances the previous fall: that he would be helping the cause of Socialism if he availed himself of free government services.

Friday evening was the pickles.

Friday night, in our saggy bed, I lay awake, waiting for the first pang of botulism. In his saggy crib in the room next door, Charlie lay sleeping. A thunderstorm was still knocking around the countryside. I thought Elizabeth was asleep, too—like Charlie, she sleeps long and soundly; I'm the one who usually mans the tower at night—but then she turned toward me and said, "I promise you they have too much acid and salt to go really bad."

"That's not what I was thinking about," I said.

"What, then?"

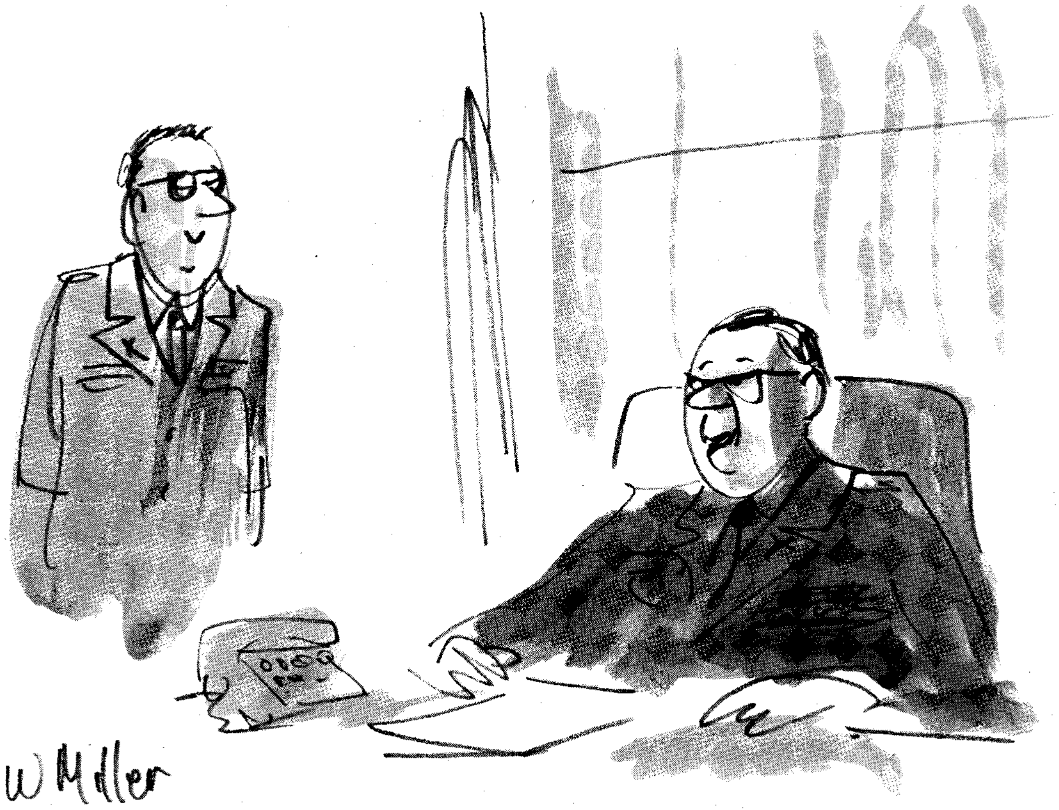
"I was thinking about . . . about, um, the ravages of time."

"You mean what eleven years might do to a jar of pickled tomatoes?"

"I swear that wasn't on my mind at all. I was just thinking about Uncle Sol having grown old and cranky, about me being fifty-two when Charlie is ten—I won't even be able to show him how to run a buttonhook, for Christ's sake."

"Just as well, if that's something in football," Elizabeth said.

"And the house. We'll get it, we'll



"Damn it, Negelson, I like the way you keep using 'awesome.'"

fix it up a little, we'll leave it to Charlie—and then he'll let it go, and then two hundred years from now it will fall down, and in five hundred years the whole thing will be a field or woods. Or some kind of mall."

"Those aren't all exactly ravages," Elizabeth said, stifling a yawn.

"And Charlie—he's going to get old and thaw and refreeze food, too, you know."

"We won't be around to see it, though."

"That's a big help!"

"I know why you have trouble sleeping, if that's the kind of thing going through your head."

"Well, you asked."

"The way I see it is if all there is is the ravages of time, then you might as well enjoy them," Elizabeth said. She put her arm around my shoulders. "As in fact you do," she added.

I drifted off, I guess. The next thing I knew, we were both sitting bolt upright, with brilliant lights flashing into our room and huge detonations sounding all around us and water cascading down on the roof. The cold phosphorescence on the hands of the evil-looking little Moskva clock that Uncle Sol had given me when he came back from visiting Russia some years before indicated that it was three-thirty. Elizabeth said, "If you're here, where's Mom?," and I said, "In the lucky hotel," and then we both woke up and realized that a storm had moved right on top of us, and a few seconds later we separated out from its amazing din Charlie's loud crying from next door. We leapt out of bed and went into his room. Lightning gave us erratic glimpses of Charlie standing up in the crib, wide-eyed with fear, shrieking his head off. Elizabeth turned on a lamp, and I picked him up. His body was rigid with terror, and he pushed away from me. Elizabeth took him, but he stiff-armed her, too, and kept on crying. We futilely traded him back and forth, until on the fifth or sixth exchange, with the storm outside already abating, Charlie, who was still going strong, looked over my shoulder and stopped crying as suddenly as if someone had flipped a switch. I turned and saw Uncle Sol, leaning on his cane, in long johns gray with age, and with his wizardlike orange Halloween hat on his head. Charlie pointed toward him and smiled and said, "Dada," tears still oozing out of his eyes.

"What's all the yelling about?" Uncle Sol said. He shuffled over to us and held out a closed hand to Charlie. Charlie pried it open, to discover half a cookie. He said, "Booey," picked up the cookie, took a bite, and yawned enormously.

"Ha, I guess I still know a thing or two," Uncle Sol said. And then, to Charlie, "If you're not careful, you're going to turn out just like your father—always bellyaching."

So when Charlie woke up loud and cheerful the next morning, we decided to carry him out to the stream for a while, to let Uncle Sol have a little extra sleep after his exertions of the night. Taking his absurd hat on and off, feeding Charlie the cookie, he had quieted him until he was nearly asleep in my arms. Then, waving away our whispered thanks as if they were so much smoke in his eyes, and saying how much his legs hurt from climbing the stairs, Uncle Sol went back down to his room.

There we were, Charlie, Elizabeth, and I, in front of the house, silent in the wake of the woodchuck's scurry across the lawn. "Before we leave tomorrow, I should at least try to block up that hole under the porch," I said after a minute or two.

"You wouldn't do it right, you know," Elizabeth said.

"I know, and it will only be a holding action, like everything else. But think of the pleasure Sol will get when I do it all wrong."

Charlie, on straight arms and legs, made his way over the grass. He clambered up the two steps to the porch, crawled to the door, stood up against it, and glanced back at us. He wanted to go inside and, I suspect, look for the old man.

—Daniel Menaker

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Correction

The book *In Search of God in the Sexual Underworld* was incorrectly listed in the May 11 "Bookshelf" as *In Search of God in the Sexual Wonderworld*.—*National Catholic Reporter.*

Cancel our order.

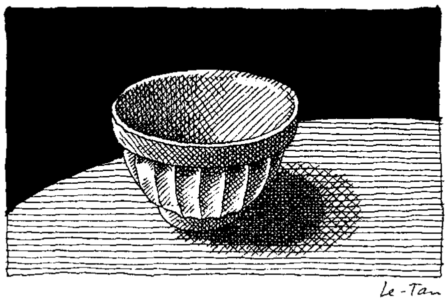
ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

CABLE—II

THE development of new communications technologies has been marked by the blurring of distinctions between forms of communication that used to be discrete: the telephone, the printing press, and, more recently, computer signals and printouts and the operations of interconnected communications-satellite systems. Telephone services and the computer industry are now so intertwined with each other and with the communications-satellite industry that in many respects these technologies have almost become one. And, as complex sets of information are stored in data banks and then electronically retrieved and regenerated in different forms by computers "talking" to computers, even the line between the information-conveying conduits or devices—telephone lines, computers, and video and audio tapes as well—and the information itself has tended to become less definable, and, for practical and legal purposes, less controllable.

This blurring of distinctions has placed considerable strain on certain historical legal concepts, among them the copyright process. The origins of copyright law go back to Britain and the reign of Mary I, who in 1556, to suppress seditious or heretical writings, granted a monopoly on printing to the Stationers' Company, a guild of printers, and also the right of search and seizure in support of the monopoly. Within the next decade, the Stationers' Company developed a copyright system, and a century and a half later Parliament enacted the British copyright act of 1710, to protect authors. Over the next hundred and fifty years, most of the Western world adopted similar legal protections. Until two or three decades ago, copyright protections rested on the tradition of the printing press, in which many copies of a work were made in one place, allowing the payment of royalties to authors or other creators to be centrally controlled, and the assumptions behind this tradition were applied to the protection of copyright in such media as movies and phonograph records. But with the arrival of the electronic age it has become possible for information to be duplicated far from its point of origin and by means of machinery sold, rented, or otherwise made available to millions of consumers, and all that has changed. Also, with electronic data storage and processing, work that might formerly have been considered subject to copyright protection can be conveyed by and interchanged through computers; and because its form is constantly in flux it is often very difficult to define with any precision for copyright purposes.

On a more mechanical level, the universal use of photocopying has made it extremely difficult to protect the copyrighted status of printed material, since much of this can be quickly and cheaply duplicated without the knowledge of the copyright owners. Further, the development and use of recorders for taping music from radio has become sufficiently widespread to affect the fortunes of the record industry. And the recent extraordinary growth in the popularity of videocassette recorders, or VCRs, which owners or renters can use to tape movies and other programs appearing on their television sets, mostly from pay-cable channels, has led the motion-picture industry to claim that it has lost substantial revenues that it might otherwise have derived from the sale, for use by VCR owners, of legitimately prerecorded and commercially distributed videocassettes of films, and to take strong action against home videotaping. The practice has lately been the subject both of intense industry lobbying campaigns and of extensive litigation—notably the so-called Betamax case. This litigation began in 1976, when Universal City Studios and Walt Disney Productions filed suit against the Sony Corporation, the best-known maker of videocassette recorders, and four retail distributors, claiming that Sony was causing infringement of the copyright of Universal and Disney movies by selling and marketing the Sony VCR, and the two studios demanded that it be taken off the market. In 1979, a federal district court in Los Angeles held that Sony and its co-defendants were not liable in the suit. Upon appeal by the plaintiffs, however, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in California ruled in 1981 that the district court had been in error, and that Sony and its advertising agencies were indeed guilty of copyright infringement. Sony appealed that ruling to the Supreme Court, and in January of 1984 the Court ruled that Sony and its co-defendants were not guilty of copyright infringement by manufacturing or advertising VCR machines, and that Universal and Disney therefore had no case against them. Bills now before various congressional committees would provide for a royalty levy on the sale of videocassette recorders and of blank cassettes, with the money to go to the owners of films affected by home taping, and other bills that have been introduced would modify existing practices so that retailers of prerecorded videocassettes of movies could not rent them without specific authorization to do so.



The manner in which the advent of electronic technologies has brought about a number of problems affecting distinctions between one medium and another is further illustrated by the recent development of new means for electronically generating and conveying printed characters onto television or home-computer screens, using videotex or teletext. Videotex is an interactive medium that allows viewers to respond to textual or graphic material appearing on their screens with their own signals or messages, which they can transmit to the point of origin or to data banks via home-terminal keyboards or other electronic devices. Teletext is a one-way medium through which textual information can be transmitted to viewers by inserting digital data into the vertical blanking interval—the horizontal bar that becomes visible on a TV screen when the set is imperfectly tuned. Through a special device attached to a set, this information can be made to appear onscreen in the form of particular "pages" of text that the viewer can select from among a hundred or so

"It's a message from your mother. She says to sit up straight and keep your elbows off the table."

such pages available at each stage of the information cycle and "hold" on the screen. Although the application of these new technologies has been largely experimental so far, the advent of such systems—interactive videotex in particular—has helped bring about a situation in which certain legal and other distinctions between the medium of the printed word and the media conveying electronic word signals that can appear on a television screen are the subject of contention among various economic interests. This has been seen not as an issue of mere nomenclature but as an encroachment of new technology on commercial territories that had been considered securely held. The prospect brought about a considerable amount of aggressive lobbying in Congress, and nervous jockeying among the contending forces to attain advantageous positions in what was thought to be the very promising future of electronic-print systems.

In the course of this maneuvering, the cable-television industry, in the early eighties, entered into an active political alliance with the newspaper-publishing industry, both of these forces being ranged against the formidable technological and economic resources of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company as they existed before its breakup—the nationwide long-lines telephone network, the advanced common-carrier technology, and the unsurpassed research facilities of Bell Laboratories—and against A.T. & T.'s apparent intention of going into the business of relaying electronic information directly into homes via two-way videotex or a similar electronic system. Unexpected though this alliance might have been, it proved far from ineffective, for in the final settlement, in 1983, of the government's anti-trust case against A.T. & T., which resulted in the formal divorce of A.T. & T. from its twenty-two operating telephone companies, the cable industry and the newspaper publishers together won an important court victory, affecting at least the short-term development of the electronic-print media. Newspaper publishers were interested in videotex because of its potential for conveying headlines and news summaries in computer-generated text on home TV screens. They also were interested in the potential of both teletext (one-way) and videotex (two-way) as carriers of advertising material, especially classified advertising. Worried about the prospect that interactive coaxial-cable television systems, or other systems using standard telephone lines, might sometime in the foreseeable future start carrying videotex services on a commercial basis, publishers began looking into the kind of advertising that might be carried on these systems, and exploring the extent to which subscribers connected to them might respond to different sorts of advertising—in particular whether they would respond by electronically placing orders for merchandise being advertised. Some newspaper publishers began to manifest concern about the possible consequences of the use by non-newspaper interests of electronic advertising, which would appear distinct in style from the usual TV commercials. In 1982, the concern of the publishers was not without basis. While many suburban newspapers were flourishing in terms of circulation and advertising revenues, the power of many metropolitan dailies had declined, and the total number of people who were buying newspapers was failing to keep pace with population growth. Between 1970 and 1980, according to census statistics, the number of households in the country in-

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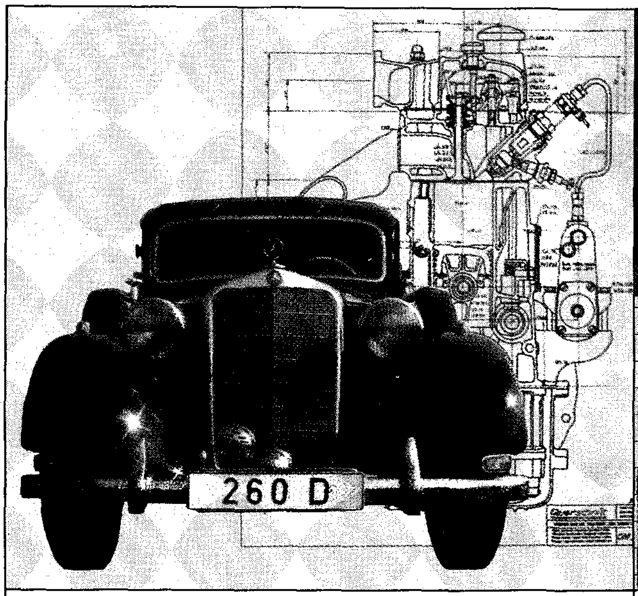
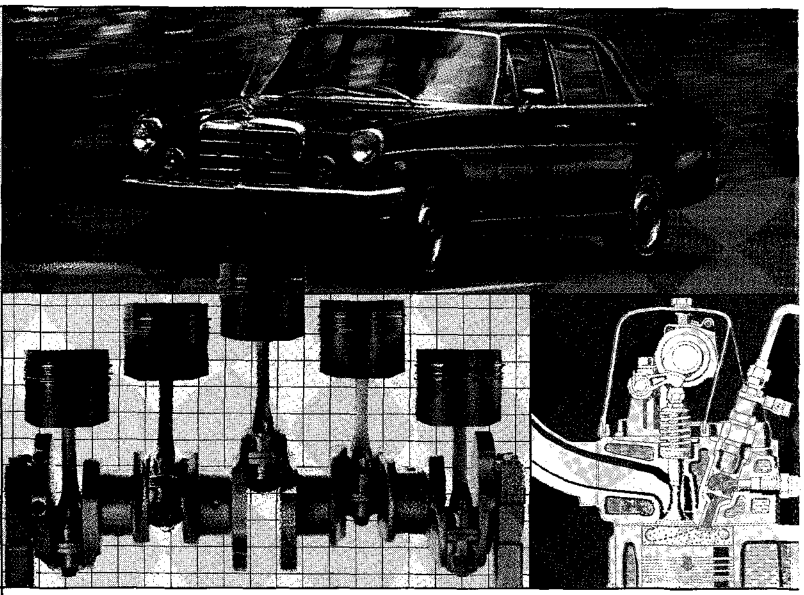
MERCEDES-BENZ



World's first production diesel automobile was the 4-cylinder Mercedes-Benz 260 D Sedan, introduced in 1936.



Million-mile 220 D underscores diesel durability. Below: 5-cylinder engine an unique combustion pre-chamber exemplify creative Mercedes-Benz diesel desi

Why the boom in Mercedes-Benz diesels has outlasted the boom in diesels

AMID THE ENERGY CRISIS of the seventies, carmakers who had scorned or ignored the idea for decades suddenly scrambled to market diesel automobiles.

Amid the performance renaissance of the eighties, these same carmakers have exited the diesel scene as abruptly as they once entered it.

But the Mercedes-Benz diesel boom continues unabated. Today, nearly *half* the Mercedes-Benz automobiles bought by Americans are diesels.

49 YEARS, 3,000,000 DIESELS

Why is it that Mercedes-Benz diesels are, in the words of *Car and Driver,* "...the only diesels Americans still want to buy"?

One obvious answer is the overwhelming Mercedes-Benz advantage in diesel experience.

Since introducing the world's first production diesel passenger car in 1936, Mercedes-Benz has crafted *3,194,200* more. Total estimated driving experience: almost two hundred billion miles. Total value of that experience: incalculable.

What Rudolf Diesel invented, Mercedes-Benz put on wheels.

But perhaps Americans believe in the Mercedes-Benz diesel for a simpler reason: because Mercedes-Benz believes in the diesel–in a way no other automobile maker ever has. Not as a substitute for, but as a compelling alternative to, the gasoline-powered automobile.

As a compression-ignition engine, a diesel requires no complex electrical system. No spark plugs. And often less routine maintenance than a gasoline engine.

Compression forces are so powerful that the engine must be comparatively *overbuilt* to endure. Note: one 1968 220 D at last report had logged over *one million miles* in the service of a private owner in Eugene, Oregon.

Far more energy per drop of fuel is converted to power than with gasoline. And even at idle, far less fuel is burned by a diesel than by a gasoline engine of equivalent size.

RELENTLESS RELIABILITY

The diesel's record of almost monotonous reliability is legend. Witness any form of transport or emergency power dependent on reliability and minimal downtime: try finding any type of engine *but* a diesel.

Combine these traits with the 100 mph test track performance of most current Mercedes-Benz diesels; their smooth driveability;

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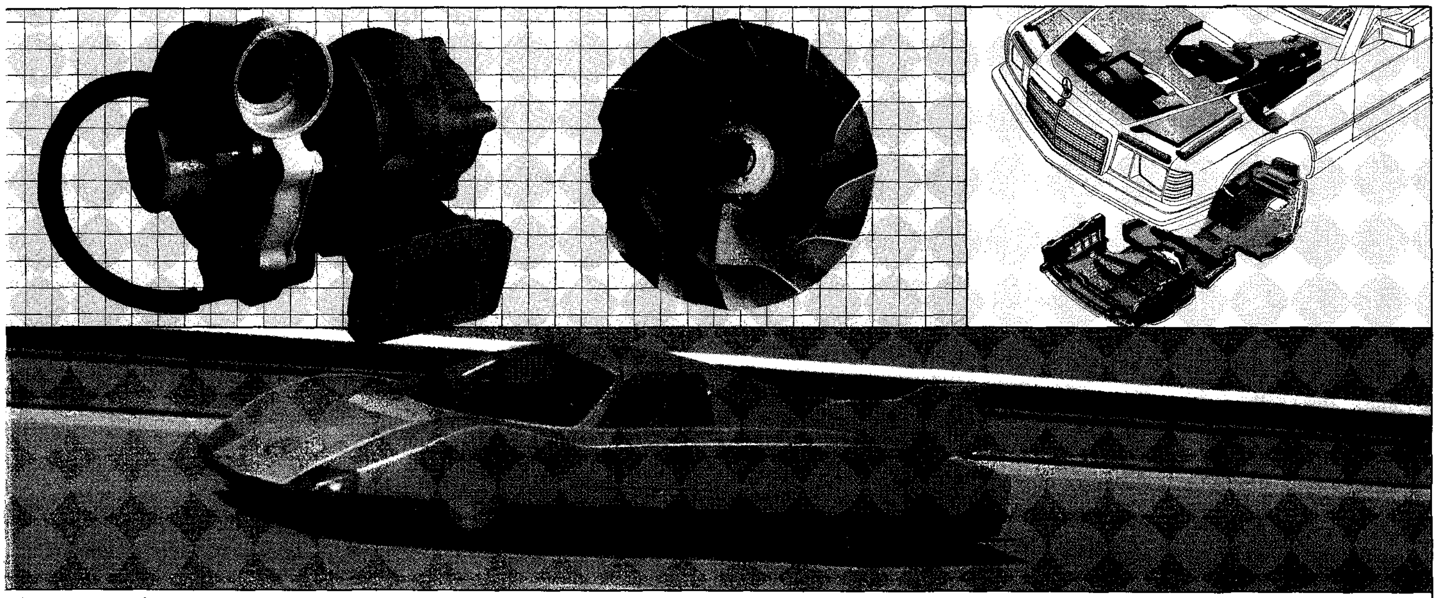
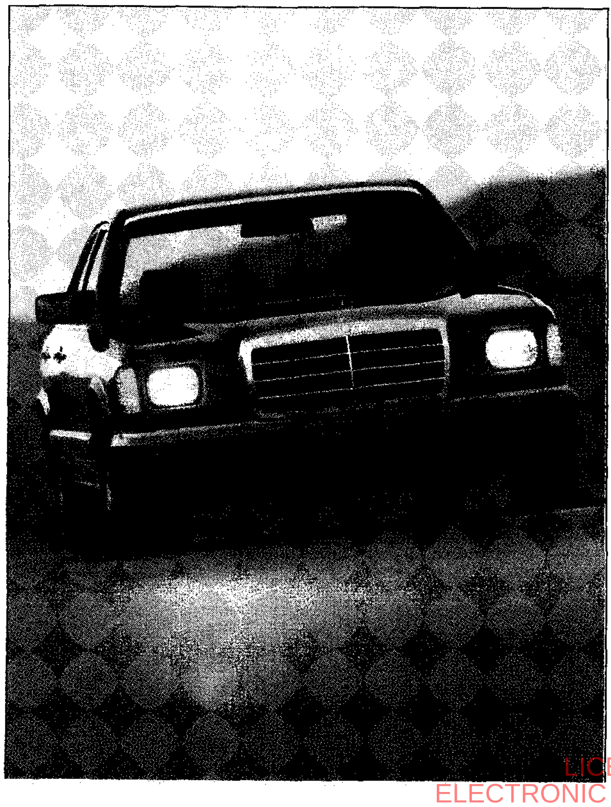
DIESEL LEADERSHIP



The 195.4-mph turbodiesel C-111/3 research car set 9 world records. Upper left: 17-lb. turbocharger boosts power by more than 40 percent. Its impeller wheel spins as fast as 100,000 rpm. Upper right: latest Mercedes-Benz diesel encapsulates its engine to radically subdue noise.

their unobtrusive running noise. The diesel engineer might well ask, why would anyone prefer a gasoline-powered automobile?

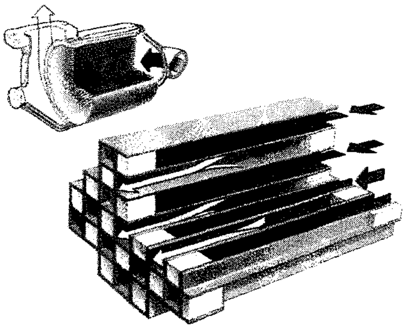
Mercedes-Benz did not invent the diesel engine. But it was Mercedes-Benz, working largely alone, that put the diesel on wheels and shepherded it to ultimate automotive success. Some notable diesel engineering achievements appeared along the way; the 1936 260 D, the first production diesel passenger car; the first five-cylinder diesel, the 1975 300 D; the first turbocharged diesel, the 1978 300 SD; the C-111/3 research vehicle–which in 1978 lapped the test track at Nardo, Italy, for twelve consecutive hours. Average speed: 195.4 mph. Average mpg: 14.7.



DIESELPHOBES TO DIESELPHILES

The technological momentum gathered over 49 years defines today's Mercedes-Benz diesel automobiles. While other makers were still teething on diesel basics, Mercedes-Benz engineers were turbocharging the diesel engine for extra power. Lightening it for extra efficiency. Encapsulating it for extraordinary running quiet. Devising an ingenious pin-type glow plug system for easier cold-weather starts. And in the process, making ardent dieselphiles out of former dieselphobes.

Today, as others back away from the diesel idea, Mercedes-Benz continues to advance it. The latest breakthrough: the trap oxidizer. Its ceramic filter is seen here in cutaway view. Now standard on Mercedes-Benz turbodiesels sold in eleven western states, the trap oxidizer virtually eliminates visible diesel emissions.



Out of this extraordinary Mercedes-Benz commitment to the diesel will come more breakthroughs, more advances, and even better diesel automobiles.

Indeed, the boom in Mercedes-Benz diesels may have just begun.

Engineered like no other car in the world

SEE YOUR AUTHORIZED MERCEDES-BENZ DEALER

VILLENEUVE

The day he left the village of his childhood for America.

His family gathered around him on that chilly November morning to bid him final farewell. Papa put up a brave facade.

He sensed his brother's awkwardness when they embraced. And, most clearly, he felt a pang of sadness as he looked for one last time into Mama's tearful eyes.

Then the approaching train's high-pitched shriek broke the silence. And his family was suddenly left far behind.

Call France. Ten minutes can average just 81¢ a minute.*

Saying good-bye is never easy—but saying hello is, with AT&T. A ten-minute call to France on AT&T can average as little as 81¢ a minute.

Just dial the call yourself any night from 6 pm until 7 am.

If you don't have International Dialing in your area, you'll still get the same low rate as long as special operator assistance is not required.

AT&T International Long Distance Service.

France

Rate Level	Average Cost Per Minute For a 10-Minute Call**	Hours
Economy	**.81**	6pm–7am
Discount	$1.02	1pm–6pm
Standard	$1.35	7am–1pm

***Average cost per minute varies depending on length of call. First minute costs more; additional minutes cost less. All rates are for calls dialed direct from continental U.S. during hours listed. Add 3% Federal Excise Tax. For further information, call our International Information Service, toll free* **1 800 874-4000.**

*During Economy time periods.

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AT&T

The right choice.

"I'll say I'm losing my grip, and it feels terrific."

creased from sixty-three million to eighty million while the paid circulation of daily newspapers remained virtually static, at about sixty-two million. In that period, it is true, newspaper advertising revenues increased. But the share of newspaper advertising revenues in relation to the share of commercial-television advertising revenues was off slightly.

Still, commercial-television advertising had not so far competed for classified ads, for which newspapers had traditionally been considered the most effective medium; in fact, over the previous few years revenues from classified advertising had been growing at a faster rate than revenues from any other kind of newspaper advertising. Given this situation, some publishers who were particularly interested in videotex suggested that it might be peculiarly well suited to carrying classified advertising, since the contents of advertisements appearing on the home screen could be updated and otherwise changed not merely from day to day, as in newspapers, but from hour to hour and minute to minute, by computer. Proponents of videotex pointed out that, for example, a classified ad for cars in a dealer's showroom could not only list those for sale on a particular day but eliminate cars from the list the same day, as they were sold. And, it was thought, videotex systems could give advertisers the capacity for similar kinds of updating in, for example, employment ads and real-estate listings.

In the early nineteen-eighties, with such possibilities in near or distant prospect, various large newspaper enterprises began investing what amounted, before long, to scores of millions of dollars in programs investigating the uses of videotex systems. These companies included Knight-Ridder Newspapers, a chain that owns the Detroit *Free Press*, the Miami *Herald*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and twenty-six other newspapers across the country, and also owns five television stations and two cable systems; the Times Mirror Company, which owns the Los Angeles *Times*, the Long Island daily *Newsday*, and six other newspapers, and also owns seven television stations and fifty-seven cable systems, with over nine hundred thousand subscribers in sixteen states; and Dow Jones & Company, which publishes the *Wall Street Journal* and *Barron's*, the financial weekly, and which in 1981 paid eighty million dollars for a one-fourth interest in Continental Cablevision, now the seventh-largest cable system in the country, with half a million subscribers. Beginning in 1980, a subsidiary of Knight-Ridder (which has so far invested more than a hundred million dollars in buying and building cable-television systems) has run noncommercial trials of videotex services. Selected households in Coral Gables, Florida, were provided, via telephone line, with summaries of news and were given access through home-terminal keyboards to a data base containing seventy-five thousand pages—that is, screenfuls—of text and graphics covering a range of subjects, among them updated listings of local real-estate offerings, the day's featured specials in local restaurants, and descriptions and graphics of mail-order-catalogue merchandise, which viewers could order electronically by catalogue number and pay for by punching in their credit-card numbers. On the basis of this trial run, Knight-Ridder in late 1983 started an improved, commercial videotex service, called Viewtron, in parts of Dade and Broward Counties, in the Greater Miami area. Viewtron is available to any advertiser who wants to buy space, and the services it provides include electronic shopping and banking facilities. The Knight-Ridder people have indicated that if Viewtron lives up to their hopes they might start similar operations in some other cities—including those in which Knight-Ridder owns newspapers or cable systems.

The Times Mirror Company, for its part, has a videotex news-and-information service in operation in a couple of dozen communities in Orange County, California. The videotex offerings of the Times Mirror service, which makes use of the existing telephone network, include news and headline services from the Los Angeles *Times* and the Associated Press, and the subscribers have access through home-terminal keyboards to various electronic shopping services and to home banking through the Security Pacific Bank; subscribers who are Security Pacific customers can electronically review their accounts and carry out certain banking transactions from their homes. Subscribers can also use their keyboards to buy tickets to sporting events or plays or concerts through electronic access to Ticketron, the nationwide computerized ticket-sales service, and can pay for the tickets by credit-card number.

So far, the most firmly established newspaper-connected videotex system in the country is Dow Jones News/Retrieval. This service, which has been in operation since 1974, supplies information to two hundred thousand customer terminals around the country—for the most part through telephone lines but also, in some instances, through existing two-way cable-television systems. The cost of the service varies considerably. For subscribers to cable-television systems carrying the service, the basic cost is twelve dollars a month. For subscribers who receive the service via telephone line, the cost is calculated on the basis of computer time actually occupied in the display of data. It ranges from a dollar and twenty cents a minute for economic news delivered during business hours to twenty cents a minute for the same news delivered during off-peak hours, with the cost of viewing stock quotations as low as ten cents a minute during nonbusiness hours. The Dow Jones service originates in a building near the research center of Dow Jones, outside Princeton, New Jersey. Dow Jones owns a cable-television system there jointly with the Prime Cable Corporation and the Bernard Kilgore family. The Dow Jones service includes financial and general news from the *Wall Street Journal*, *Barron's*, and the Dow Jones News Service—the business-news ticker. Subscribers to the service are able to call up not only current stock-price quotations but also monthly summaries of stock-exchange transactions as far back as 1979. They can also call up economic forecasts. Specially designed computer-program discs are available on an optional basis to enable subscribers to work with stock-market data through their computer terminals—to construct charts, make market analyses, and devise balanced securities portfolios. In addition, users can call up summaries of articles that have appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* and *Barron's* in the previous ninety days. Other features have recently been added to the service, among them movie reviews, weather and sports reports, and the entire contents of a set of volumes called the Academic American Encyclopedia, whose electronic version is revised four times a year to keep it current.

During a visit I paid some time ago to the Dow Jones videotex center, the editorial director of the service, Richard Levine, who for many years was a principal writer on economic affairs for the *Wall Street Journal*, gave me a demonstration of how users retrieve information from the system. Levine asked me to suggest, at random, a name or a subject. I suggested James Joyce. Levine typed it on a keyboard attached to a readout screen beside his desk, and within a second or so the text of an article on Joyce appeared onscreen, together with a notation that the viewer could retrieve, from other sections of the encyclopedia, three pages of bibliographical material on Joyce, and that the author's name also appeared under "Stream of Consciousness Novel." As this information was being displayed, Levine waved a hand toward a bookcase containing the twenty printed volumes of the encyclopedia. "I was able to retrieve this information in less time than it would take me even to pull the right volume off the shelf, let alone look up the Joyce article in it," he remarked.

DOW JONES NEWS/RETRIEVAL is unusual in that it has been designed as a specialized service, for people interested primarily in transactions in the stock market. Nearly all the other videotex services that have been offered by newspaper companies are much more general in content, and therefore the proportion of subscribers who regularly make use of particular parts of these services has so far been very small. Most of the newspaper publishers who began in 1981 or 1982 to experiment with videotex appear to have done so less out of any overpowering conviction that what they were getting into was necessarily going to become a big business in the near future than out of fear that if they didn't get into it early and learn all they could about it they would be left behind in the new-technology race. After all, a prime reason that the newspaper publishers started to buy cable systems in the late nineteen-seventies was that they recognized cable's potential force as a medium for drawing both readers and advertisers away from newspapers, just as commercial television had succeeded in doing from the early fifties on, and as network radio had done in the years of Big Radio. By 1982, large chains and individual newspapers had already acquired control over or interests in twelve per cent of the cable-television systems in the country—the figure was almost twenty per cent two years later—and this fact in itself helped account for their desire to keep in the forefront of experiments in interactive videotex.

Newspaper publishers and cable companies were also drawn together, it seems, through political accommodations on two issues. The first had to do with federal regulation of the transmission, access, and display of the printed word through videotex, teletext, or any similar technology. Both the newspaper publishers who had extended their traditional activities to experiment with videotex and teletext services and the cable companies engaged in similar activities began to refer to themselves as "electronic publishers"—a designation that they considered to signify not only their use of the new communications technologies but also the emergence of a sort of fifth estate, which, they asserted, should be endowed with all the privileges and prerogatives of the printed press. Specifically, they maintained that their new electronic editorial activities should be entirely exempted from the kind of federal regulations, affecting balanced program content and the like, that commercial broadcasters and the cable-television

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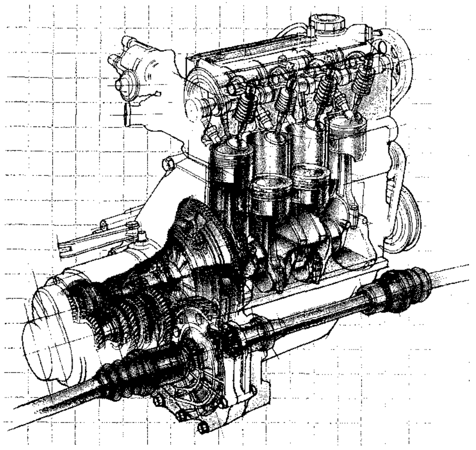
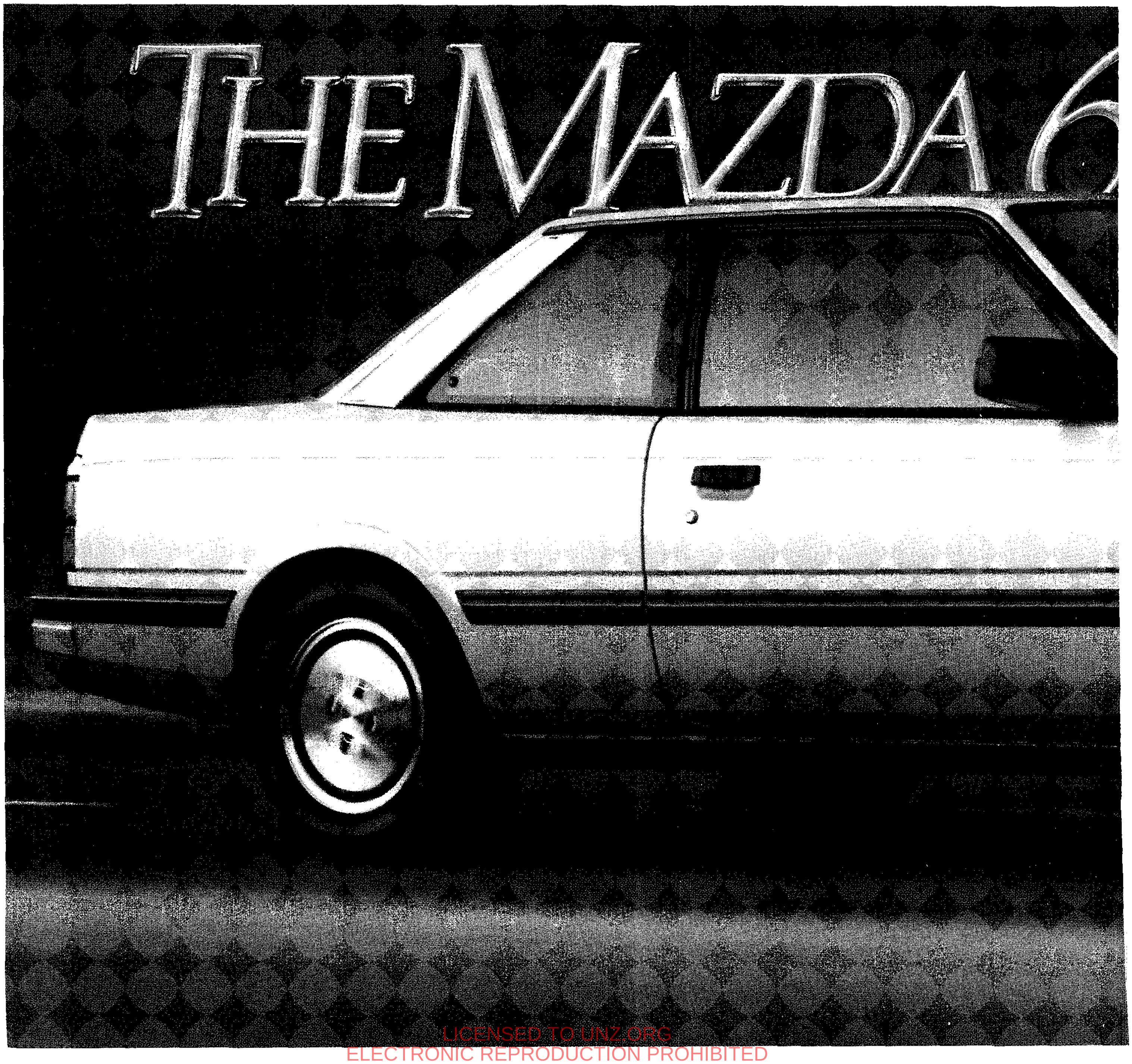
Honda Prelude	84.6%
VW Scirocco	61.7%



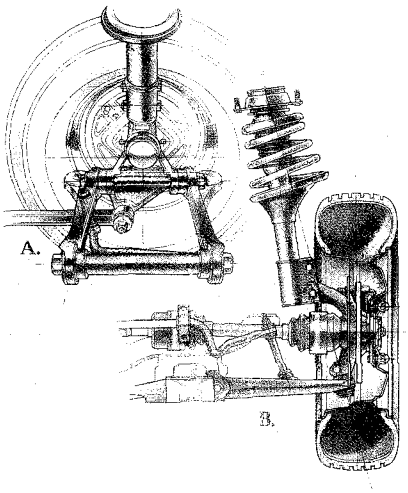
The 626's taut 2-litre overhead cam engine is lighter, quieter and more compact than its predecessor—yet delivers better acceleration and fuel economy. Its highly advanced front-wheel drive design eliminates torque-steer tendencies by employing a unique driveline center bearing to create left and right driveshafts of equal length.



In the rear, the patented 626 suspension system uses twin trapezoidal links for flatter tracking.

Up front, negative scrub offset geometry is used to enhance directional stability during braking.

In addition, Electronic Variable Shock Absorbers let you adjust the ride with dash-mounted buttons.



Standard features include: 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Front and rear anti-sway bars • Halogen headlamps • Tilt steering wheel • Tachometer • Trip odometer • Digital quartz clock • 60/40 split fold-down rear seatbacks • Electric rear window defroster • Full cut-pile carpeting • Tinted glass.

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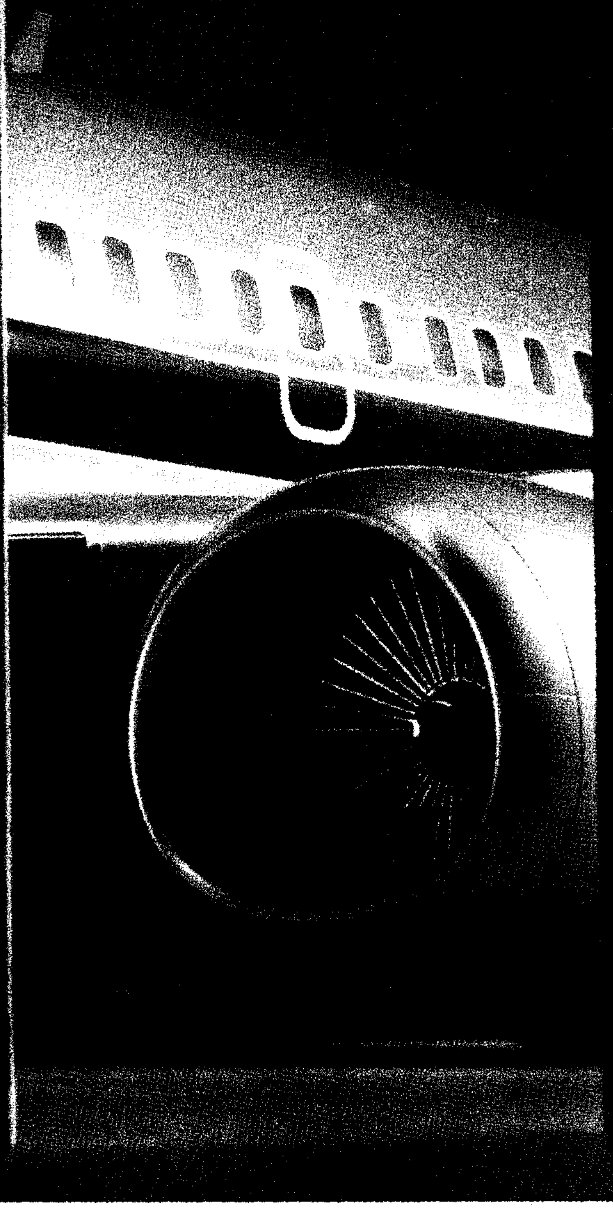

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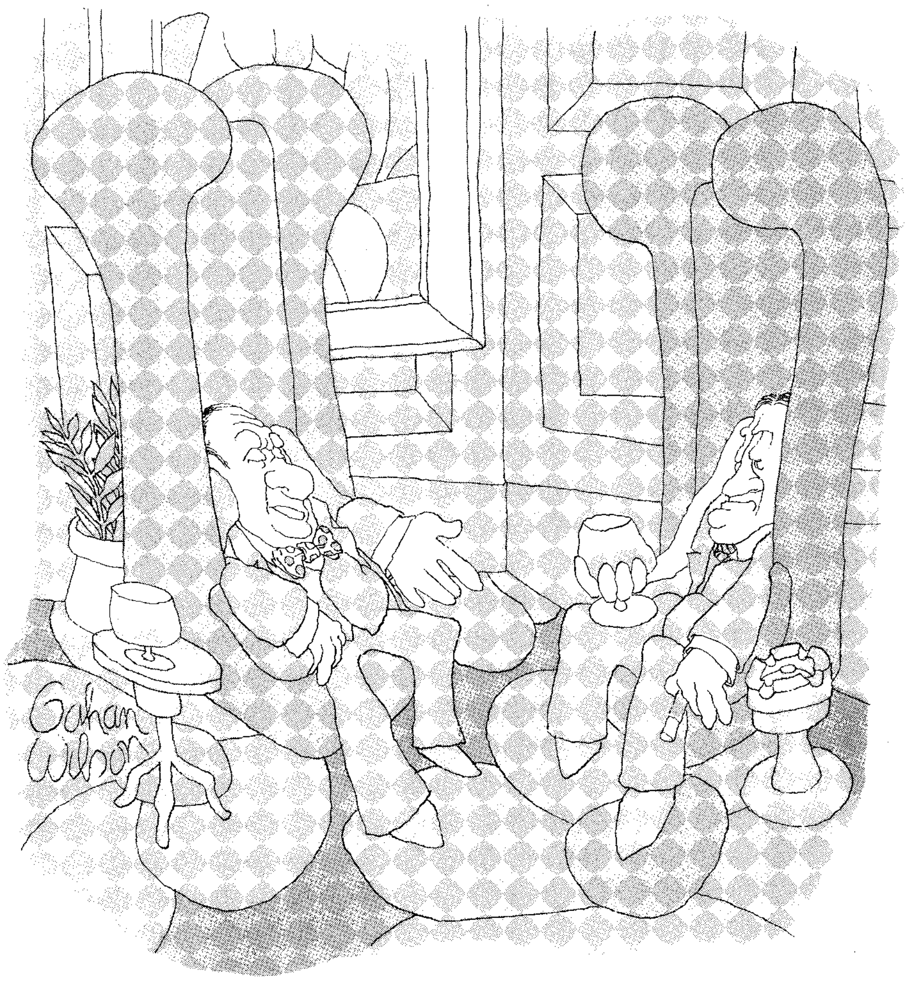
companies heretofore had been subjected to.



"You don't turn out people like us in just a couple of generations."

• •

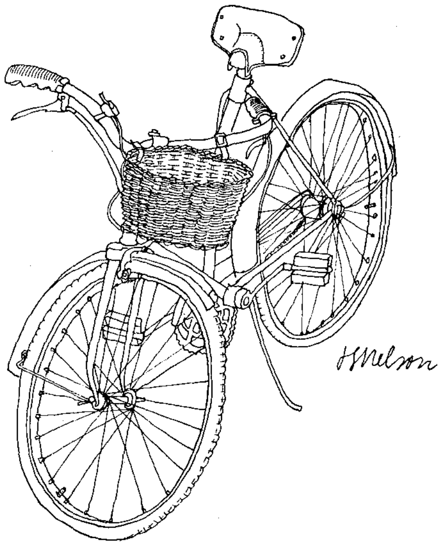
The second issue that brought the publishers and the cable companies together was their common anxiety about the power of A.T. & T. as a competitor capable of originating and providing its own version of electronic advertising and editorial services. The cable companies had been in dread of the telephone company since the nineteen-fifties, when cable was merely a community-antenna service and many A.T. & T.-owned telephone companies refused to allow coaxial cables to be strung on telephone poles except on terms that the cable operators felt were almost impossible to meet. As for the newspaper publishers, who had generally been strong boosters of the telephone company, in 1981 many of them began having serious doubts about its competitive intentions in new communications technologies. In January of that year, the Department of Justice, which in 1974 had filed an anti-trust suit against A.T. & T. charging that the telephone company had taken improper advantage of its position as a regulated monopoly by engaging in activities that prevented competitors from entering markets for telephone equipment and service, particularly long-distance service, announced that it and A.T. & T. had agreed on the "concept" of a settlement of the case, which was yet to be tried. The case did come to trial, that spring, and William F. Baxter, the chief of the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department, who had recently been appointed by President Reagan, first declared that the government would litigate the case "to the eyeballs." He then indicated some willingness to drop the suit if Congress could enact a communications bill that would allow A.T. & T. to enter new and unregulated fields of data processing and information services. He asked Judge Harold H. Greene, the federal district judge assigned to the case, to postpone the trial for eleven months, so that Congress might resolve the matter through legislation. (The draft of such a bill was already under consideration by the Senate Commerce Committee.) Judge Greene refused this request, declaring that testimony and evidence by the government had demonstrated that "the Bell System has violated the anti-trust laws in a number of ways over a lengthy period of time." The parties to the suit then resumed negotiations out of court, and in January of 1982 Baxter and Charles L. Brown, the chairman of A.T. & T., announced that they had agreed on a settlement. The settlement required A.T. & T. to divest itself of its twenty-two regional-telephone-company subsidiaries—the biggest such divestiture in anti-trust history—and in return A.T. & T. was to be allowed to enter new and unregulated areas of the communications business. Since these areas included data processing, the settlement would allow A.T. & T. to become a merchant of data-processing equipment, systems, and services, and so enter into competition with I.B.M. and other large corporations in this field. To the dismay of the cable industry, the settlement also allowed A.T. & T. to develop information services using videotex, and their dismay was intensified when, within a week of the announcement of the settlement, Vincent Biunno, a federal judge in Newark, New Jersey, approved the settlement as a modification of a 1956 consent decree that had limited the activities of A.T. & T. to federally regulated telephone services, and had prohibited the company from entering fields that would, among other things, put it directly in competition with the cable-television industry. To the cable people, the modification of the consent decree increased the likelihood that the huge competitive power of A.T. & T. would be brought to bear in their rapidly growing industry. The cable interests at once intensified their activities on Capitol Hill, where lobbyists representing all the contending elements of the communications industry had already been working hard to influence pending or partly completed legislation in Congress.

The newspaper publishers had been particularly active. The previous year, the immediate target of their efforts had been a Senate bill aimed at revising some provisions of the Communications Act of 1934. The primary purpose of the 1934 act had been to promote a rational, integrated national and international telecommunications service, including commercial radio broadcasting (the act did not contain the word "television"), and to provide a comprehensive telecommunications policy, which the act gave the Federal Communications Commission authority to enforce. Over the years, a major effect of the Communications Act had been to strengthen the efficiency of the telephone system, but the act had also had the effect of strengthening A.T. & T.'s near-monopoly of that system. However, during the sixties and seventies the development of new communications technologies made a general reworking of the Communications Act seem necessary, in order to make the telephone-service-and-manufacturing industry a competitive one.

Since 1975, bills aimed at revising the Communications Act and at promoting the entry of A.T. & T. into data processing in the interests of increasing competition had been introduced in Congress, but all of them had died, in considerable part as a result of heavy lobbying. Early in 1980, several senators tried once more, with a bill that was introduced by Senator Bob Packwood, of Oregon, the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee. As the bill was originally drafted, it provided for the creation of a separate, unregulated A.T. & T. subsidiary, which would be allowed to enter new areas of the market for communications equipment and information services. The reaction of the newspaper industry generally was one of vehement opposition.

The publishers were already worried about A.T. & T.'s intentions in relation to electronic-print services. An account of how they initially became concerned appeared in July of 1982 in the *Wall Street Journal*, in an article by Margaret Garrard Warner, a staff reporter. According to the article, the publishers' active interest began one evening in the spring of 1980, when some of the directors of the American Newspaper Publishers Association invited Charles Brown, of A.T. & T., to dinner at the Metropolitan Club in Washington. During the dinner, the article reported, Brown "chatted at length about the 'information age' around the corner," and when one publisher asked him what role A.T. & T. would play once it had been deregulated Brown "amiably answered that Bell planners weren't ruling out any aspect of the information business"—including, presumably, electronic publishing. According to the *Journal*, the publishers were aghast at the prospect, and the article quoted Katharine Graham, the chairman of the Washington Post Company, who had recently been elected chairman of the A.N.P.A., as remembering that Brown had given the publishers a "quite alarming view of A.T. & T.'s plans to become an electronic competitor to newspapers."

Shortly thereafter, the *Journal* article continued, publishers began making strong lobbying efforts in Congress. The lobbyists focussed on persuading members of the Senate Commerce Committee, which was considering the Packwood bill, to prohibit A.T. & T. or any future subsidiary of it from getting into electronic publishing. These attempts were followed, that summer, by a meeting between Mrs. Graham and two other newspaper publishers—Robert G. Marbut, the president of Harte-Hanks Communications, of San Antonio, Texas, and Scott Low, the publisher of the Quincy, Massachusetts, *Patriot Ledger*—and Senator Packwood. Apparently, the meeting didn't go well. According to the *Journal* article, Marbut and Low were attempting to explain their position on A.T. & T. and electronic publishing when "the senator broke in impatiently" and said, "What you're really worried about is an electronic Yellow Pages that will destroy your advertising base, isn't it?" The article then quoted Low as recalling later, "And before we knew it, Mrs. Graham had replied, 'You're damn right it is.' " In terms of congressional relations, Low considered the reply "a disaster, a complete disaster." That same afternoon, Mrs. Graham, well aware of her faux pas, telephoned Richard Wiley, a well-known Washington communications lawyer, who was a former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, and hired him to handle the publishers' strategy in dealing with Congress, and, specifically, to formulate a position that would be, as Wiley put it later, "philosophically more palatable" to members of Congress and the A.N.P.A. alike—or, in the words of Terry Maguire, the general counsel of the A.N.P.A., a position that the "publishers could support and still look at themselves in the mirror in the morning."



Thereafter, the publishers' opposition to the section of the Packwood bill that would allow A.T. & T. to enter electronic publishing was couched less in terms of a threat to the publishers' advertising base than as an issue affecting the First Amendment. They maintained that it would be a dangerous development for a free press to have to face competition in electronic-publishing services from a huge communications company possessing both a local telephone monopoly and a near-monopoly of long-distance services. That company, they said, would be in a position to give itself an unfair advantage by using its telephone operations to finance its electronic-publishing services, and also by discriminating against other electronic-publishing services, which would have to be conveyed over its lines.

The A.T. & T. people were annoyed by the publishers' campaign. Charles Brown was reported to have said, "I really don't think it helps very much for the American Newspaper Publishers Association to clothe its economic interests in First Amendment rhetoric. The issue is advertising—competition for advertising—and nothing else. . . . We have tried to make it clear that we have no intention of getting into the business of creating or controlling electronic information comparable to the news, the editorials, the features found in newspapers."

During the year, the publishers' lobbying pressure increased steadily. Mrs. Graham was reported to have paid more than one visit to Edwin Meese, President Reagan's chief counsel, at the White House. The pressure was keenly felt in Congress. "Newspapers have infinitely greater lobbying power than General Motors," Senator Packwood was quoted as saying. "Anyone who tells you he isn't more influenced when a newspaper publisher says he needs something . . . is fooling you—or fooling himself." Despite formidable lobbying by A.T. & T., it soon appeared likely that the newspa-

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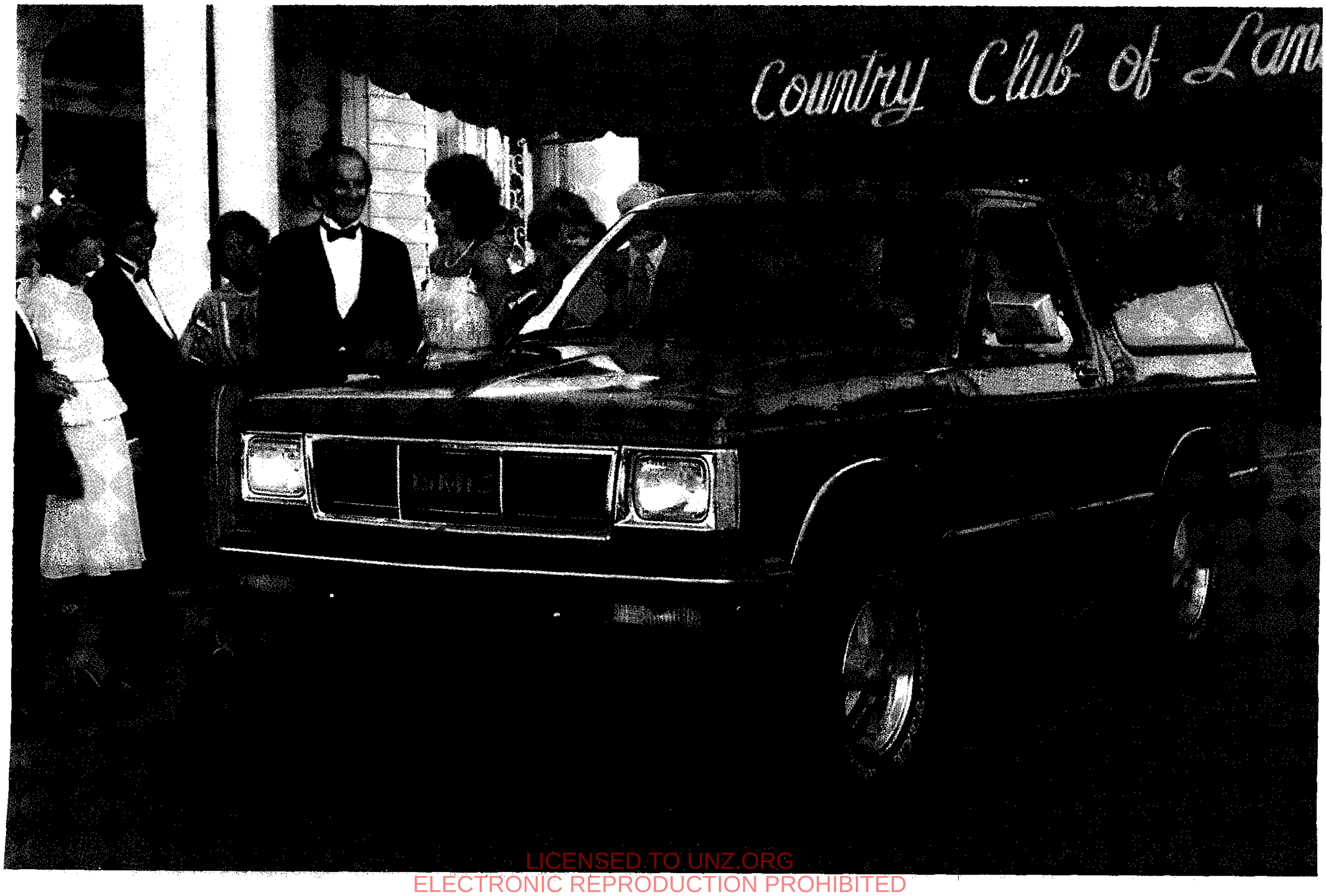

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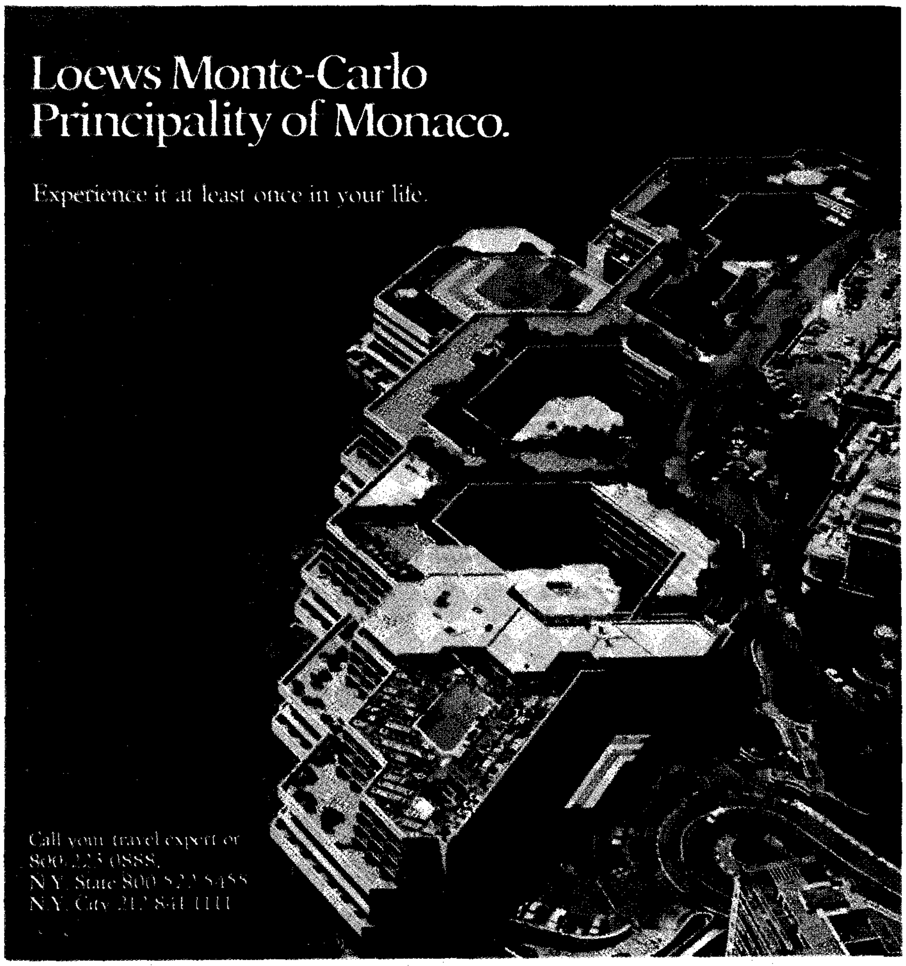

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per publishers would prevail. "It doesn't help anyone to be crosswise with newspaper publishers," Edward Block, a vice-president of A.T. & T., was quoted as saying. There seemed to be few members of Congress who didn't feel the same way, since they all knew only too well the power of local newspaper owners to publicize—or attack or, worse still, ignore—their activities. The net effect of the publishers' pressure was to overwhelm the cause of A.T. & T., and the provision allowing A.T. & T. to go into electronic information-gathering was knocked out of the proposed legislation. Only then was the Senate bill brought out of committee. Both Marbut, who was the chairman of the A.N.P.A.'s telecommunications subcommittee, and Low wrote to A.N.P.A. members—who had until then been generally opposed to the bill, because of that objectionable provision—urging "greater involvement of newspapers and newspaper executives" in supporting the bill. On October 16th, the Senate voted the bill in by ninety to four. The final version contained an amendment that permitted A.T. & T. to provide wire and other technical facilities for videotex and other electronic print transmissions but prohibited the company itself from originating any of the news or other information that might be transmitted. Later, Senator Packwood attributed his success in getting the bill passed to his "taking care of the publishers' problem."

Though the publishers had beaten back A.T. & T. in the Senate, the bill still had to get through the House and be signed by the President. In the House, by the early months of 1982—shortly after the Justice Department and A.T. & T. had made their second announcement of agreement on the terms of a settlement of the anti-trust suit—another telecommunications-industry-deregulation bill had been drafted, by the Energy and Commerce Committee's telecommunications subcommittee, under the chairmanship of Representative Timothy Wirth, of Colorado, and was under consideration. The Wirth bill—which called for stiffer controls on A.T. & T. than the Senate bill did—had three major components. First, it attempted to impose ground rules for insuring that the divestiture and deregulation of A.T. & T. would not allow the remaining company to reduce or eliminate competition in adjoining markets. Second, the bill was aimed at reforming the 1934 Communications Act so that it would avoid certain forms of federal regulation that now seemed inappropriate; in the merging of computer and telephone technologies, for example, it would prevent the F.C.C. from extending its jurisdiction by regulating the computer industry. And, third, the bill sought to insure that the F.C.C. would relinquish, in stages, its regulation of the long-distance telephone network, which had become increasingly like a computer network.

Among other things, the Wirth bill sought to tighten considerably the terms of the proposed anti-trust settlement. The bill would prohibit deregulated portions of A.T. & T. from *owning transmission facilities:* they would have to be leased from the regulated portions of the company or from other common carriers. The bill would also prohibit A.T. & T. from using revenues from its long-distance service to subsidize its operations in new and unregulated areas, including electronic publishing. And the bill would prohibit the local telephone companies from publishing electronic information via videotex over their own lines where these were not open to competition from other carriers.

When the Wirth bill came up for hearings before the subcommittee, telecommunications-industry lobbyists swarmed into the House office buildings to press their cases. Obviously, the future of A.T. & T. and the Bell System as a whole was the main issue, but electronic publishing as it might affect the cable industry and the newspaper owners as well as A.T. & T. was also prominent, because of its potential importance—and also, of course, because of the power wielded by those attempting to control it. It was estimated that during 1981 and 1982 the newspaper publishers had spent a million dollars on lobbying efforts that resulted in the elimination from the Senate bill of provisions that would have allowed A.T. & T. to go into electronic publishing on an unregulated basis. Now it was the turn of the A.T. & T. people to rally their forces against provisions of the Wirth bill that they didn't like. In March, after the House subcommittee voted out the bill, with its various restrictions on the activities of both the divested and the remaining portions of A.T. & T., they intensified their efforts, this time against the bill as a whole, with the aim of putting a stop to further congressional action on the legislation—at least until Judge

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Greene had acted on the Justice Department settlement, whose terms were considerably easier on A.T. & T. than those of the Wirth bill. In a press conference held in Washington only a few hours after the bill was approved by the subcommittee, on March 25th, James E. Olson, the vice-chairman of A.T. & T., accused the subcommittee of an attempt to "stampede through Congress" legislation that he said threatened to create significant problems in national telephone service and to impose serious financial difficulties on the Bell System. Among the problems he referred to were the restrictions that the bill would place on A.T. & T.'s activities in electronic publishing. These restraints, he maintained, would put A.T. & T. at a severe competitive disadvantage. Olson announced that A.T. & T. would mount the largest lobbying effort in the history of the company to defeat the legislation.

Shortly thereafter, the company sent out letters to some three million stockholders, warning that "your investment, your savings are at stake" in the Wirth bill, and urging them to write or telephone their congressmen in opposition to the bill as it stood. The company also wrote to its one million employees, saying that the legislation threatened the jobs of many of them. The company took out a series of full-page advertisements in newspapers throughout the country, in which it claimed that if the Wirth bill was enacted prematurely the effect on the restructuring and divestiture of A.T. & T. "would be chaotic" and "a great many people would be hurt: shareowners, employees, and customers."

On the other side of the issue, representatives of a couple of dozen major corporations, including some of A.T. & T.'s competitors, had formed a lobbying organization of their own—the National Coalition for Fair Rates and Competition. The corporations included International Telephone & Telegraph, MCI Communications, General Telephone, and the Rolm Corporation, and these, together with some other companies, were reported to have contributed more than a million dollars to the anti-A.T. & T. lobby.

As for the newspaper publishers, they were not taking the situation lying down. In May, Robert Marbut was quoted in the publishing-trade press as having told the A.N.P.A. telecommunications subcommittee, which he headed, "I think the time is

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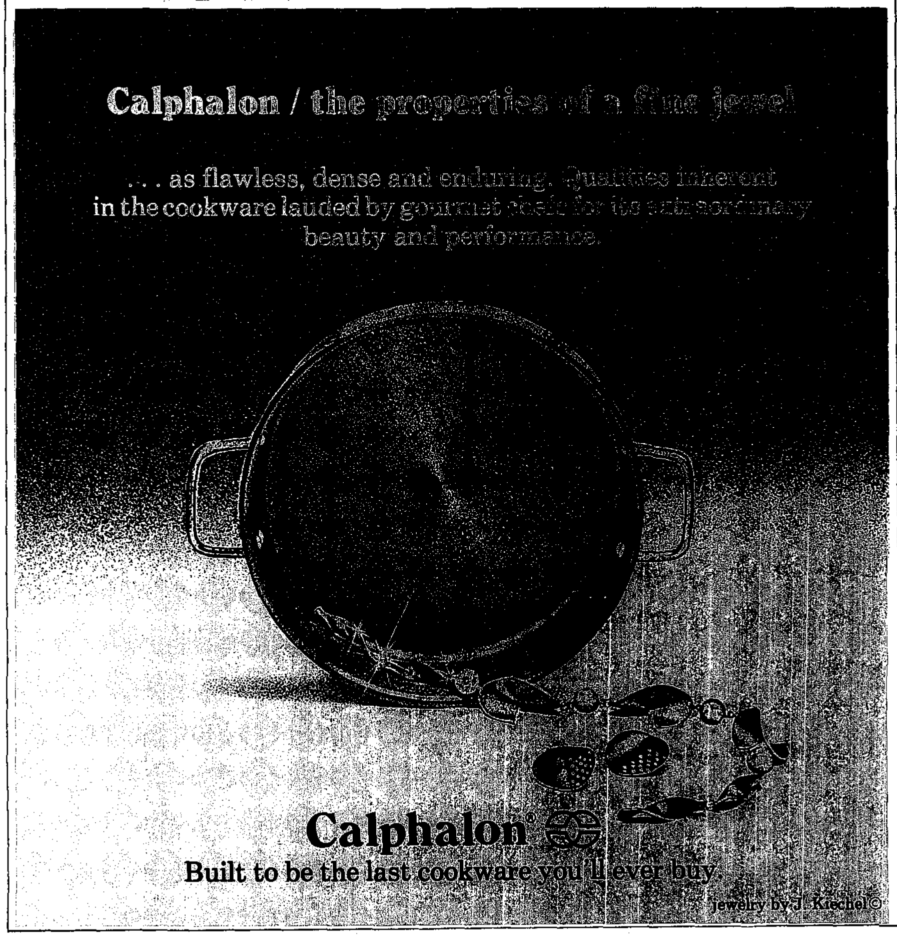
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now to communicate with our legislators on the Hill." And members of the House telecommunications subcommittee, including its chairman, were out lobbying the lobbies, so to speak, for support of their bill. Toward the end of April, Representative Tom Tauke, a Republican from Iowa, who was a member of the subcommittee, appeared before the annual convention of the A.N.P.A., in San Francisco, to tell its members that newspapers had played "a critical role" in obtaining support in Congress for the Wirth bill, and to ask them to continue to "educate" the public about the issues involved in the legislation.

Besides the newspaper publishers, there was the National Cable Television Association, with an active lobby of its own on behalf of the Wirth bill. In May, in a speech before a convention of the association in Las Vegas (a principal theme of the convention, according to a report in the magazine *Broadcasting*, was that "A.T. & T.—now that it's being freed to compete in unregulated markets—poses a major threat to future development of the cable-TV industry"), Wirth spoke of the serious impact of the A.T. & T. attack on the bill. He warned the cable people that as a result of A.T. & T.'s having "launched a massive fear campaign . . . to kill this legislation, and to try to keep Congress from doing its job," congressmen were being "flooded with mail" against the measure. He asked for further support of the bill from the cable industry.

At a symposium during the convention, Randall L. Tobias, a vice-president of A.T. & T., protested that his company's interest in electronic information services had been misunderstood. "Traditional cable—pay TV and retransmitted signals—is not our business," he said. Rather, A.T. & T.'s principal interest in electronic publishing lay in transmission networks and terminal equipment; the creation of any actual content of what was to be transmitted was only "a distant goal." He told the cable operators, "The transport function is our mainstream. Yours is content."

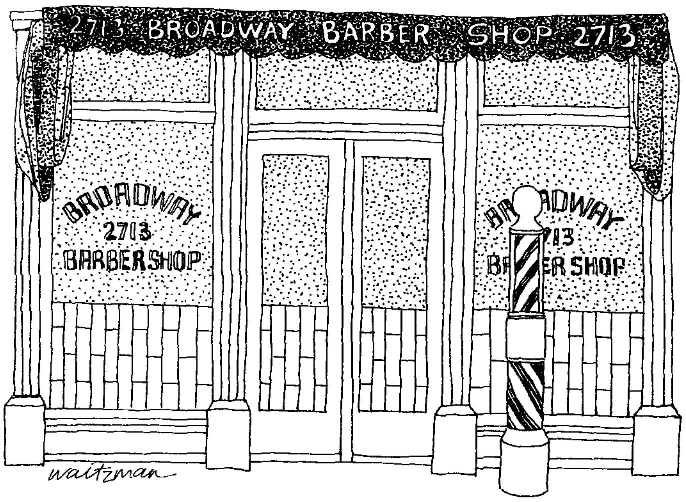
The cable people were not impressed by his assurances. The industry stepped up its lobbying of Congress and, later in the year, contributed substantial funds to Wirth's reëlection campaign. For example, John Saeman, the chief executive officer of Daniels & Associates, the biggest cable-company broker in the country and a part owner of and large investor in cable companies (Saeman himself was the chairman of the National Cable Television Association), held a fund-raising gathering in Denver on Wirth's behalf, which brought in twenty-five thousand dollars for his campaign. The newspaper publishers had also increased their lobbying activities on behalf of the Wirth bill, and they contributed to Wirth's campaign through their various political-action committees. And they made an additional, general contribution to the welfare of the bill by printing favorable editorials about it. There was a certain awkwardness about the publishers' very active lobbying campaign for the bill: it invited overtures from congressmen for editorial support on whatever issues happened to be dear to their hearts.

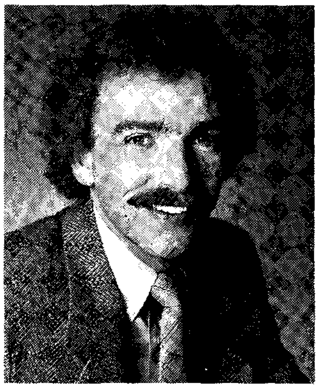
Having been on the losing side in the vote by the Wirth subcommittee in March, A.T. & T. kept intensifying its campaign to kill the bill. A week before the full House Energy and Commerce Committee received the bill, in July, A.T. & T. had a full-page ad in virtually every newspaper—whether a rural weekly or a big-city daily—in the district of every one of the forty-two members of the committee. With this "public" campaign as a base, the A.T. & T. forces concentrated on even stronger lobbying in the House when the Wirth bill came before the full committee. Although Wirth himself had been convinced that he had enough votes to get the measure through the committee, he was outmaneuvered by the A.T. & T. forces. In coöperation with A.T. & T., a handful of committee members—most notably Representative Tom Corcoran, a Republican from Illinois, in whose district A.T. & T. had a Western Electric manufacturing plant—slowed the proceedings to a crawl by a series of parliamentary maneuvers, such as offering scores of amendments, many of them virtually identical, and then requiring under House rules that they be read aloud. The aim of these A.T. & T. forces was to diminish the chances of the bill's getting through the House and the Senate during the current session of Congress. And on July 19th, when it became clear that these tactics were going to continue, and with only twenty-seven working days left before Congress adjourned, Wirth was obliged to give up work on the bill. Wirth was bitter about the way in which A.T. & T., he felt, had thwarted the will of Congress. In a public statement after the collapse of the proceedings, he declared, "I have seen nothing like the campaign of fear and distortion that A.T. & T. has waged to fight this bill."

The newspaper publishers and the cable-television operators were, of course, disappointed by the outcome, which they considered an ominous confirmation of the power of A.T. & T. to control legislation affecting electronic publishing and cable television. They now concentrated their hopes on the final decision that Judge Greene was expected to make soon on the proposed anti-trust settlement that had been agreed upon in January by the Department of Justice and A.T. & T.

Earlier in the year, Judge Greene, refusing to accept the settlement as a fait accompli, had provided for a period of public comment, to allow the positions of all interested parties to be heard. Both the newspaper publishers and the cable-television groups had taken advantage of this to submit written comments to the court, in which they elaborated on their contentions that a breakup of A.T. & T. in which a new subsidiary of the company could in effect subsidize its activities in electronic print would subject the newspaper and cable industries to unfair competition.

In August of 1982, Judge Greene issued his





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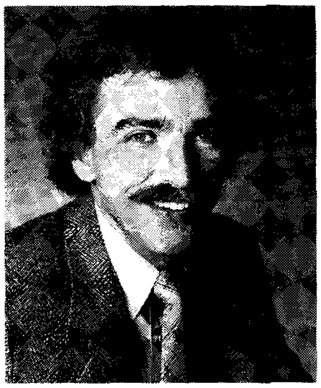

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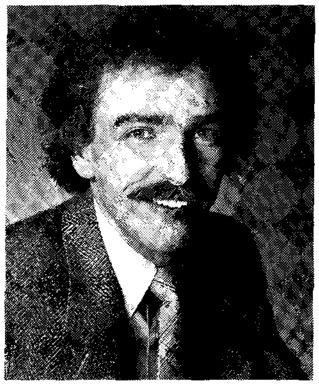
(To find out about the next page in his professional life, turn this one.)



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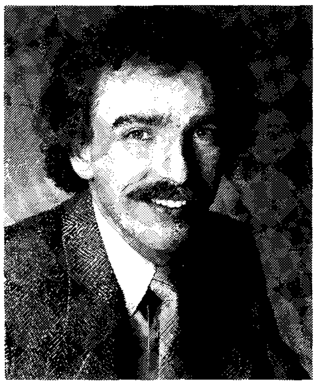

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opinion on the case. He preserved the anti-trust agreement generally but ordered certain modifications. Like the cable-TV operators and the newspaper publishers and Wirth's allies in the House, he was concerned about aspects of the proposed consent decree that would allow A.T. & T. to operate in a dual capacity, as both a carrier of electronic print information and an originator of such information. "Electronic publishing . . . holds promise to become an important provider of information—such as news, entertainment, and advertising—in competition with the traditional print, television, and radio media," Judge Greene wrote, adding, "Indeed, it has the potential, in time, for actually replacing some of these methods of disseminating information." He said that if A.T. & T. was "permitted to engage both in the transmission and the generation of information there would be a substantial risk not only that it would stifle the efforts of other electronic publishers but that it would acquire a substantial monopoly over the generation of news in the more general sense." Such a development would, he declared, "strike at a principle which lies at the heart of the First Amendment: that the American people are entitled to a diversity of sources of information." In order to prevent the development of undue control by any one corporation over the field of electronic publishing, the court required as a condition for its approval that the proposed decree be modified "to preclude A.T. & T. from entering the field of electronic publishing over its own lines until the risk of its domination of that field has abated"—a period that the court set at seven years. Judge Greene's opinion did permit A.T. & T. to offer electronic-telephone-directory services in the meantime, including electronic Yellow Pages, but during the seven-year period the content of these services was to be limited to information in general product and business categories and to such customer services as time and weather information; in other words, A.T. & T. would not be allowed to start an electronic Yellow Pages whose nature would allow the company to slide into the classified-ad business or the news business. The judgment represented a kind of triumph—temporarily, at least—for the newspaper publishers and the cable-television operators. And, significantly, the divested operating companies were to be precluded for an indefinite period from providing electronic information services.

IT seems curious that the cable-television industry, having scored its point with the court concerning the supposedly evil consequences of permitting A.T. & T., as the owner of transmission facilities, to become an electronic publisher, should then insist on making every effort to preserve for itself precisely this dual role. Not unlike the telephone companies when they were members of the Bell System, cable companies, in the franchising arrangements they have made with city and municipal governments, possess what are in effect local monopolies, for virtually no competition exists between cable companies within a designated service area. Further, like the small independent telephone companies that in the early days of the telephone industry were absorbed into the Bell System, many of the smaller independent cable companies have been taken over by conglomerates or big communications companies. In contrast to the situation prevailing in the commercial-television industry, where no one company is allowed to own more than twelve television stations, federal law places no limit on the number of cable systems that any one corporation can own, the only existing federal limit on cable ownership being that a TV station and a cable system in the same community cannot be owned in common. In the past several years, this situation has helped bring about an increasing concentration of economic power in the hands of a relatively few big corporations with the capital to expand and modernize existing cable systems. In 1970, the twenty-five largest multisystem cable operators served 46.7 per cent of all cable subscribers in the country; by 1980, the twenty-five largest operators were serving sixty-eight per cent of them—more than two-thirds. The monopolistic character of the numerous local cable systems thus centrally owned and controlled does not lie in the practical exercise by cable operators of direct, detailed, day-to-day editorial control over the content of the programs carried over their systems, for, apart from the commercial local and network programs that are routinely relayed under F.C.C. regulations, most of the programming that cable viewers see has been fed into their cable systems via satellite by program-service companies that are vigorously competing with one another for viewers. The monopolistic character lies, rather, in basic control over the conduits of local transmission—the actual cables. An aspect of the monopolistic nature of the cable franchises which seems particularly important to the future of the industry is that each franchise comprises not a single communications outlet but a series of outlets—the sum total of all the coaxial-cable channels built into any particular system.

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In the big-city franchises that have been completed in the last few years or are scheduled for completion in the near future, the channels within a single system may number fifty and, in the most advanced systems, perhaps as many as a hundred. Not counting those channels which a particular city, in making its arrangements with the company that has been granted the local cable franchise, has set aside for community or other public-access purposes, or for educational programming or certain municipal communications services, and also leaving aside those channels devoted to relaying the local and locally broadcast network programs, a company operating an advanced big-city cable system with eighty channels may still be free to assign the use of perhaps fifty of those channels to whatever program services it may choose to transmit. While, generally speaking, the increasing concentration of ownership of local cable systems so far seems not to have had deleterious effects on competition within the industry, the fact remains that chain ownership of local cable systems—and particularly of the more up-to-date large-city systems, with their scores of channels—does serve to concentrate control over what may be carried on all these channels. And, in time, what is carried over them could come to include many of the interactive videotex services such as home shopping, banking, and electronic-publishing services, for which enthusiasts not long ago were predicting such an important place in the communications industry of the future.

The position of the cable-system operators on the matter of control over the services they transmit has been far from modest. Their claim has been that—subject only to federal law and to the F.C.C. rules governing compulsory cable relay of local-broadcast programs—they are entitled to exercise full control over what services they allow to be conveyed, and by whom, over the local facilities for which they have obtained de-facto monopoly franchises. To buttress their claim, they have argued, as the newspaper publishers' lobby has, that their efforts to engage in teletext and videotex electronic-publishing services, even on an experimental basis, entitle them to the same exemption from government regulation concerning content that is constitutionally guaranteed to newspaper and magazine publishers. The cable companies maintain that in their role as electronic publishers they are beginning to function essentially as newspaper or magazine editors or publishers do. "The [cable] operator, like a newspaper editor, must exercise editorial judgment and control, deciding what is shown and what is not, what needs revision and what editorial policies are appropriate," one position paper of the National Cable Television Association that has been used in lobbying on Capitol Hill declares. It says that the continued federal treatment of cable as a broadcastlike medium, in which it is "subject to certain of the affirmative duties as are broadcasters," is discriminatory, and that the consequence of this policy, combined with various requirements that states and cities impose on cable operators as part of the franchising process, is "to burden the cable medium in a way that no other medium of expression is burdened, and in a way that impinges upon the First Amendment rights of the cable operator."

In effect, the cable companies reject almost wholly the public-trustee concept, under which for half a century the government, through the F.C.C., has enforced ground rules intended to insure that when broadcasters are dealing with issues of public consequence—including political campaigns—in their programming they do so in

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a manner that will keep the airwaves open to diverse viewpoints. The position of the cable companies has been that whereas television broadcasting is based on a limited number of available air frequencies—the relative scarcity of which the federal government has given as its prime reason for stepping in to regulate the broadcasting industry—coaxial cables occupy no air frequencies, so there is no proper reason for the government to regulate what is carried over them. Thus, they assert, they should not be subject to the limitations imposed by the F.C.C. Fairness Doctrine, which requires broadcasters to give reasonable opportunity for the presentation of contrasting points of view on issues of public importance; to its equal-time provisions, which require that if one candidate for elective office uses a broadcasting station other candidates for the office must be given equal opportunities to do so; or to the reasonable-access rule, which requires broadcasters to allow candidates for federal office to have reasonable amounts of air time, free or paid, to represent their views. The cable people see all this as representing outdated and unnecessary trappings of a federal regulatory system that was designed in the first place not even for commercial TV but for commercial radio. And they oppose such content regulation not only on First Amendment grounds but also on the ground of business practicality. The paper prepared by the National Cable Television Association asserts that because of all the record-keeping that would be required "the costs and burdens of such regulation would be staggering" for the industry.

The position of the cable companies has brought them into bitter conflict with the municipalities that grant cable franchises. The position of the cities, as it is represented by officials of the National League of Cities—which, among other things, acts as the Washington lobbying arm for some fifteen thousand municipalities—is that the economic health of urban areas will depend in considerable part on the quality of the information services being provided within those areas, and that cable systems are likely to form an important, and perhaps essential, part of the local information structures. The people at the National League of Cities have pointed out that city authorities, as franchisers of cable systems, are responsible for insuring that cable operators do not abuse the monopoly powers inherent in their franchises; and they have emphasized that whenever a city authorizes privately owned businesses to construct and operate their facilities on public rights-of-way, such as underground street conduits, it is obliged to protect the public interest, whether the companies happen to be telephone or electrical utilities or cable companies. Concerning cable, the N.L.C.'s position has been that a city is obliged to act as the bargaining agent for the collective interests of the community, to see that a cable franchise is awarded through an orderly competitive process. It also insists that cities must participate in the planning for any cable system on a partnership basis with the cable companies involved, in order to protect the interests of citizens by assuring such things as citywide service, reasonable rates for installing cable connections in subscribers' homes, and a minimum level of service. And representatives of the cities have stressed that they have an obligation to insure that the program services that the cable companies are going to use will be carried on the available channels in a fair and equitable fashion. Further, cities have usually claimed the right to require franchised cable companies to set aside some of their available channels for public-service programs or services such as public-access programming, open to local community organizations and members of the community generally, and educational programming. In the big rush for cable franchises in the late nineteen-seventies and early nineteen-eighties, when franchise applicants were promising local authorities that they would install throughout their cities elaborate and super-efficient interactive cable systems, these promises greatly impressed city fathers, and as word spread of all the wonders that interactive cable might provide city institutions, as well as cable-TV subscribers, several large cities required cable companies not only to make two-way service available to subscribers but also to provide a separate cable for the interconnection of municipal and other institutions within the area—for the interconnections of schools and universities, for example. And some cities required cable companies with scores of available channels to promise to make some of these available on a competitive basis to commercial users who might wish to lease them. Also, cities invariably claimed the right to charge cable companies an annual franchise fee—usually three per cent of a company's local gross revenues (five per cent is the upper limit now allowed under federal law)—to defray what they estimated to be the cost of regulating cable.

This last requirement has been a particularly sore point with the cable companies. They have protested that the cities, in their desperate need to balance their budgets, have been taking undue advantage of their ownership of access rights to underground conduits and municipal rights-of-way to exact unfair financial tribute from the cable companies—much as the telephone companies, back in the fifties, made it financially difficult, or even impossible, for cable companies to attach their lines to telephone poles. The cable people have asserted that until the F.C.C., some time ago, placed the limit on the percentage of the gross revenues of cable companies which could be charged as a fee, some cities were attempting to extract fees of as much as thirty per cent from the companies for the privilege of stringing their lines on city property. The cable people also have complained that, on top of all this, the demands of the cities for extra services, such as channels for exclusive municipal use, have amounted to unfair leverage on applicants for cable franchises. "I don't know of any other private enterprise where a city can demand free services as the price of doing business," Thomas Wheeler, then the president of the National Cable Television Association, declared in testimony he gave before a Senate subcommittee on communications in 1983. He cited several examples of how, in his opinion, cities were unfairly using their position to coerce cable-franchise applicants into providing various services—sometimes services having nothing to do with conveying cable programs to customers. He charged that Vincent C. Schoemehl, the mayor of St. Louis, had boasted that part of the price for the city's cable franchise would be the funds necessary to reopen a municipal hospital. In Sacramento, Wheeler declared, it took a promise to plant twenty thousand trees for an applicant to win a franchise approval.

In an interview I had with Wheeler a while ago, he described such activities as "institutional extortion." He went on, "One of the many stories I've heard is about a mayor in a city in Massachusetts who called all the franchise officials together and said, 'Look, I need a new library. I can't increase my franchise fee by law'—there's a ceiling—'but you agree to fund a new library and I might take that into account.' And one of the guys called me later on and said, 'Well, I just bid a library.' So the price of getting a cable franchise can be a new library, or a new fire station—you name it. I can think of a city in Illinois where the franchise bidding was about to be closed when two new companies came in to join the bidding, and one of them wound up getting the franchise. One of the earlier applicants went to the mayor and asked what had happened. The mayor told him, 'Look, you have a good system, you were in early, and I appreciate everything you've done. But I have a sewer system that has to be built and I haven't got the taxes to pay for it. And these folks agreed to post the franchise fee for the entire fifteen-year life of the franchise—all in advance. And that gives me the money to pay for the sewer system.' Well, that amounts to an interest-free loan to the city. There are a lot of cities that have been using cable as a quick fix for their financial problems, but I don't think the cable industry should be used as a new collector of hidden taxes. There is no franchise fee that the telephone company has to pay to the cities for their services. And since when has a broadcast station paid for *its* use of a city's service? *We* have to build a pathway to the consumer's door—we don't get a free pathway, like the broadcast industry."

To which James P. Mooney, the current president of the National Cable Television Association, added, in a conversation I had with him recently, "Many municipal officials have regarded cable as a kind of golden goose capable of generating unlimited amounts of revenue, and I think that the history of our industry doesn't bear that out." As what he called a "classic example of a city government trying to use its franchising authority to impose a hidden tax on subscribers to further a social purpose that had nothing whatsoever to do with cable," Mooney referred to a requirement by the city of

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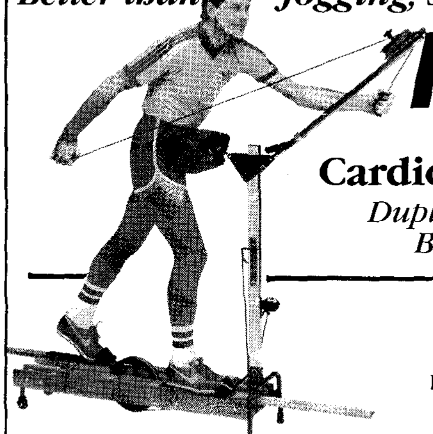

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Miami that the cable-franchise owner there, a company financed by Tele-Communications Inc., of Denver, contribute two hundred thousand dollars toward a local drug-education program—this in addition to paying a franchise fee of five per cent of its gross annual revenues. (However, the cable company protested the imposition of the drug-program contribution in representations to the F.C.C., and in June of 1984, the F.C.C. declared that particular requirement illegal.

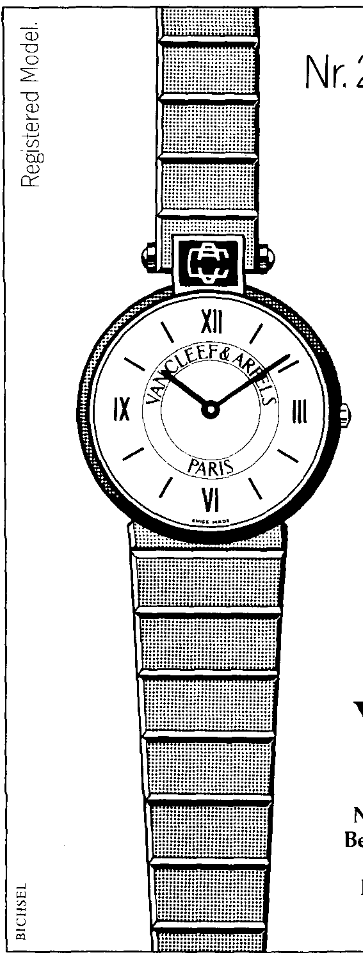
Between the often extravagant promises of services which were made by cable companies and the often excessive demands for services or fees, or both, which were made by cities as a condition for granting franchises, the franchising process was conducted in a fevered atmosphere evocative of the streetcar-franchise battles that took place in American cities at the beginning of the century; in fact, the history of cable television—particularly in the earlier stages of its development—contains a number of grubby episodes of influence peddling by applicants for municipal franchises. Sometimes these episodes culminated in charges of outright bribery of municipal officials by franchise bidders. In court proceedings arising out of these or other charges, some cable-company officials found themselves in deep trouble. For example, in 1971 Irving Kahn, the founder and at the time chairman of the Teleprompter Corporation, and a man with a reputation as one of the most energetic pioneers in the cable industry, was convicted in a federal court and sentenced to prison for perjury in connection with the bribery of city officials in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, to help obtain a franchise for Teleprompter. (Kahn thereupon lost his chairmanship to Jack Kent Cooke, an entrepreneur with numerous communications and professional-sports interests. In 1981, Teleprompter was sold to the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, which in the following year incorporated it into Group W Cable.) Around the end of the nineteen-seventies, charges of misconduct by various cable companies in connection with franchise applications were made. One such incident involved five cable franchises awarded in the Houston area in 1978. In February of 1981, a federal jury in Houston, after hearing complaints brought under the anti-trust laws by an unsuccessful applicant, found that the city of Houston, its mayor, and Gulf Coast Cable Television, a cable-franchise applicant, had "participated in a conspiracy to limit competition" in the process of considering the franchises; the jury awarded the plaintiff, the Affiliated Capital Corporation, damages of six million three hundred thousand dollars, which were then levied by the court against Gulf Coast Cable Television and the mayor. The case since has been under appeal and is now before the Supreme Court.

Another example of maneuverings by cable-company representatives for a big-city cable franchise occurred in Milwaukee in June of 1982. The number of households to be wired was slightly over a quarter of a million, and, with a fifteen-year cable monopoly at stake, the economic prize was large. The decision was to be made by a majority vote in the city's Common Council, on the basis of recommendations made by the municipal Utilities and Licenses Committee, a five-member standing committee of the Common Council. Six companies were applying for the franchise, four of them representing big out-of-town communications interests: Teleprompter, which was to become part of Group W in may of 1982; Warner Amex, the sixth-largest multisystem cable owner in the country, and at the time the owner of twelve systems; Viacom International, the ninth-largest multisystem owner, with eight systems, including several in the Milwaukee suburbs; and MacLean Hunter Cable TV, of Toronto, the twenty-sixth-largest cable-system owner in the United States, represented locally through a subsidiary, Milwaukee Cablevision. The bidders also included two local companies: First Cable, another corporate name for the RVS Cablevision Corporation, which was already operating or had under construction twenty-two cable systems in the Milwaukee suburbs; and an organization called Co-Op, a venture put together by a local public-interest group, which solicited ten-dollar fees from interested citizens with a promise that if the franchise was granted to Co-Op any "profit" accruing from it would be channelled back to cable users. (Co-Op got nowhere in the race.)

The activities of these companies were collectively characterized in an article that appeared in the magazine

Milwaukee in April of 1982 as constituting "the most ardent and passionate lobbying effort city hall has ever seen, with all of the most elaborate arts of political seduction being employed." According to the article, which was written by Charles J. Sykes, then a senior editor of the magazine, "one by one, the major national cable companies moved into the city, identified Milwaukee's political and financial heavyweights, and offered them lucrative stock deals or paid out lavish retainers" to obtain their support. The article reported that "nothing has been left to chance" in the tactics employed, which, it said, included not only the hiring away of personal aides to key aldermen but also the hiring of "the neighbors of key aldermen"—people thought to be of sufficient influence to be given shares in one or more of the companies competing for the franchise. The article said that "the most skilled city hall insiders have been signed up for hefty fees—three thousand dollars a month is not unusual." It quoted Franklyn Gimbel, a well-known Milwaukee lawyer and a key investor in Milwaukee Cablevision, as saying of the costs likely to be involved, "There is no company that won't pay a million dollars for the piece of paper saying you have the franchise," and noting that that sum would cover spending a hundred thousand dollars a vote. (The Common Council in Milwaukee is made up of sixteen aldermen, so a franchise could be granted by as few as nine votes.)

In the rush to sign up influential local citizens, some companies that hadn't been quick enough in launching their campaigns decided that they might as well just not get into the race. The *Milwaukee* article quoted Creighton Mershon, a Louisville lawyer and cable lobbyist representing the interests of the Times Mirror Company—the seventh-largest cable company in the country and a prospective bidder—as having inquired of the writer by telephone from Louisville sometime in 1980, "Has Milwaukee been greased yet?" By that time, a number of the out-of-town cable-company franchise-promotion teams were already at work in Milwaukee, but the answer that Mershon got was that if the town was already greased the reporter wasn't aware of it. Mershon came to town and surveyed the situation on behalf of his client, and a Times Mirror franchise team was sent in to prepare the ground for a full campaign, but after a few months the



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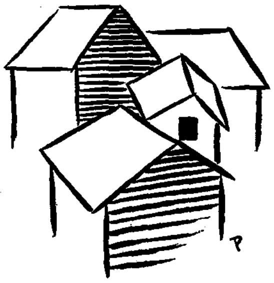
Times Mirror contingent decided not to participate in the franchise bidding. Commenting on the team’s decision, the Sykes article reported, “Although they signed up a former president of the Common Council, Ben Johnson, as a lobbyist they felt that they had come to town too late,” and it quoted Mershon as explaining that “a lot of heavy hitters had already been picked up” by other bidders. The heavy hitters were reported to include a former mayoral candidate; the key men in the reëlection campaign of Henry Maier, the current mayor; a federal judge; and the presidents and chairmen of some of the biggest businesses in Milwaukee.



The inducements for such prominent citizens to enlist in the campaign of one or another of the cable-franchise bidders were considerable. The biggest inducements went to fifteen local insiders who became investors in Milwaukee Cablevision: they had to pay only one cent a share for their stock. A former alderman and a businessman between them bought twenty-five thousand shares for only two hundred and fifty dollars, and since a share would be worth twenty-five dollars if the franchise was granted to Milwaukee Cablevision, their purchases would be worth six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars the day after the franchise was granted; similarly, for an initial investment of three hundred and fifty dollars Franklyn Gimbel, who besides being a prominent attorney was a member of the Milwaukee Fire and Police Commission, stood to possess stock that upon the granting of the franchise would reportedly have a market value of eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Also, the fifteen local investors in Milwaukee Cablevision would be collectively guaranteed twenty-per-cent ownership of the company from their penny stocks—even though these stocks represented only four-hundredths of one per cent of the company’s equity capital. True, the arrangements provided that once the franchise was granted the fifteen investors had to lend the company a total of two hundred thousand dollars to help pay for construction of the system, but it was reckoned at the time that raising such a sum would hardly present a problem, considering the predicted value of the shares over the first years of the franchise.

Although the inducements offered by other franchise bidders were less spectacular, they were still substantial. For example, while ten Milwaukee insiders who were invited to become investors in Teleprompter theoretically had to pay a thousand dollars a share for their stock, in practice they were not required to put up a single nickel unless the franchise was awarded to Teleprompter. In the event that this happened, their total contribution, of five hundred thousand dollars, would give them ten-per-cent ownership of the company, even though their actual investment would amount to only seven-tenths of one per cent of the twenty-eight and a half million dollars in equity capital proposed by Teleprompter.

On June 16, 1982, the Utilities and Licenses Committee, after considering all the bids, voted three to two in favor of Viacom International. The vote was in accord with recommendations made by a Citizens Cable Advisory Committee, which had been appointed by the mayor to determine the best-qualified bidder for the franchise. The decision of the Utilities Committee was interesting in that Viacom, although it had retained the services of the most prominent lawyer around City Hall and also of the best-known public-relations man in town, was the only one of the major bidders without local investors. When the Utilities Committee relayed its recommendation to the Common Council, the Warner Amex people began exerting pressure to have the Common Council reject the decision. The local inside investors in Warner Amex included two well-known real-estate developers who also were controlling stockholders in four banks in the Milwaukee area; the president of a big waste-disposal company that had a ten-year contract, estimated to be worth seventy-five million dollars, to remove most of the city’s garbage; and a leading officer in Teamsters Local 200, members of which, it was reported in the press at the time, did all the out-of-town hauling of the garbage.

The chief lobbyist for Warner Amex was Michael Mervis, described in the local press as “a top-notch political operator” in town. Mervis had been quoted in the *Milwaukee* article the previous April as telling Sykes that the franchise bidding war was “the biggest game in this town ever,” and

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as predicting, "The pressures on aldermen are going to be raw political pressures. . . . That is going to be unfortunate. But that's the way the game is played."

Two days after the Utilities and Licenses Committee had voted in favor of Viacom, the Common Council rejected the committee's recommendation (and that of the Citizens Cable Advisory Committee) and, by a twelve-to-three vote, awarded the Milwaukee cable franchise to Warner Amex. Certainly Warner Amex appeared to be no less qualified than Viacom to receive the franchise, but the swift rejection of the Utilities Committee's recommendation came as a big surprise in town. Not only had members of the Common Council not had reasonable time to review in detail the merits of each of the bids (most of the aldermen were reported to know comparatively little about the complexities of the cable-television business anyway) but twelve votes, rather than a simple majority, were needed to reject the Utilities Committee's recommendation, and the Common Council was known to be so politically divided on most matters that such unity on any important issue seemed highly unlikely.

The Viacom people were, naturally, rather bitter about the sudden reversal of their fortunes. "A lot of commitments were made to aldermen that didn't have to do with the merits of the bids," a former senior vice-president of Viacom told me later. But he did not present any hard evidence to support this assertion, so he could have just been talking as a sore loser in the cable-franchise war. As might be expected, the attitude of the Warner Amex people was that the best-qualified company won the Milwaukee cable franchise. —THOMAS WHITESIDE

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

◆

10 YEARS AGO—APR. 5, 1975

MATTOON—Six books on Mattoon High School's suggested reading list came under fire Thursday night at a school board candidate's forum. The books—found on junior and senior English class lists—were called "objectionable" by several residents at the League of Women Voter's sponsored forum. The books objected to included "Of Mice and Men" and "The Grapes of a Salesman" by Arthur Miller; "In Cold Blood" by Truman Capote; J. D. Salinger's "Catcher in the Rye," and "Flowers for Algernon" by Daniel Keyes.—*Charleston (Ill.) Times-Courier.*

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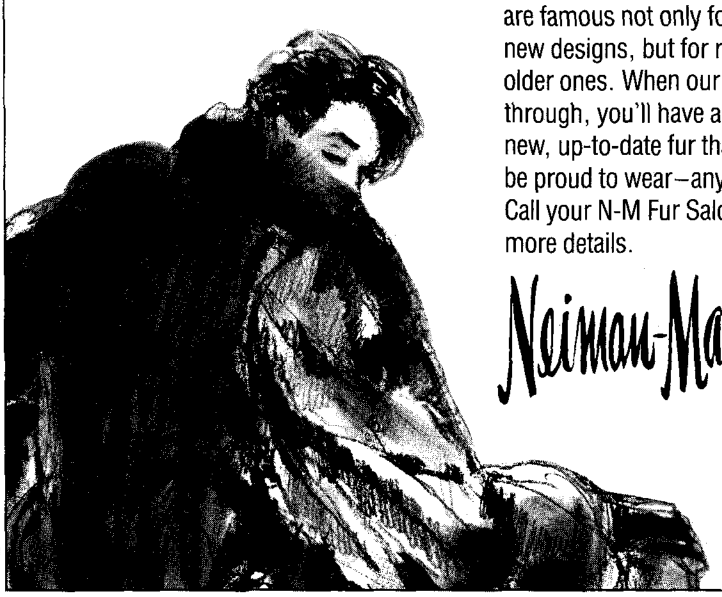

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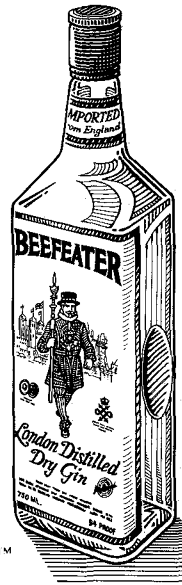

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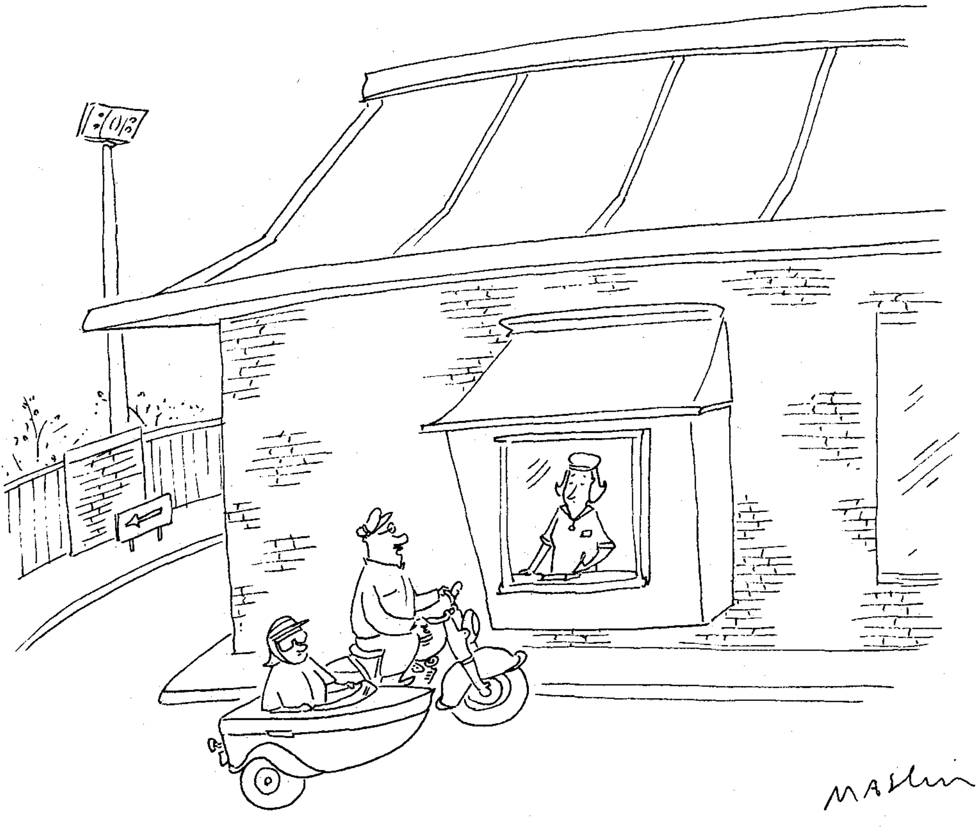
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

CHRISTOPHER DURANG, the humorist and satirist, has rarely written anything funnier or more serious than his mordant comedy "The Marriage of Bette and Boo," which opened last week at the Public. The Catholic Church is, as it has been before, his target for both attack and mischief—the specific aspect of the Church under fire this time being the Catholic family. The story is told, often out of chronological order, in episodes as brief as blackouts, which move briskly along under Jerry Zaks' masterly direction. The opening scene is the wedding, with the families of bride and groom lined up on the stage. Bette is a very pretty, very pious, very stupid girl. She has a silly mother, an unintelligible father, a grouchy sister who is married to an unsatisfactory, invisible Greek, and another sister, ever contrite and extremely crazy, who forgets her cello solo at the wedding and apologizes for her lapse and for everything else through the rest of the play. Boo, the groom, is a rather stolid soul and, as the years go by, an increasingly heavy drinker, whom Bette never stops nagging. He has a singularly dopey mother—a merry and constant laughter, impervious to insult—and a sarcastic father, who is at once very bright and inhumanly detached from whatever is going on around him (a superb performance by Bill Moor, who could give lessons in how to play high comedy in the midst of frolic). Bette and Boo's son and victim, Matt—called Skippy, for his mother's favorite movie—is played by the marvellous Mr. Durang himself, who also acts as narrator and guide, and who, incidentally, has perfected the art of turning bitterness into comedy without losing its edge. Bette is determined to have many more children and name them for characters in "Winnie the Pooh," but the Rh factor in her blood causes the infants to be stillborn. Bette's crazy sister, her mea culpa at the ready, wonders if the little catastrophes are somehow her fault. Matt is, of course, present at any number of insane family occasions, and when his parents separate he is imposed upon by them in every conceivable way. After the separation, Bette and Boo (and their relatives, of course) are invited by their priest to a retreat about marriage, in the course of which the priest imitates bacon frying in a pan and coffee percolating in a pot before delivering a singularly fatuous sermon. And all the while Matt, in the person of Mr. Durang, watches—sometimes visibly suffering, sometimes numb—mingling his observations with thoughts about Thomas Hardy's characters (the subject of a college assignment). The scenes are too kaleidoscopic to reduce to order, and it is tempting to write a review consisting of nothing but quotes from the script—a brimming cornucopia of brilliant lines.



"*And a side order of fries.*"

Mr. Zaks' direction, as I suggested, couldn't be better, and his actors—an honor roll of Off Broadway—do him proud. Besides those I've mentioned, they are Joan Allen and Graham Beckel, as Bette and Boo; Patricia Falkenhain and Bill McCutcheon, as Bette's parents; Kathryn Grody and Mercedes Ruehl, as her sisters; Olympia Dukakis, as Boo's mother; and Richard B. Shull, as both a doctor and the frying priest. "The Marriage of Bette and Boo" started out as a fifty-minute show at Yale; it has been expanded, most successfully, into a full-length play. The admirable scenery, costumes, and lighting are by Loren Sherman, William Ivey Long, and Paul Gallo, respectively.

"EDEN COURT," by Murphy Guyer, at the Promenade, is a brash comedy—a sitcom that happens to be performed on a stage. It is about a young husband and wife who live in a trailer park and two of their friends. The script is composed almost entirely of gags—verbal, sight, and running—a few of which are entertaining. The actors are well suited to their roles: Ben Masters, as the husband, suffering from thirtieth-birthday blues; Ellen Barkin, as his wife, an Elvis Presley nut; and Penny Marshall and Guy Boyd, as the friends, with routines attached. Miss Barkin is especially pretty and charming, and Miss Marshall and Mr. Boyd are experienced comedians, but it is Mr. Masters who, by the legitimacy of his acting, reminds us time after time that we are sitting in a theatre, and not in front of a movie or television screen. Barnet Kellman directed. Good scenery (David Gropman), costumes (Rita Ryack), and lighting (Ian Calderon).

—EDITH OLIVER

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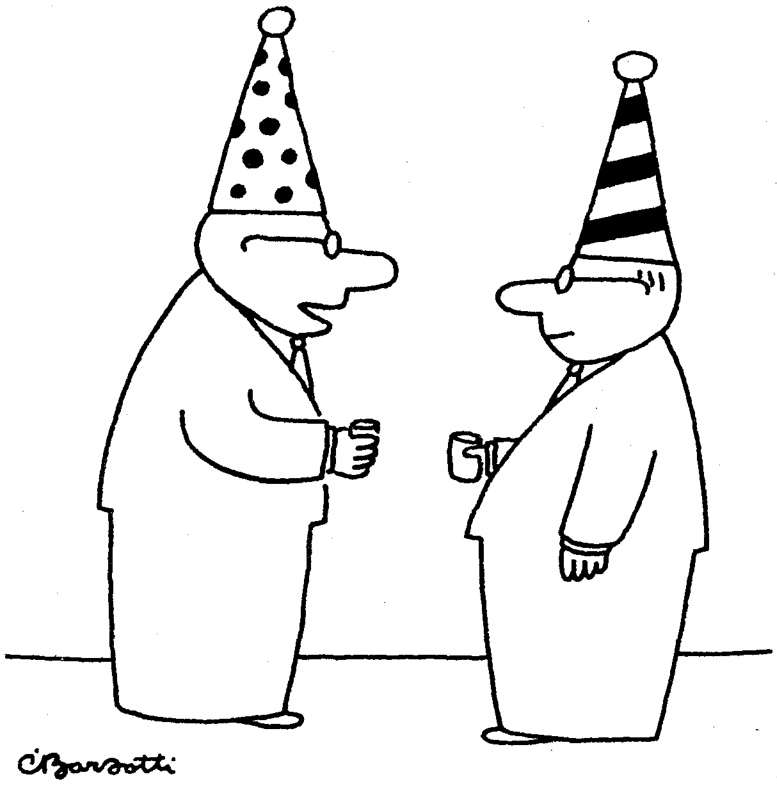
DANCING

Bournonvilleana

“ABDALLAH” is a Bournonville ballet in three acts with an Arabian Nights plot. The title character is a poor shoemaker who does a good deed and is given a magic candelabrum, which he lights, one candle per wish; it makes him a rich man with a harem. The slave girls who dance in an elaborate second-act divertissement are kin to the bayadères and péris, the dryads and sylphs of various nineteenth-century vision scenes. The queen of the harem, Palmyra, is contrasted with Irma, the decent heroine. The contrast in types was a convention of the Romantic era. But, unlike Effie and the Sylph in “La Sylphide” or Gamzatti-Nikiya in “La Bayadère” or (the ultimate polarization) Odette-Odile in “Swan Lake,” Irma-Palmyra is not an idea rooted in the dynamics of the plot. Abdallah's love for Irma isn't seriously tested, and nothing's at stake when he becomes rich and sodden. And when he lights the forbidden fifth candle and the harem goes up in smoke the loss is only temporary.

“Abdallah” treats the issues and stereotypes of Romanticism almost too lightly to sustain its length. Then, too, the plot has its confusions. The grateful sheikh who is Abdallah's benefactor is an inscrutable figure, pushing the story now this way, now that. There are peripheral characters whose function is unclear, and when, in the third act, Abdallah enters the real world of wealth, presided over by the sheikh, it turns out to be no different from the dream world to which he was transported by the magic candles. In fact, two characters from the dream world—Omar, the pudgy master of the harem, and Sadi, a slave boy—are unaccountably present in the third act. The ballet, produced by Bournonville in 1855, was not a success, and after three years it was permanently dropped from the repertory. Hans Beck, who became director of Denmark's Royal Ballet fifteen years after Bournonville's death, took fragments from “Abdallah” and inserted them, slightly rechoreographed, in his expanded version of the Master's “Napoli,” Act III. These interpolations were all the world knew of “Abdallah” until early this year, when the entire ballet was reconstructed by Ballet West, in Salt Lake City. I am guessing that the unstable plot was what brought about the failure of the original production; my guess is based on the Ballet West version, which I saw on tour, at the Kennedy Center, in Washington. It is faithful, for the most part, to Bournonville's libretto. But I wonder if Bournonville's own production was as unserious. Ballet West uses the plot almost as a decorative element. It makes next to nothing of the notion, advanced in the libretto, that Irma is a noted dancer of the region (the alternate title of the ballet was “The Gazelle of Basra”) and Abdallah makes her shoes. When she is restored to him in the third act, she is veiled, and he recognizes her by the shape of her foot. It is a moment that Ballet West beclouds. But then ballet plots can go on just so long, especially in our day. The reasoning behind the production is all too understandable: Damn the plot, on with the dance.

But why Ballet West, and not the Royal Danish Ballet? And why “Abdallah”? Bournonville produced, by his own count, thirty-six original ballets. Seven have been preserved by his home company. It happens that the first production of “Abdallah,” in Copenhagen, was notated by Bournonville with more than usual care because he planned to present the ballet in Vienna later the same year. (Similar circumstances in the creation of Balanchine's “Gounod Symphony” made possible its recovery by New York City Ballet last winter.) These notes, written into a rehearsal copy of Holger Simon Paulli's score, were preserved in the Royal Library in Copenhagen along with the orchestral parts, the original ground plans and costume designs, and several drafts of the libretto. Yet another draft was acquired at auction by Bruce Marks, the artistic director of Ballet West, and, enchanted by the ballet's combination of exoticism and naïveté, he earmarked it for revival. Marks, a Bournonvillean, is the only American to have performed as a principal dancer with the Royal Danish Ballet. In 1966, he married the great Danish ballerina Toni Lander, and a decade later she joined him at Ballet West. The company was one of the enterprises of the Danish-American Christensen brothers; it was formed in 1963 from the ballet department begun by Willam Christensen at the University of Utah. Under Bruce Marks and Toni Lander Marks, the Danish connection was strengthened with productions of Bournonville ballets and of Harald Lander's “Études.” “Abdallah” is not the first time a “lost” ballet of Bournonville's has been revived in America. In 1983, another transplanted Dane, Flemming Flindt, put on “The Toreador” for



“I understand that you flew in from Kansas City just to be here tonight.”

the Dallas Ballet—the first production since the late-twenties Copenhagen revival starring Harald Lander. But "Abdallah" had never been revived. Ballet West's may be the first attempt to produce Bournonville straight out of the archives, from the documents of Bournonville's own time.

The set-and-costume designer, Jens-Jacob Worsaae, obviously had the best of the deal. Nobody knew exactly how the ballet was supposed to look, so he was free to invent. He has used modern devices to effect the mechanical transformations common to the nineteenth-century stage. His painted backdrops are unlabored period pastiche, and they probably make the ballet look better than it did at its première, when Bournonville was forced to use scenery from other productions. The starry gardens overhanging the harem are, one feels, just what Bournonville would have wanted, and so are the pantalets worn by all the women—even the slave girls—under their tutus. But if Worsaae worked unhampered by modern-day accretions, how must the lack of a performance tradition have affected the choreography? How clear, how extensive was Bournonville's choreographic script? Toni Lander, who had the task of translating it, described it in a program note:

> The score for two violins had Bournonville's own handwritten (in French) notes of steps and actions in the ballet. But, of course, not every step has been written down. It looks as though Bournonville just made a few notes for himself so he could remember a phrase, and sometimes very little is written. Occasionally, steps were impossible to read, and at times nothing is written.

So Toni Lander had to invent, too. She did so confidently, she wrote, relying on years of experience in Bournonville, on body instinct, and on her imagination. She had the help of the Bournonville authority Allan Fredericia and of the dancer Flemming Ryberg; the staging and the mime were fleshed out in collaboration with Bruce Marks. But it is Toni Lander to whom this production owes its existence.

In "Abdallah," there are more dances in proportion to mime than was Bournonville's custom. Apparently, the Viennese audience loved to see flashy dancing, and Bournonville was trying for a hit in Vienna. The first act contains the women's extended pas de trois that went into "Napoli." The second act, by far the best, has large-scale choral dances for men and

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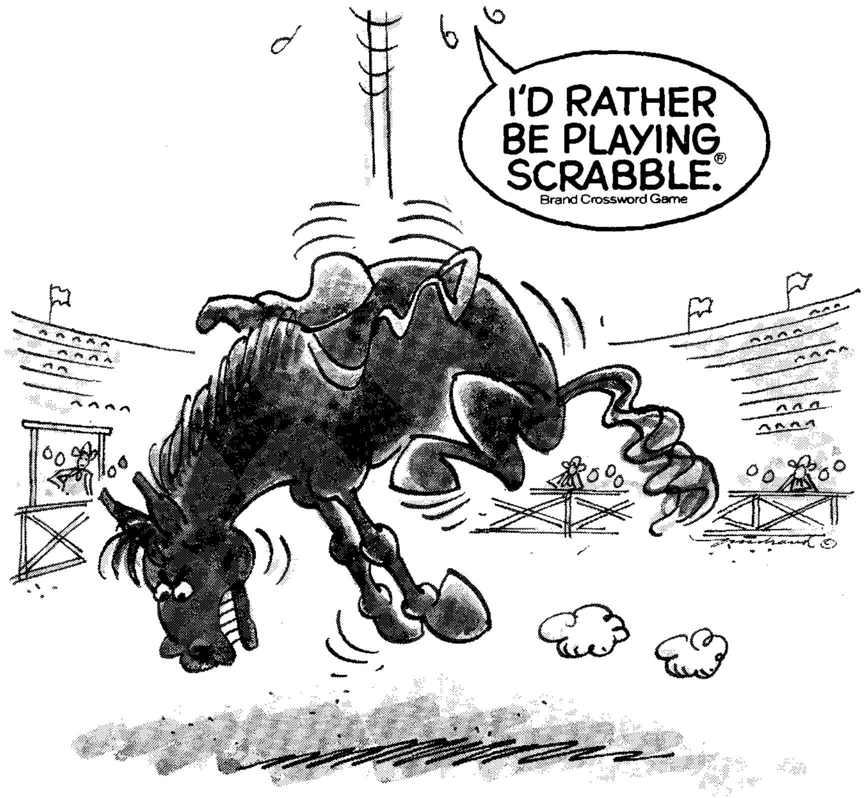
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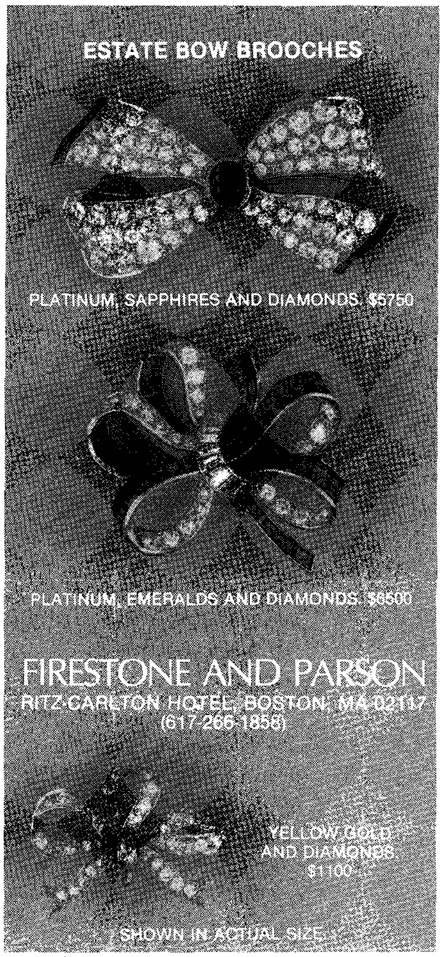

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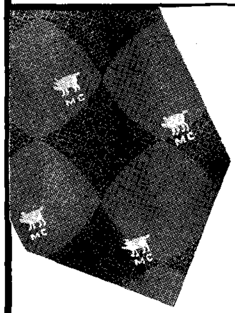

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women, variations for Palmyra and two attendants, a comic set piece for Omar and Sadi, a scarf duet à la Sylphide for Abdallah and Palmyra, and a festive waltz coda. Abdallah disposes of old friends in a pas d'action ending in a drunken galop. In Act III, set in the sheikh's court, the story is cut short by one of those "Let's everybody get married" gestures from the sheikh, and one of those lopsided Bournonville dance suites ensues—a pas de quatre involving two sons and two daughters of the sheikh, and Irma, who must for some reason choose a mate. In the grand finale, the courtiers join the reunited lovers and the pas-de-quatre principals. Everything ends symmetrically, but at some cost to the integrity of the score: the same music is played for three entrées in a row. Paulli's music has a familiar ring elsewhere in this act, too, either because, like the first-act trio, it has been incorporated into other ballets or because it was traced over by Paulli himself. The composer of "Kermesse in Bruges" and "Konservatoriet," of parts of "Flower Festival in Genzano" and "Napoli," and of five other "lost" ballets besides "Abdallah," Paulli seems to have been to Bournonville what Minkus was to Petipa—someone who could be called on to repeat a certain number of effects dependably from one piece to the next. There is nothing in "Abdallah" that lies outside Paulli's range as we already know it, and nothing in the range of the dancing that lies outside Bournonville's. This is as true of the second act, which seems the least plundered, as of Acts I and III. In the second act, the range of music and dancing is at its widest, not because there is more going on in the dances but simply because there are more kinds of dances and the variety has a certain sweep in relation to the plot. In themselves, the dances express very little. They don't move the plot ahead or expand poetically upon its meanings. They don't comment on the setting. (The only bits of ethnic color are in the stomping dances of the male ensemble, irremediably Nordic.) This neutrality, of course, is what makes the dances interchangeable, capable of being moved not only from place to place within the ballet but from this ballet to another. (Think of transferring dances from the Persia of "Abdallah" to the Italy of "Napoli"!) The choreography is not so much repetitive as it is dramatically innocent. It looks true to the standards of its

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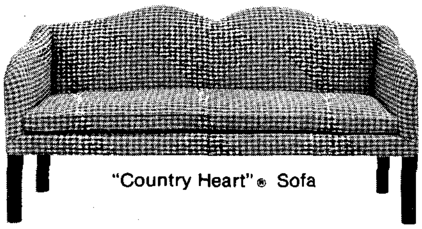

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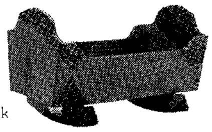

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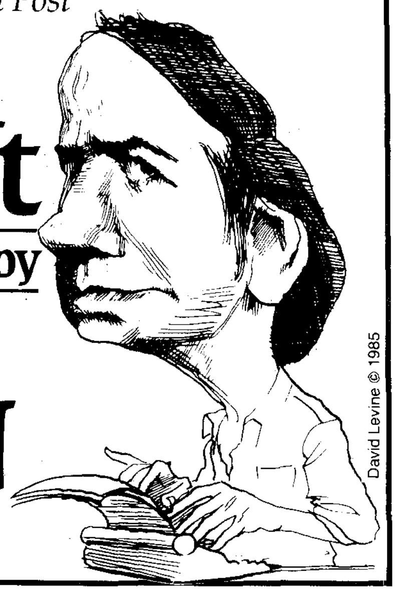
period, whereas "A Folk Tale," from the same period, looks in comparison like a twentieth-century ballet. (Which, owing to its longevity, it partly is.)

Toni Lander has given us scrupulous authenticity. Though there are several little pas de deux, they tend to be double solos, with a minimum of partnering; there is no supported adagio as we know it. The dances are technically sound, musically adroit—Bournonville to the core. If they tend toward sameness, or if we seem to have seen them before, that may be because there is nothing more to be discovered in the archives. When first Nureyev, then Makarova and Baryshnikov began mounting their "Bayadère"s and "Don Quixote"s and "Paquita"s for Western audiences, we didn't know that the first burst of revelation would also be the last—that soon we'd be witnessing the strange phenomenon of reshuffled Petipa. It was, perhaps, the moment to concede that as far as Petipa was concerned the nineteenth century was over; it had been sacked of its treasures. With "Abdallah," we could be reaching the same point in the Bournonville legacy. The relics may continue to flow, but the revelations probably won't. "A Folk Tale," in the Bournonville-centennial production of 1979 (Worsaae is now redesigning it), was the "Bayadère" of the Danish repertory. There can't be another like that.

Toni Lander was Ballet West's principal teacher, and the conscientious way the dancers performed their long and taxing roles was a credit to her influence. The second cast—William Pizzuto as Abdallah, Lisa LaManna as Irma, and Mary Ann Lind as Palmyra—though not as pretty and colorful as the first, danced and mimed with more precision. Bruce Marks was a genial and elegant Sheikh Ismail, and the orchestra was conducted—a bit relentlessly—by Varujan Kojian.

BOURNONVILLE did not number "La Sylphide" among his original works; it was an adaptation of the Taglioni ballet, though with a new and better score, commissioned from Herman Løvenskjold. "La Sylphide" quickly became the masterpiece of the Danish repertory. Its dances are responsive to character, locale, incident; it is a genuine ballet d'action. And it is the quintessence of Romanticism. The hero's illicit desires are depicted with overwhelming expressive force. We know there is no reconciling this ideal world with the sleepy country life and



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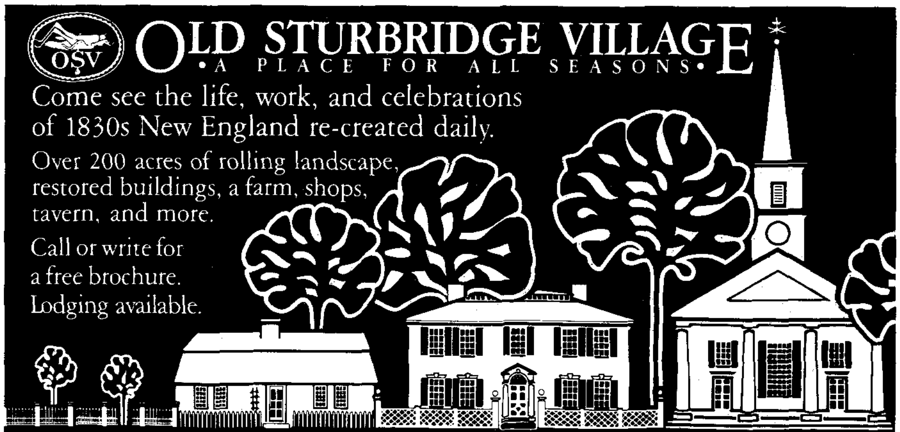

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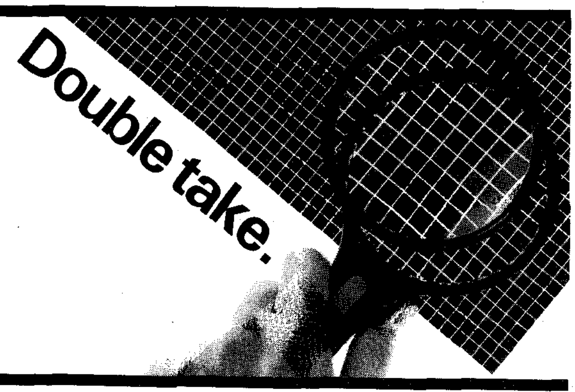

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its bourgeois comforts; along with James, we become swallowed up in visions of unrespectability. The new production that the Pennsylvania Ballet brought to the Brooklyn Academy drives James into the Sylph's arms and then forward to his doom with breathless speed and urgency. The staging, by Peter Martins with the assistance of Solveig Ostergaard, is modelled on the Copenhagen production. Its modesty and air of controlled panic are preferable to the inflated scale and the melodramatics of the current American Ballet Theatre production. But there are some mistakes. Susan Tammany, the designer, does a nice simple country cottage, but then she lets herself go in a violently stylized forest scene. The snaky lines and inflamed colors seem intended to express the widest possible contrast to the staid domesticity of Act I, but in the Romantic view Nature and Supernature are beguilingly intermingled. This isn't Romanticism, it's Expressionism.

I suppose there are some who would say of the dancing that this isn't Bournonville, but I find the big and bold style a refreshing change from the needlepoint of the strict constructionists, especially in Act I, where the rough-hewn phrases in the reel and the broad leaps and choppy footwork of the men's dances (based on Scottish folk steps) match the plainness of the setting. These are farmers, after all. The Pennsylvania's men were uncommonly good at the style and comfortable with the mime. William DeGregory's clean line and firm delivery made him a bonny James. Marin Boieru, a dark and moody James, forced his attack unnecessarily. He has ample power and, when he relaxes, a strong presence; he also has a superlative jump. The women were less secure than the men. Tamara Hadley and Melissa Podcasy were pictorially charming but much too corporeal and forthright as the teasing, amoral Sylph, and their dancing lacked definition. Both might have profited from a few classes with Toni Lander, one of the great Sylphs of modern times. Lander combined ambiguity of intention with clarity of step, and there was something uncanny in her ability to change position in midair. A light flick and there she'd be, completely reformed: head, arms, hands—perfect. Like the Danes, the Pennsylvanians use both women and men in the part of Madge the witch. Robin Preiss and Edward Myers alternated in the performances I saw. The role is not ag-

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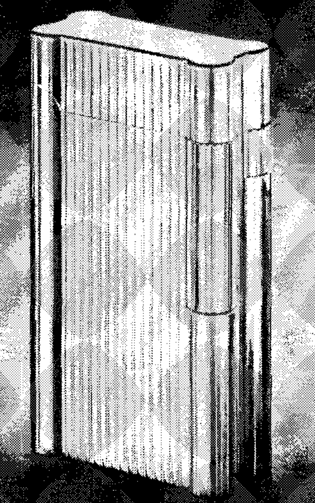
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grandized, as it is at Ballet Theatre, but at the end James seems to expire at Madge's feet, even though the program note says that his lot is to be "left with nothing, forced to wander aimlessly, dreaming of his Sylph."

As a curtain-raiser, the company performed a long, ambitious, and pointlessly difficult new ballet by Richard Tanner to Schumann's "Eighteen Symphonic Etudes"—keyboard music that needs dancing as much as, say, Beethoven's sonatas or the Goldberg Variations. Tanner arranged it as a partnering sweepstakes—couples rushed about and got themselves into ever more innovative predicaments (with the men often blocking the women from view)—and the shape of the piece was so amorphous that not until the end could I tell how many couples there were. Most of the company's ranking dancers were in the ballet, working hard to make something of it, and many ranking dancers from other companies sat in the audience watching. Not, I hope, with envy.

The Pennsylvania company, which I haven't seen in a while, is dancing very well under its new director, Robert Weiss. It's a common belief that good dancers are a dime a dozen and only good choreographers are rare. How lovely if the dancers of every company were of Pennsylvania Ballet calibre. And are choreographers the only creative geniuses in the business? Some weeks ago at the Joyce, I saw a couple of performances by a company new to me, Garth Fagan's Bucket Dance Theatre. Fagan's choreography was extremely limited, but Lord, what dancers! The texture of their movement was like deep pile velvet. This little-known group from Rochester must be the best Afro-Caribbean company now performing, and while I long to see the dancers in good choreography, there's no denying that Fagan, who trained most of them from scratch, is someone extraordinary—a teacher whose powers equal those of all but the best choreographers around.

—ARLENE CROCE

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[*From the Waterloo* (*Ill.*) *Republic-Times*]

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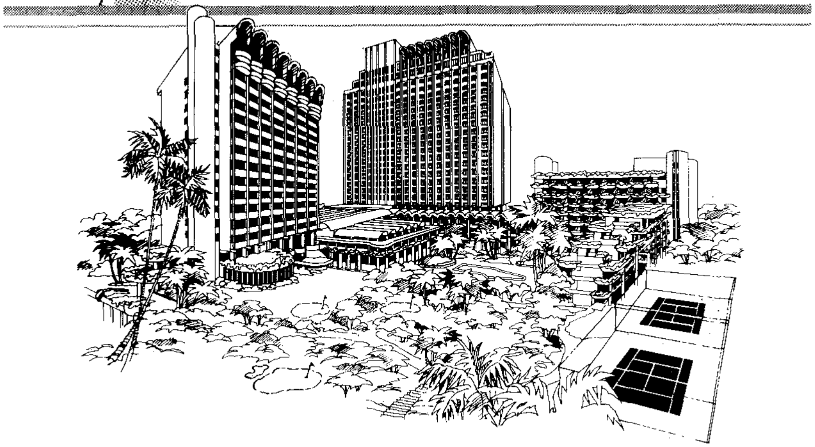

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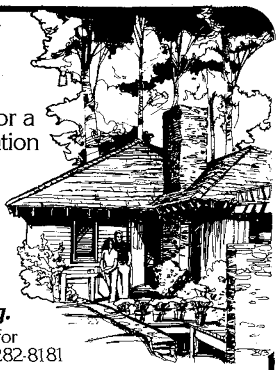

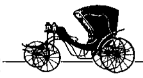

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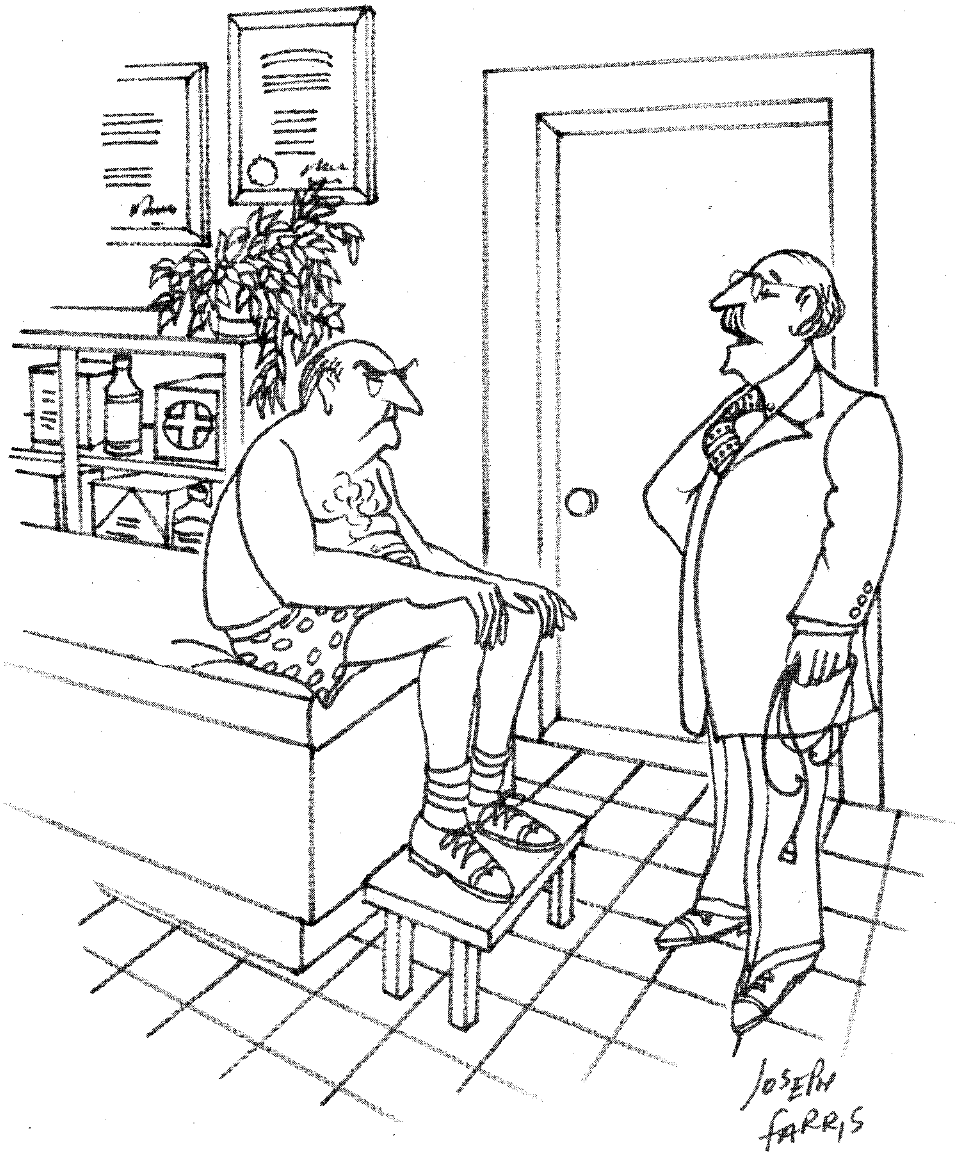
WHEN Sergio Leone's epic "Once Upon a Time in America" opened here in June, 1984, in a studio-hacked-down version (cut from three hours and forty-seven minutes to two hours and fifteen minutes), it seemed so incoherently bad that I didn't see how the full-length film could be anything but longer. A few weeks later, though, the studio people let me look at it, and I was amazed at the difference. I don't believe I've ever seen a worse case of mutilation. In the full version, the plot, which spans almost a half century, was still somewhat shaky, but Robert De Niro's performance as the Jewish gangster, Noodles, took hold, and the picture had a dreamy obsessiveness. I was excited about it and expected to review it a few weeks later, when it was to be released. But the opening was postponed, the weeks stretched into months, and by the time the full (or reasonably complete) epic showed at the New York Film Festival and began slipping into a few theatres, other films were making a more urgent claim.

There's a special reason it lacked urgency: like the rest of Sergio Leone's work, "Once Upon a Time in America" has no immediacy, no present tense. And being in many ways a culmination of his career it's probably the least anchored of his films. Leone, who grew up in the Italian studio world (his father, Vincenzo Leone, was a pioneer director), isn't interested in observing the actual world—it probably seems too small and confining. He's involved in his childhood fixations about movies—stories enlarged, simplified, mythicized. (He only makes epics.) There's no irony in the title: he uproots American Westerns and gangster pictures and turns them into fairy tales and fantasies. In this movie (which is reopening here in June, and is also now available on two cassettes), a Jewish deli on the Lower East Side in 1921 is on a street as broad as Park Avenue and has a storeroom the size of a football field. Leone doesn't care about the fact that it was the crowded, constricting buildings that drove the kids into the streets. He directs as if he had all the time in the world, and he has no interest in making his characters lifelike; he inflates their gestures and slows down their actions—every lick of the lips is important.



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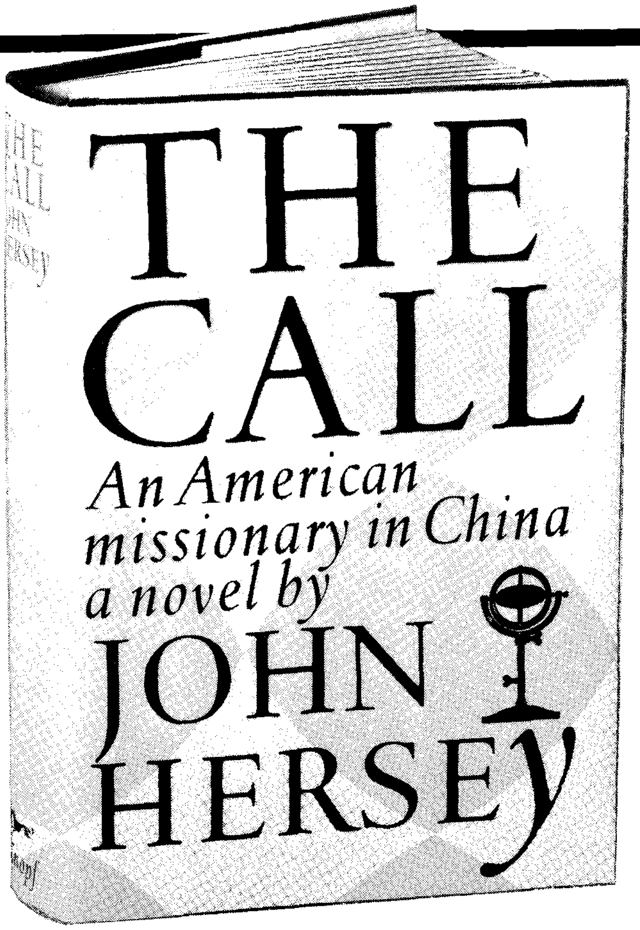
After we've seen conventional gangster pictures, the characters may become enlarged in our memories because of what they do and how the actors look as they're doing it. Leone doesn't bother to develop the characters—to him, they're mythic as soon as he puts them on the screen. And in this movie, though he gives almost an hour to the childhood years of his gang of six Jewish boys (and a couple of girls), the camera solemnizes and celebrates these kids of ten and twelve and fourteen from the start. It's like watching the flamboyant childhood of the gods. In a sense, what Leone gives us is predigested reveries; it's escapism at a further remove—a dream-begotten dream, but a feverish one, intensified by sadism, irrational passions, vengeance, and operatic savagery. (In the genre he created, the spaghetti Western, the protagonist didn't wait for his enemies to draw; he shot first.) Leone has found the right metaphor here: the movie begins and ends in an opium den, where Noodles puffs on a pipe while episodes of his life of killings and rapes and massacres drift by and a telephone rings somewhere in the past. The action is set in 1921, 1933, and 1968—but not in that order.

In its full length, the movie has a tidal pull back toward the earliest memories, and an elegiac tone. Partly, I think, this is the result of De Niro's measured performance. He makes you feel the weight of Noodles' early experiences and his disappointment in himself. He makes you feel that Noodles never forgets the past, and it's his allencompassing guilt that holds the film's different sections together. De Niro was offered his choice of the two leading roles—Max, the go-getter, the tricky, hothead boss of the group, and the watchful, indecisive Noodles, the loser, who spends the years from 1921 to 1933 in prison. I respect De Niro's decision, because he may have thought that the passive Noodles, whose urges explode in bursts of aggression against women, would be a reach, would test him. But I think he made a mistake in terms of what was best for the movie, which, despite its hypnotic bravura, lacks the force at its center that a somewhere-between-twenty-one-and-forty-five-million-dollar epic (depending on who is asked) needs. James Woods, who plays Max, dominated the short version; he actually provided its brighter moments, and it's a sad thing when you go to a movie and look forward to seeing James Woods, whose specialty is acting feral. In the full version, De Niro gives the film its dimensions. He keeps a tiny flame alive in his eyes, and his performance builds, but Leone doesn't provide what seems essential: a collision between Noodles and Max—or, at least, some development of the psychosexual tensions that are hinted at. (When Noodles and Max are young teen-agers and are murderously beaten by a rival gang, Noodles lies writhing and Max crawls toward him—it's like Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck at the end of "Duel in the Sun.") The film's theme is the betrayal of the immigrants' dream of America; Max—ever greedy for more money, more power—represents the betrayer. By leaving the two men's competition and love-hate as just an undercurrent, the film chokes off its dramatic core. And Noodles often seems to be contemplating his life instead of living it. He's at his most assured—he comes into his own—when Noodles is about sixty; there's something old about him from the start. (No one is less likely to be called Noodles.)

Leone wants the characters to be as big as the characters he saw on the screen when he was a child, and he tries to produce that effect with looming closeups and heroic gestures; the key thing for his actors is to have the right look. Yet, despite his having breathed and talked this movie for almost ten years before he started production, he made some flagrant mistakes when he got down to the casting. After you've seen his "Once Upon a Time in the West," you can't get the



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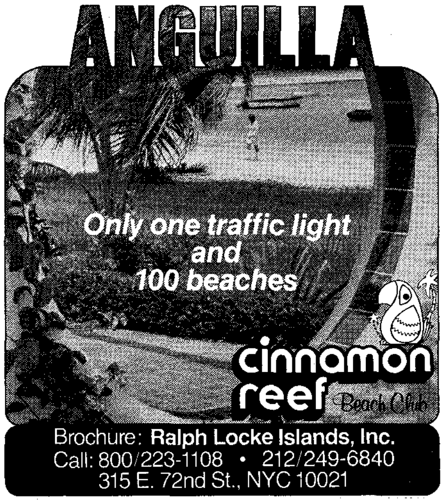

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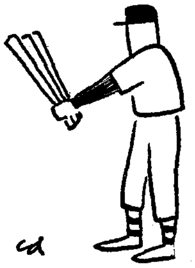
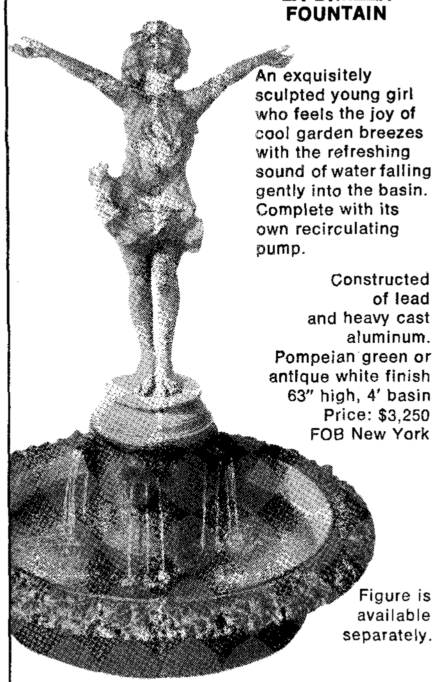
iconographic faces (Henry Fonda, Charles Bronson, Jason Robards, Woody Strode, Claudia Cardinale, Jack Elam, and all the others) out of your mind. But it's almost impossible to visualize all of the five adult gang members in "America," even right after you've seen the movie. Worse, they don't have the basic movie-gangster characteristic: they don't emanate danger. And although Deborah, the dancer-actress that Noodles loves all his life, is marvellously vivid in her young girlhood, when she's played by Jennifer Connelly (who's so clear-eyed she walks away with the twenties passages), the role of the adult Deborah is taken over by Elizabeth McGovern, who's classically miscast. McGovern's hairstyle is ferocious, she's unflatteringly photographed, and she moves like a woman who has never got used to being tall. She looks dispirited, and the flair she shows in her comedy roles isn't visible—she's so bad you feel sorry for her. (She's also the victim of a glitch in the film's time scheme: Deborah goes off to Hollywood in 1933, and then we learn in 1968 that she's now a big star.) McGovern's inability to live up to the idea that she's De Niro's great love weakens the film's showpiece romantic sequence, set in a vast Art Deco oceanfront restaurant on Long Island—a restaurant that is closed for the season but that Noodles has rented for the evening, with a full staff and a dance orchestra. The scene is meant to reveal Noodles' yearning nature; it's clear that Leone was thinking about Gatsby and lost dreams.

The other actresses fare much better. Tuesday Weld is in peak form as a nympho moll who becomes Max's girl. She isn't doing that anomic acting that made her tedious in films like "Play It As It Lays" and "Who'll Stop the Rain;" she looks great, and she has a gleam of perversity. She brings the film some snap and humor, and Woods has his best scene when he's elated at showing the other guys how little she means to him—it may be the best scene he has ever played. And, as a young woman that Noodles takes up with, Darlanne Fleugel is Art Deco incarnate; streamlined and blond, she wears her sleek thirties gowns with spectacular ease. Her performance is simple and in beautiful control, and De Niro has a relaxed elegance around her. The film could have used much more of her; she sets off its architectural motifs—its arches and scallop shapes.



Unlike Westerns, where everything is even literally out in the open, gangster movies have a special appeal: we want to know more about the concealed lives of these hidden outlaws, and how they work. (That was part of the excitement of the "Godfather" pictures—the fullness of the crime-family details.) Leone doesn't have enough interest in the real world to make the gang's dealings with bigger mobs and its union tie-ins even halfway intelligible. That's a real disappointment. You can't figure out the logistics of the crimes; you don't know what's going on. What's probably going on is that Leone, with his dislocated myths, is like Noodles amid the poppy fumes—he's running old movies in his head. There's nothing in the movie to differentiate Jewish crime from Italian crime or any other kind. Leone's vision of Jewish gangsters is a joke. As a friend of mine put it, "it wasn't just that you never had the feeling that they were Jewish—you never had the feeling that they were anything."

The movie isn't really about America or about Jewish gangsters. But you can see why Leone was drawn to the subject: it was to create his wide-screen dreamland view of the Lower East Side. That setting, filmed partly on a Brooklyn street near the waterfront, with the Williamsburg Bridge in the background, partly in Montreal, and partly on constructed sets in Rome, made it possible for him to transmute the Lower East Side settings of American gangster films—to give the genre a richer, more luxuriant visual texture. It's typical of Leone's grandiloquent style that the opium den, in the back room of a Chinese theatre, is sumptuous and large. And the Long Island restaurant that we see is impossibly lyrical and grand (the building is actually the Excelsior Hotel in Venice); it has to be archetypal for Leone, and it has to have an aura. Even though some of what he shows you defies common sense, visually he justifies his lust for the largest scale imaginable. He uses deep focus to draw details from the backgrounds into your awareness. The film is drenched in atmosphere, and you see more and more in the wide frames. You see howlers, too. One of my



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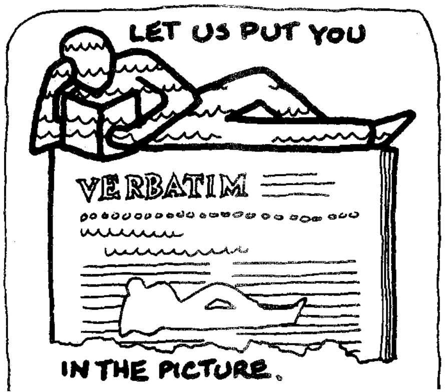

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favorites is the gang's storing its booty of a million dollars in a locker in Grand Central in the twenties and Noodles' going to retrieve it in the thirties. But I imagine that if anybody had explained to Leone that those lockers were cleared every seventy-two hours he'd have brushed the fact aside as mere realism.

Just about all the incidents (including the palatial rented restaurant and the loot in the locker) echo scenes in Hollywood's gangster movies. There's the heart-tugger: the youngest and littlest member of the gang is the first to be killed. There's the black-humor gag: Max drives a hearse to pick up Noodles at the penitentiary gates, with a hooker who's ready and waiting stowed in a coffin. About all that's missing is that Noodles, being Jewish, doesn't have a boyhood friend who becomes a priest. Leone reworks the old scenes and embroiders on them. Our group of gangsters meet Tuesday Weld (and Noodles rapes her) in the course of an out-of-town robbery, when they're wearing hankies over their faces; when they encounter her again in New York, they reintroduce themselves by tying their hankies on their faces. (The fellows ask her to guess which one raped her, and they unzip.)

The movie might seem a compendium of kitsch—in a certain sense, it is. But it's kitsch aestheticized by someone who loves it and sees it as the poetry of the masses. It isn't just the echoing moments that keep you absorbed. It's those reverberant dreamland settings and Leone's majestic, billowing sense of film movement; the images seem to come at you in waves of feeling. Despite the film's miscasting and its craziness, Leone sustains the moods for an almost incredible three hours and forty-seven minutes—most of it unusually quiet. The movie has a pulse; it's alive. But not now. It's alive in some golden-brown past of the imagination. —PAULINE KAEL

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TARDIEST TEARS OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oneonta (N.Y.) Daily Star*]

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Edgar Allan Poe, the poet and short-story writer, died in Baltimore in 1849.

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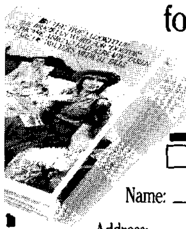

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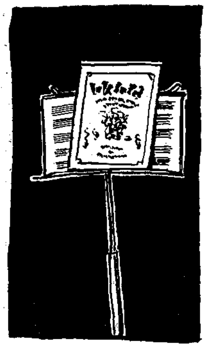
MUSICAL EVENTS

Courtesy, Humanity, Hardiness

THE Baltimore Symphony, conducted by David Zinman, gave a pleasing concert in Carnegie Hall on Sunday last week. It began with Charles Wuorinen's "Crossfire," commissioned by the orchestra, which had had its première, in Baltimore, three days earlier. This is a brilliant, energetic score, dominated (at any rate in this performance) by the utterances of the brasses, and it becomes increasingly interesting when, toward the close, there are surprises of texture, of gait, and of harmony. It lasts eleven minutes. The composer (in a program note) calls it "extroverted, direct, *allegro*." He also writes of "two distinct layers of music . . . juxtaposed and indirect," but these were not easily discerned by the ear.

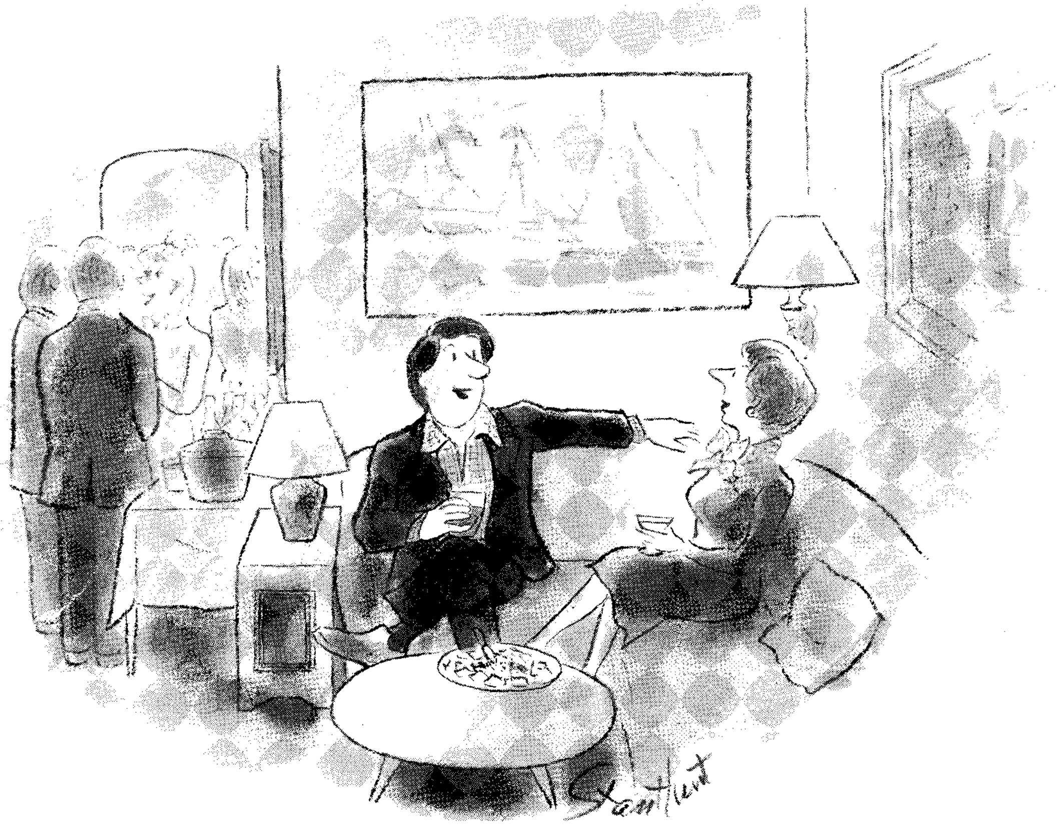
Dvořák's Violin Concerto followed. It's not a work that has meant much to me in the past, so this extraordinarily poetic performance had a revelatory quality. Joseph Silverstein, the soloist, showed his mastery of romantic style from the start, shaping the triplets of the main theme not evenly but eloquently. Soloist, conductor, and orchestra were as one in their presentation of a score unconventionally fashioned and warmly felt. Their manner was not effusive, not splurgy; the emotion rang true and ran deep. They were more moving because there was a touch of reticence in the interpretation. There are people for whom "romantic" is almost a dirty word, who tend to sympathize with the heroine of Strauss's "Intermezzo" exclaiming against "the conductor who, to amuse a well-fed audience, lays bare his burning passions in 4/4 time! Disgusting!" There are interpreters who seem, as it were, to tenderly part leaves so that we can admire the blossoms beneath; others, of the same works, who seem to thrust full-blown flowers into our faces. (One might push the metaphor to cover "analytical" performers who seem to offer desiccated and dissected flowers, tidily mounted.) But one can't generalize: some scores positively ask for uninhibited, gaudy treatment; others respond in different, complementary ways to different manners of approach. I miss Edwin Fischer, and miss Bruno Walter, but last week approved of Willem Mengelberg's turbulence in Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony (on record), and three seasons ago—to take an extreme example—was bowled over by Leonard Bernstein's heart-on-sleeve account of the "Enigma" Variations. At any rate, previous performances of the Dvořák concerto—I've not heard many—now seem to me to have been either underinterpreted or overplushed. Previously, I'd admired Mr. Zinman mainly as a polished conductor of *galant* and early-classical music. This Dvořák showed why enthusiastic accounts of his Mahler have reached us from Baltimore. The combination of emotion and distinction, of enthusiasm and discipline was uncommonly impressive. Mr. Silverstein's savoring of the difference between the quarter note and the two eighth notes which alternately top the second strain of the concerto was one memorable detail among many. The dynamic levels of the performance were "European" rather than those customary in America's giant auditoriums: there was no pumping up of the tone; one had to *listen*—but in Carnegie's fine acoustics listeners hear well. One cavil: the woodwinds weren't bright enough. The first oboe in his duetting with the soloist and the first bassoon in his were shy. The flute's Mozartian tune in E major and the oboe's A-major answer were not forward; the delightful episode (which doesn't return, though one hopes it will) made less than its due effect. The orchestra's home, Meyerhoff Hall, has closer, brighter acoustics than Carnegie; perhaps the players hadn't allowed sufficiently for the "mellowing" effect of the larger space.



The concert closed with Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. In my pocket score of the piece I've pencilled a record of the more notable performances heard over the years, among them Furtwängler's with the Philharmonia, which was deep-toned, personal, and vibrant, and Szell's with the Cleveland, which was magnificently exact and no less impressive. I met Furtwängler for the first time after that performance of the Concerto for Orchestra, and he gave me what was left of the baton he'd broken while conducting it; I used it thereafter whenever I conducted. Another associative glow played on me during the Baltimore performance: misled by misinformation in the printed score ("First performance on December 1st, 1944, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, at Carnegie Hall, New York"), I imagined that I was hearing the Concerto for Orchestra in the place where it had first been played. (The première, in fact, was given in Boston, the first Carnegie performance a month later.) Associative glows may quicken a listener's attention, but they don't affect critical assessment. By the most objective standards, Mr. Zinman's performance was remarkable: for its colors, its control, and its contrapuntal force. Performances of the Concerto for Orchestra often stress orchestral virtuosity. It is an extraordinary masterpiece—a work as detailed and intimate as a string quartet, yet one that glances at Stravinsky, Shostakovich, Strauss in episodes that constitute a critique of twentieth-century orchestral manners. Not only in the raspberries blown at the "Leningrad" Symphony but also in subtle and appreciative ways does it comment on big-orchestra repertory (in the years before the enthronement of Mahler), big-orchestra prowess, and concert-hall taste. But, above all, the Concerto for Orchestra is rich, individual music. The Baltimore performance made much of the play of theme against theme, timbre against timbre, rhythm against rhythm. It was not obviously but inwardly high-powered. It left one thinking not so much "What a stunning orchestra!" as "What a marvellous work!" That's meant as high praise. The orchestra looks young. It sounds fresh and lively. There's no conceit, no ostentation in its playing, but rapt, keen attention to the work in hand.

ON Monday, the Toronto Symphony, conducted by Andrew Davis, came to Carnegie, to give two concerts on consecutive days. The second of them began with Bartók's Divertimento, played by the full string body; the composer sanctioned such forces, although he wrote the work for the Basle Chamber Orchestra. There was no heaviness in the Toronto playing, plenty of energy, and brilliance in the finale. But for this sinewy music I prefer the leaner sound of a small band. Mr. Davis had ranged his eight double-basses evenly across the back of the platform, in their traditional place, to provide a solid Brahmsian foundation for the score. They moved back to the modern position, far right, for the next work, R. Murray Schafer's "The Garden of the Heart," which received its American première. Schafer is always a surprising composer. The surprise here was encountering kitsch. "The Garden of the Heart" (1980) is a setting for contralto and large orchestra, twenty-two minutes long, of a text the composer derived from "The Thousand and One Nights": "The nightingale makes her sweet complaint. . . . The flowers are fairer than the lips of the beloved. . . . Streams move through the grass like silver snakes. . . . The south wind murmurs like a flute, and the west wind blows languishing." The lines are lapped in the lush clichés of early-twentieth-century exoticism: Ravel with rose-water; Delius's "Hassan" music laced with honey; melodic arabesques, whole-tone and pentatonic scales, gongs, chimes, tinkles. The performance was appropriately colorful. Maureen Forrester, although taxed now by some of the higher phrases, sang warmly and ripely.

Brahms' Fourth Symphony followed. Feeling rather as if I'd eaten a box of Turkish delight, I couldn't face it. In any case, the Cleveland Orchestra was due the next day, with another performance of the Bartók Divertimento, and Brahms' D-Minor Concerto.

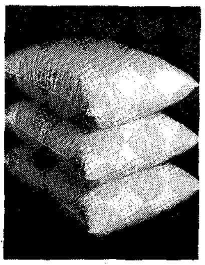


"Well, I was a blue-collar worker and then I became a white-collar worker, but now I'm pursuing my original interest of not working at all."

• •

THE Aspen Wind Quintet, winner of the 1984 Naumburg Chamber Music Award, gave its victory concert in Alice Tully Hall this month. The program included the New York première of Hans Abrahamsen's "Walden" (1978), which, like everything else I've heard by this young Danish composer (he was born in 1952), proved to be an attractive and poetic composition. Thoreau provided inspiration for music straightforward and honest in its statements, stripped of superfluities, simple in its communicativeness, yet subtle in its thought. Nature seems to be present, in the form of stirrings, cycles, and marked rhythms—like those of sleepy birds, crickets, tree frogs on a hot, still night—not measured by the regular tick of man's clock. The world of men is not forgotten: horn calls steal from afar. The audience is invited to be still, and to listen intently. I mustn't make it sound *too* simple. Abrahamsen was part of a movement called "the new simplicity" but has nothing in common with the mechanical repetitiveness and busy insistence of urban minimalism. He works here in silverpoint, not acrylics. Every detail tells.

Each year, there is a Naumburg commission for the winning ensemble (and some excellent works have resulted, among them John Harbison's Wind Quintet, for the Aulos). The Aspen commission was Frank Zappa's "Time's Beach." Zappa doesn't make it into John Rockwell's "All American Music" or into the New Grove (Francesco Zappa, an eighteenth-century cellist-composer, is there), but he does get one long sentence in Charles Hamm's "Music in the New World," which tells us that Varèse is one of Zappa's favorite composers, that his band the Mothers of Invention "included several players with extensive classical training and experience," and that the album "Freak Out" (1966) and its successors contained "music of greater rhythmic and structural complexity than had yet been accepted into popular music." Now that Boulez has championed Zappa, by conducting and recording his music with the Ensemble InterContemporain, I suppose we'll be hearing more of him at Lincoln Center. I couldn't make anything at all of "Time's Beach." It seemed to be quite unidiomatic in its writing for the instruments—undifferentiated in a way that turned long stretches into horn with scurrying woodwind accompaniments—and metrically intricate in ways more readily compassable by Zappa's own electronic synthesizer, the Barking Pumpkin Digital Gratification Consort of the Utility Muffin Research Kitchen, than by mere live instrumentalists. The Aspen Quintet essayed only four of the five movements and seemed to be wrestling with them bravely. The Abrahamsen,



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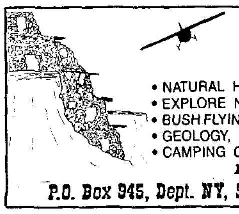

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which is composed with a sure, delicate ear for individual sonorities and characters, Paul Taffanel's Quintet (1880), which is more pleasing for polished, exquisite instrumental manners than for any great strength of invention (Taffanel was the father of modern French flute playing), and Villa-Lobos's bright Quintette en Forme de Chôros (1928, revised in 1953) gave the players more chance to show their merits. They are a good group, even though the flute, while admirably steady, her tone unpolluted by the ceaseless wobble that so many players affect, is not quite strong enough to top the ensemble.

NEW music must take precedence of old; but, baffled and bored by the Zappa, I felt sorry that I hadn't slipped up the road after the Abrahamsen to Merkin Hall, where Pomerium Musices was celebrating the quatercentenary of Heinrich Schütz's birth. Schütz is never boring. He inspires unfailing awe, wonder, and delight. During a long life, he poured out a stream of masterpieces—some large, some small—inexhaustible, always refreshing. Like many of the great composers—Isaac, Handel, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Wagner—he reconciled the best of Italy and of Germany. He turned words into music that makes texts glow with new intensity. He never staled, and in old age wrote works as youthfully zestful as Verdi's "Falstaff." Though with a pang I passed up the Pomerium concert, three days later there was more Schütz in Merkin: the Sine Nomine Singers, conducted by Harry Saltzman, sang two of his best-known works, the St. John Passion (1665), in English, and the "Musikalische Exequien" (1636), in German.

Brahms conducted Schütz's dramatic "Saul, Saul" in Vienna in 1864. Hans Joachim Moser's big Schütz biography appeared in 1936. (In it he described "Saul, Saul" with tumbling phrases of enthusiasm: "A pinnacle of old music; a piece of spectral dramatic art; a distant whispering and rustling, the approaching threat, the roaring, the nightmare of a colossal cloud shadow finally dissipating itself specterlike into the mist, as it had begun like the inescapable voice of conscience.") But the wider rediscovery of Schütz began only in the fifties, aided by long-playing records and by the Schütz festivals sponsored by the publisher Bärenreiter, which in

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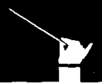

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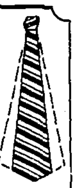

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1955 embarked on a new edition of the Complete Works. I first heard the Exequies "live" in the great church of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, at the inaugural concert of Roger Norrington's Heinrich Schütz Choir, in 1962, and likened it to a seventeenth-century "Dream of Gerontius." It was composed for a princely funeral. A "composition in the form of a German funeral Mass" is built on the texts the prince had had inscribed on his sarcophagus—an unbroken sequence of moving ensembles, solos, and choruses. There is a double-choir motet. Then the "voices on earth" sing the Nunc Dimittis while in the distance—as it were, from Heaven—the voice of the departed prince, baritone, joins with two soprano seraphim to sing "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

There are churches in New York better suited to the work, acoustically and spiritually, than Merkin Hall is. The Exequies lost something in emotive power. There could be only small separation between the two choirs. The Heavenly trio stole in not from on high but from the wings. Nevertheless, it was a gravely beautiful performance. Schütz disliked gabbled performances—what he called "*eine* Battaglia di Mosche, *oder Fliegenkrieg*" (a battle of flies). Mr. Saltzman set easy, flowing tempi that allowed the words and the movement of the harmonies to tell. The voices were well balanced and true. Sometimes one wanted a little more emotional force in the declamation. The little organ didn't always sound quite in tune: perhaps the hot night had ruffled some of its ranks; perhaps the choir was instinctively adopting juster intonation than a machine can manage. The unaccompanied Passion was very well done, in a manner that combined drama with formality. The soloists in both works were drawn from the choral ranks. The contralto Harriet Kapner delivered one of the funeral sentences with outstanding fervor. Gregory Purnhagen was an exceptional Evangelist—his tenor clear, free, and beautiful in timbre, his words distinct, his phrasing sensitive.

—ANDREW PORTER

◆

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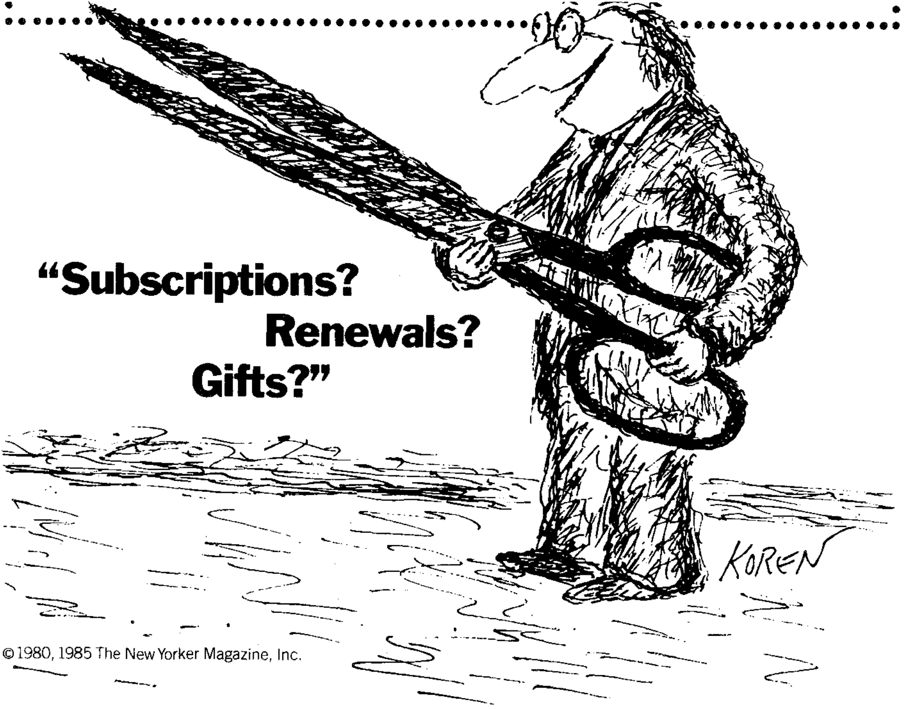
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REFLECTIONS

MANIFEST DESTINY

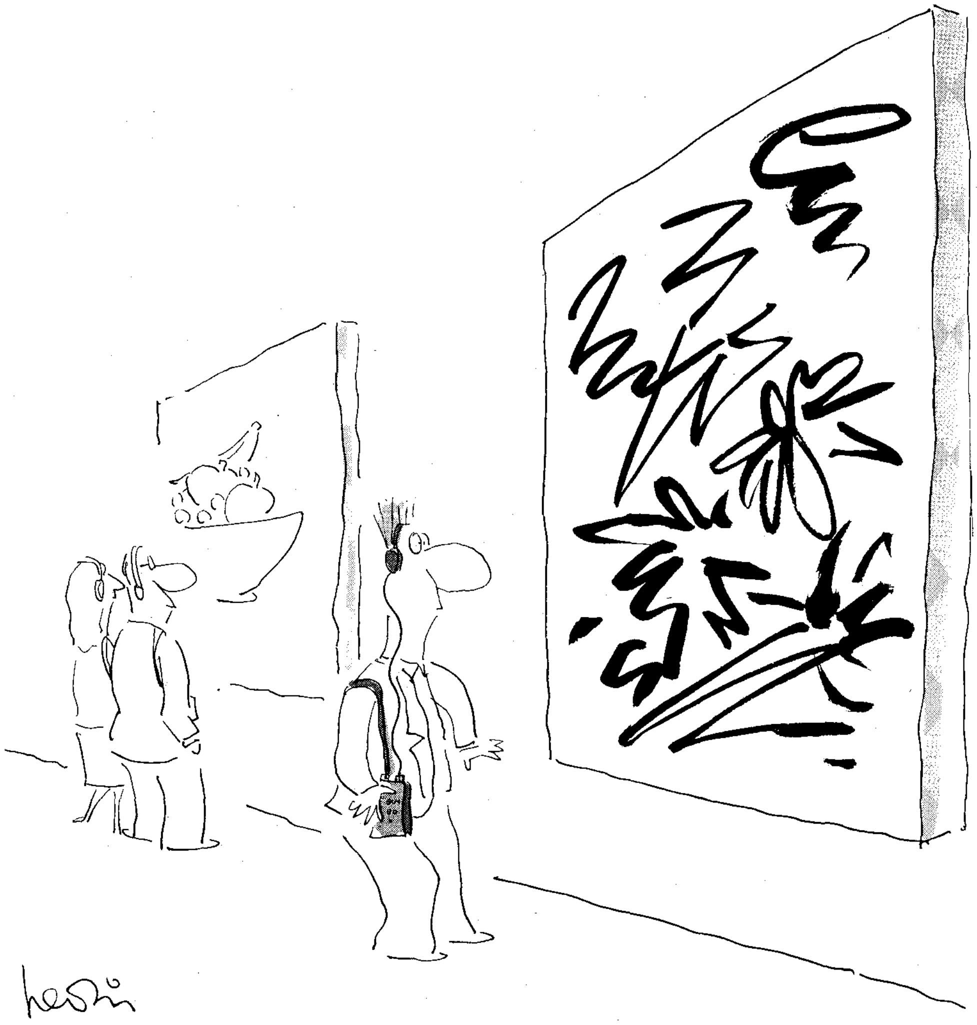
"AS civilization has advanced, it has become more and more necessary that wars should be fought for ideas," the historian Quincy Wright once remarked. In the history of relations between the United States and the Central American nations, it is remarkable how very little has changed in the relationship itself, while the reasons given to justify American policy have moved from the candid and unilateral declaration of interest of the Monroe Doctrine, in 1823, to the ideological arguments of the present day—those of defense of democracy and opposition to Marxism.

The declaration by James Monroe concerned the threat of restored Spanish power in Latin America but also made reference to the settlement of Russian and British claims in the Northwest. President Monroe said, "The occasion has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

It is a doctrine with no standing in international law, but it has generally been respected, or enforced, during more than a century and a half. It expresses with economy, not to say elegance, the legitimate concern of the United States with respect to Nicaragua today—that it not become the dependency of a foreign power. The United States, however, is not, and has not been, content merely to interdict foreign interference in the Americas, leaving to their own fortunes the American states "who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged"—to quote Monroe again. In Central America, it has persistently and successfully imposed its will upon these countries, nominating or overturning their governments, often sponsoring uprisings against governments judged by Washington to be unsatisfactory. What is remarkable about the present trouble between the United States and Nicaragua is not that it is new—a consequence of the Sandinista Revolution of 1979, Soviet support for that revolution, and the particular outlook of the Reagan Administration in Washington—but that it is old. The normal relationship between the United States and Nicaragua since the latter became independent has been Nicaragua's subordination by the United States.

Washington's domination has only infrequently and briefly been challenged. The Nicaraguans have sporadically struggled against it, and have looked, without lasting success, for some outside power to support them against the influence of Washington. The propriety and morality of United States policy toward Central America have fitfully been debated by Americans, in scarcely changing terms, since before the beginning of this century. The essentials of what has been said in congressional debate in recent weeks and months could as well have been heard in the nineteen-thirties or the eighteen-forties. The case for withdrawal of the United States Marines occupying Nicaragua was a set subject of debate in the high schools of the United States during the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties.

WHATEVER the merits of the case against the direct use of United States power to control the Central American states, the case for it prevailed in Washington under the successive Presidencies of Theodore Roosevelt (notably in the matter of Panama), William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding, Calvin Coolidge, and Herbert Hoover. The Somoza family, as clients of the United States, enjoyed the favor, albeit disdainfully accorded, of Franklin Roosevelt (who said of the then ruling Somoza that "he may be a son of a bitch, but he's our son of a bitch"), Harry Truman, Dwight



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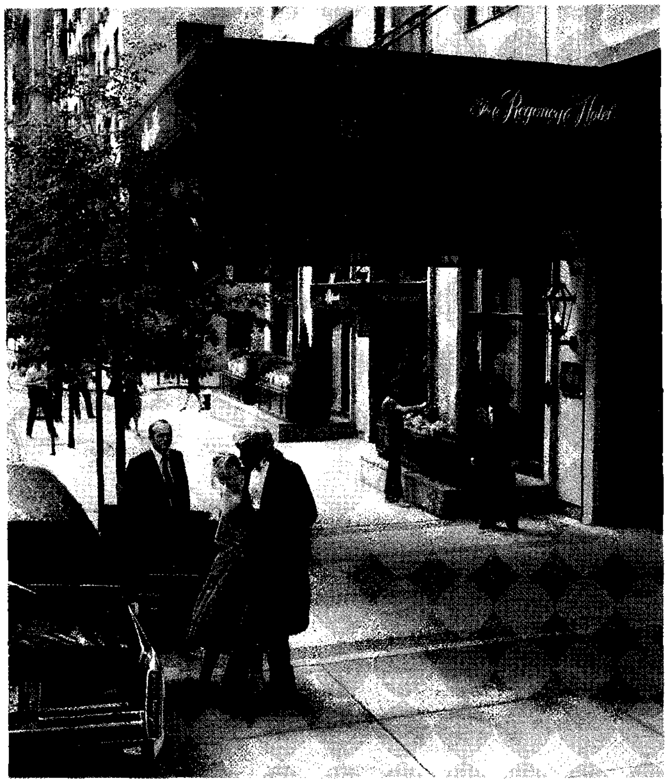

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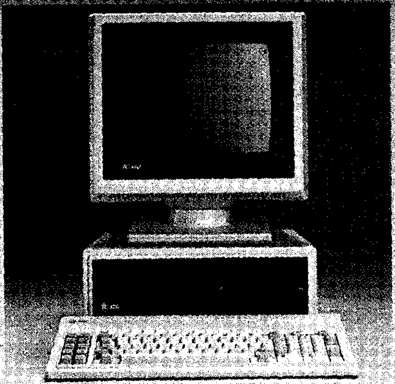

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Eisenhower, John Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter. Only Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt, who lent support to a short-lived liberal government, and Carter, who offered support to the Sandinistas when they arrived in power in 1979, made stabs at something new. President Reagan cannot be accused of innovation in the conduct of United States policy toward Nicaragua. Those who believe that the long-established policy of the United States will, or can, be changed are the ones to prove their case.

The United States, from the time of Henry Clay, interested itself in the possibility of a trans-isthmian canal through Nicaragua, from the Mosquito coast, on the Atlantic, by way of the San Juan River to the Lake of Nicaragua, and across the Isthmus of Rivas to the Pacific. Nicaragua had obtained a precarious independence in 1838, following the decline of Spanish power, a short and tumultuous subordination by Mexico, and federation with the other Central American states. Britain disputed control of the Mosquito coast, whose principal inhabitants, the Miskito Indians, resisted Nicaraguan authority throughout the nineteenth century, and today are prominent among the Contras. Britain had named itself protector of these Indians in 1655 and subsequently made several attempts to implant colonies in their region. Its claims provoked a clash with the United States in 1848, and this led to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty in 1850, by which both governments obligated themselves not to "occupy, or fortify, or colonize or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America" (the longstanding existence of British Honduras—now Belize—having been accepted as a fait accompli).

Washington's interest in a Nicaraguan canal intensified when gold was discovered in California. Several more or less free-lance interventions into Nicaraguan affairs followed, producing a successful seizure of power in 1855 by an American freebooter, William Walker, of Tennessee, who was given diplomatic recognition by the United States, and who legalized slavery in Nicaragua. He was expelled by the combined intervention of the neighboring states after he lost the support of one of his financial backers, Cornelius Vanderbilt.

These events took place to the accompaniment of domestic turmoil in Nicaragua which was more severe than in any other Central American country, and of repeated collisions between Nicaragua and Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, and Costa Rica. The country never enjoyed a reputation for serious government. Its rulers during the Spanish period were described by a nineteenth-century British writer as "the first . . . a murderer, the second a murderer and rebel, the third murdered the second, the fourth was a forger, the fifth a murderer and rebel." There was intermittent tension between the Miskito Indians and the Nicaraguans as the Nicaraguans fought with their neighbors and with one another.

Washington observed this with disfavor, but direct intervention by the United States awaited the twentieth century. It was provoked by the execution, in 1909, of two Americans—Contras of their day—who had been fighting in an insurrection against the revolutionary government of José Santos Zelaya, of which Washington disapproved. American cruisers were dispatched, and diplomatic relations with Managua were broken; the American Secretary of State described the Zelaya government as "a blot on the history" of Nicaragua. The United States Marines landed in 1910, officially to protect American property, but with the practical effect of enabling the conservative insurrection to overthrow the government.

The United States supervised the installation of a new President, attentive to its interests, and the Marines returned in 1912 to protect him from a counter-revolution. The United States oversaw fiscal reform, and customs collection was entrusted to an American officer. American bankers were accorded control of the national railways. The Marines remained. Guerrilla resistance to this government and its successors, and to the Marines, continued fitfully until 1933, and in that year the Marines were finally withdrawn after more than a hundred of them had been killed in various hostile actions. The last and most vigorous of the guerrilla leaders was Augusto César Sandino, who was killed in 1934 and earned his memorial in the name that the present revolutionary leaders of Nicaragua have given to their movement. He was described at the time by the United States

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Embassy in Managua as "an erratic Nicaraguan about thirty years of age with wild Communist ideas acquired largely in Mexico."

Previously, a liberal government that had taken power in 1928 had soon foundered. The commander of the American-trained National Guard, Anastasio Somoza García, seized power. He was succeeded by his elder son, Luis, and the family ruled the country until 1979. The United States accorded its approbation to the Somozas until it became apparent, in 1978-79, that only military intervention would keep them in power. The surviving Somoza, the West Point-educated Anastasio Somoza Debayle, was abandoned to his fate, and Washington welcomed the revolutionary Sandinista government, on condition that it meet a standard of democratic conduct which it had not theretofore been thought expedient to ask of the Somozas. The new government has not done so. Thus we are where we are today, which is approximately where we were in 1909.

THERE are three significant differences between then and now. There is today Soviet Russian support for the Sandinista government—a means to the expansion of Soviet influence and a source of political, and limited military, reinforcement for the Nicaraguan authorities. "Central America is West. The East must get out," Secretary of State George Shultz declared on April 22nd. There is little new in such a threat. The East will eventually get out. Nothing is to be gained by the Soviet Union in mutable Central America which would justify the costs that the United States could impose. There was once a British threat, and the United States nearly went to war over it. There was a supposed German threat to Central America, Mexico, and the Canal Zone in 1917 and again in 1942. During the nineteen-fifties, there was a fugitive rumor in the United States of a Chinese army approaching the Rio Grande, snow on its boots. There is an exotic threat again today. President Ronald Reagan has said that "already the followers of Qaddafi and the Ayatollah Khomeini are in Nicaragua, about two hours by air from United States borders."

A second difference is that Nicaragua possesses a better-educated and more politicized population than before. Under the Sandinistas, according to the Inter-American Development Bank, adult illiteracy has dropped from fifty per cent to twelve per cent, and school enrollment has doubled. Another United States military intervention, which the Department of Defense has said cannot be ruled out, could prove more difficult than the Marine Corps interventions of a simpler time. On the other hand, the comparison, often offered by the opponents of Mr. Reagan's policy, of a potential Nicaraguan resistance with that of the Vietnamese twenty years ago is not really convincing. Vietnam has a population of nearly sixty million people; the population of Nicaragua is just over three million. The United States has more men under arms than the total male population of Nicaragua. After what our Department of Defense chooses to describe as "a military buildup without precedent in Central America . . . with massive assistance from Cuba and the Soviet Union," Nicaragua has a thousand men in its Navy, two thousand in its Air Force, and a regular Army of thirty thousand. There are some eighty thousand reservists or militia, of varying military consequence. The Navy has fifteen vessels, the Air Force twenty-seven airplanes (fourteen of them usable for combat) and thirty-six helicopters, including several of a powerful Soviet ground-attack model. The United States has 2,138,000 people in its active military services, more than ten thousand combat aircraft, and a Navy of five hundred and thirty combat vessels. Numbers are not everything, but in this case they seem enough.

The most important difference between the American interventions of the past and of the present lies in the moral realm. Those who in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries believed that the United States should dominate Nicaragua could argue their case without moral equivocation. The political and cultural assumptions made in American society at the time included belief in the inferiority of "the Latin race" and Roman Catholic civilization, and the superiority of Anglo-Saxons and Protestantism. It was commonly held to be the manifest destiny of the United States to dominate the affairs of Latin America. It was held to be an economic and political necessity for great nations to possess colonies or their equivalent, and it was held that this benefitted the colonized as well, providing them orderly government and progressive reforms; people believed that the resources of a

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country such as Nicaragua were properly to be exploited by those with the energy and enterprise to do it and profit from it. Social Darwinism, an important intellectual force of the time, said that there are "young" and "manly" nations, with a natural right to expand and conquer others in decline—that there is an organic progression in the lives of nations which it is futile to resist.

Mr. Reagan and his associates, and the American people, do not today believe such things. A policy of intervention in Nicaraguan domestic affairs must be justified in the language of liberty and national self-determination, in which Americans do, in principle, believe. The contradiction may not be apparent to Mr. Reagan himself, who is not a rigorous thinker, or to his supporters in the press, but contradiction it nonetheless is, and it has a corrosive effect.

That Mr. Reagan's policy is challenged in Congress and in the public debate is inevitable and necessary, but is unlikely to change much. The congressional refusal to fund the Contras may inhibit but cannot halt Mr. Reagan's determination to make the Sandinista authorities submit. There is unofficial money available. The executive in the American system has wide constitutional authority to act, in foreign relations, outside the restraints available to Congress, which in any case is seriously divided on this matter. A week after the House vote that killed United States aid to the Contras, the Administration, by executive order, imposed a total embargo on trade with Nicaragua and terminated the Treaty of Friendship, Commerce, and Navigation which had existed between the two countries. Mr. Reagan declared "a national emergency" because of the "extraordinary threat to the national security" posed by Nicaragua. The Sandinista leaders, by their intolerance and ideological intoxication, risk eventually destroying their own position, as Nicaraguan leaders have persistently done during the country's intermittent episodes of freedom. Mr. Reagan walks the path of his predecessors. History is with him. The Nicaraguans know this. Their destiny is to submit.

"Like bone to the human body, and the axle to the wheel, and the song to a bird, and air to the wing, thus is liberty the essence of life," José Martí, the Cuban poet and patriot, wrote. "Whatever is done without it, is imperfect." —WILLIAM PFAFF

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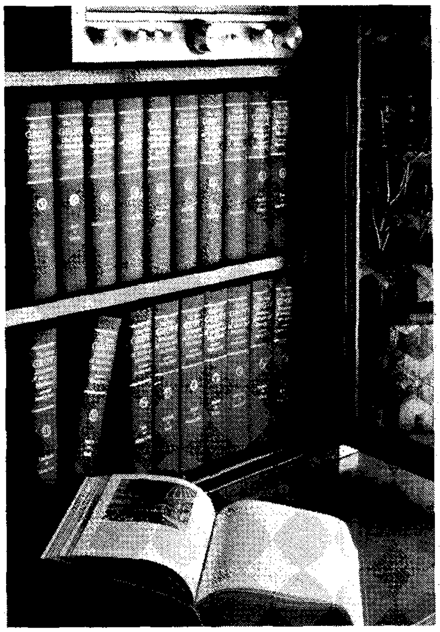

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The Demon Master

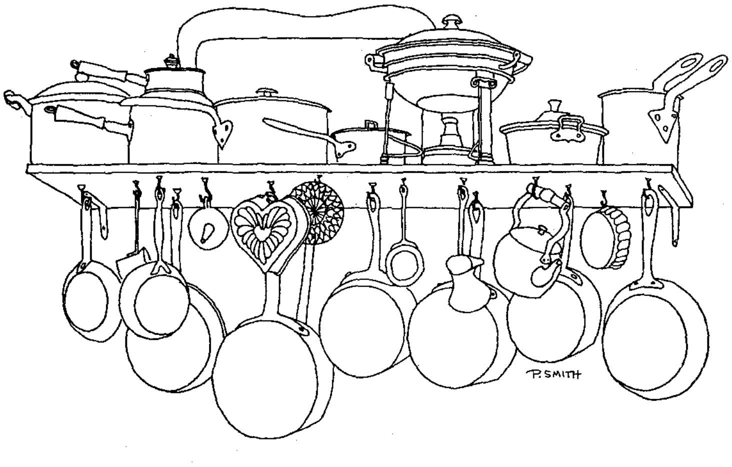
OUR Strindberg is, essentially, the author of two savage plays of sexual conflict, "The Father" and "Miss Julie." His later symbolic dramas and the history plays, which in fact constitute the bulk of his theatrical production, are scarcely available, either in adequate translation or in performance. The native view is altogether different. To a Swedish reader, August Strindberg is one of the preëminent masters of and innovators in the rhetoric and idiomatic strengths of the language. He is a poet, some of whose bitter lyrics have become proverbial. He is a subversive yet also profoundly nationalist chronicler of Swedish history. Strindberg's confessional, satiric, hallucinatory fiction is no less challenging and no less immediate to Swedish sensibility than are the best-known of the plays; such books as "The Red Room," "The New Kingdom," "The People of Hemsö," "Swedish Fates and Adventures" are classics. Sweden also knows Strindberg as an expressionist painter of considerable power, as an obsessed alchemist and adept of the occult. Above all else, perhaps, Strindberg is a figure in the tense history of Swedish social conflicts. The thousands of Stockholm workingmen who in 1909 and 1912 came in torchlit procession to celebrate Strindberg's sixtieth and sixty-third birthdays were honoring the champion of radicalism, the spokesman for the outcast, rather than the writer of genius. It is a virtue of Olof Lagercrantz's superb biography, "August Strindberg," vigorously translated by Anselm Hollo (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25.50), to set Strindberg squarely in a Swedish context and perspective. There is now no further excuse for the selective myopia current in most of Western literary criticism.

Strindberg was a frenetic itinerant. Rather like Rilke, he sought in hotel rooms, boarding houses, and brief rentals the instigations to solitary vision. His three tortured marriages were themselves way stations on that road "To Damascus"—which is the title of one of Strindberg's most revealing dramatic allegories. Time and again, Strindberg turned in sarcasm and fury on his native land, lashing its philistine puritanism, its constrictions of social and political outlook. He spent much of his working life in France and Germany, gasping, as he put it, for fresh air. Yet, in a more telling sense, Strindberg never left home. His inward landscape was that of the quick waters and the islands of the Stockholm Archipelago, of the cold summer light and seas—the landscape in which he had spent his youth and to which he returned in that sleepwalker's spiralling motion which seems particular to many great wanderers in thought and in the arts. No non-Swedish biographer or critic can render, as does Lagercrantz, the spell of those homecomings or the hold on Strindberg's imagination of Swedish history and of the national setting. In the early chapters of this book, the streets of nineteenth-century Stockholm and the marine bustle of port and archipelago (the Strindbergs were involved in shipping and marine engineering) come to convincing life. It is, moreover, a much gentler, more favored life than that depicted in the lurid anger of "The Serving Maid's Son," Strindberg's oblique autobiography. As Lagercrantz shows, the true task of a Strindberg biographer is to discriminate between the mesmeric authenticity of Strindberg's recollective and confessional writings and the actual facts. Again, only an observer thoroughly at home in Swedish sources and himself native to the context can hope to sort things out.

The manic-depressive pulse in Strindberg was coercive. Spells of benevolent, even exalted, empathy could give way, literally overnight, to apocalyptic rage. The dearly beloved could turn, in a brusque compulsion of blackness, into the dreaded vampire, into the "whore" sent to pollute and devour Strindberg's soul. During his Paris sojourn in 1895, an experience reflected in his novel "Inferno," Strindberg was very near indeed to what would usually be called madness. The investigations of the occult, of the parapsychological that play so large a role in the second half of Strindberg's life were never abstract. The "Occult Diary," of which Lagercrantz makes authoritative use, records, often in hallucinatory detail, Strindberg's own "extrasensory" encounters. At some level of nervous transport, far beyond what we know of masturbatory fantasies, Strindberg experienced sexual relations with the absent wives whom he had repudiated. In both "The Dance of Death" and "The Ghost Sonata" this spectral eroticism is made fiercely credible.

But it is one of the virtues of this biography to show with scrupulous tact and documentation the degree to which Strindberg's derangements, and even his bouts of suicidal fury, were put to controlled, productive use. In Strindberg's vertigo lay a central stillness and economy. At their wildest, argues Lagercrantz, Strindberg's confessional, hysterical prose, his records of hellish visions and loathings retain their sheer linguistic order and intent. However manic, experience was translated into lucid, stylistically inventive texts. Sexual hatred, the pressure of nightmare, self-detestation were never squandered. They inspire the work. Paradoxically, perhaps, they enforce upon it an eerie and chill discipline. It may well be that Strindberg's later dramas are *too* controlled.

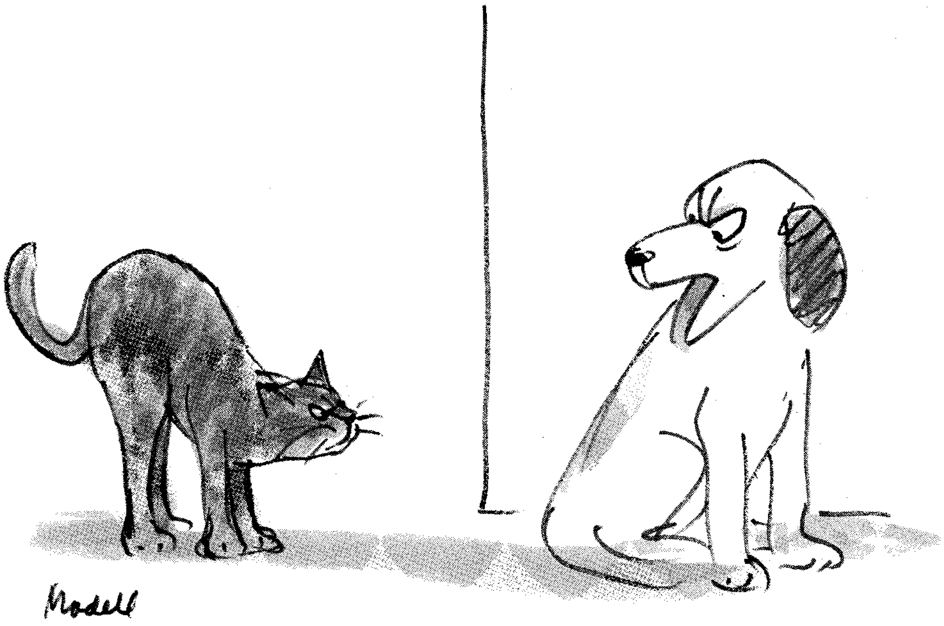
The psychic energies that drove Strindberg near to insanity were, moreover, essential to the fantastic speed and prodigality of his creations. Strindberg took three weeks to write "The Father;" 1889 saw the composition of "The People of Hemsö," "Pariah," "Simoom," some four hundred letters, plus lectures, memoranda, and voluminous personal notes; in February, 1898, in a Paris hotel, Strindberg took



only a few days to set down the exceedingly complex first half of "To Damascus." During the summer of 1888, under domestic circumstances of the most melodramatic and consuming kind, Strindberg managed to produce not only "Miss Julie" but "Creditors," a short drama almost equal to "Miss Julie" in bitter virtuosity, and "The Romantic Sexton of Rånö," one of his finest novellas. Lagercrantz suggests repeatedly that Strindberg's descents into hysteria, into venomous misogyny were at some deliberate level self-induced preliminaries to literary, polemic creation. When Strindberg declared that women are "semi-apes, inferior creatures, sick children, sick and insane thirteen times a year at the time of menstruation, completely out of their minds during pregnancy, and irresponsible during the rest of their life, unconscious criminals, criminal, instinctively malicious animals who do not even know that that is what they are," he was not only seeking to justify his maniacal treatment of his first wife, Siri. He was testing on his own inward ear and nerve ends the images, the rhetoric that made possible "Miss Julie" and "The Dance of Death" and also made possible the plays of Albee and some of the witch women in the fictions of Updike. Like a dervish, Strindberg could spin himself into raging but revelatory trance.

Strindberg was in profoundly admiring contact with Nietzsche shortly before Nietzsche's mental collapse. He precisely echoed some of Nietzsche's final, megalomaniac communications. But Strindberg stayed master of his demons. This strategy of psychic brinkmanship underwrote Strindberg's experiments in chemistry and the philosophy of science. Again, and most notably for those of us who lack Swedish, Lagercrantz's book supersedes all previous accounts. To his contemporaries, and even more so in retrospect, Strindberg's fanatical labors to show that sulfur could be decomposed into more basic elements look like the mania of an amateur Faust. The use and inhalation of chemical substances in the hell's kitchen of hotel lavatories blend all too readily into Strindberg's alcoholism and essays of narcotics. His attempts to enlist the support of eminent scientists, his conviction that his great insights were being denied or muffled by jealous rivals in the academy take on a familiar guise of persecution mania and megalomaniacal bathos. But Lagercrantz shows that much more was at stake. Anticipating current debates in molecular biology—the term now in vogue is "holism"—Strindberg sought to present all organic and inorganic phenomena in the perspective of certain elemental unities. Following on Paracelsus and Goethe, he was obsessed with what one might call a sense of animate monism, of total interrelation between seemingly disparate modes of reality and experience. By Lagercrantz's account, the "Sylva Sylvarum," which Strindberg published, in French, in Paris in January, 1896, must be an astounding work:

> One brilliant observation followed another; Strindberg's intuitive awareness that everything is infinitely interconnected fired its lightning bolts into the great chaos—the starting-point of it all. Strindberg's imagination had gained a new resilience, a new confidence in his ability to see correspondences and parallels between different areas of knowledge. He connected all the kingdoms of nature, but never in a generalizing, pantheistic way: the connections are palpable, concrete. The kingfisher, he claimed, had evolved the brightly coloured, scale-like feathers on its neck and wings by spending many hours sitting and staring down into the water at its prey—the fishes. The mackerel's moiré back reflected wave motions in water, to the extent that one could copy and present them as waves on a canvas. The hoar-frost crystals on trees and blades of grass resembled caterpillars, roses and cauliflower heads: the observation is presented as evidence for a connection between the organic and the inorganic world. The pattern on the wings of the death's-head moth was generated by the fact that the insect frequented sites of execution and graveyards, where it laid its eggs in corpses. The forms of plant-life recur in metals. The sunflower reflects the image of the sun with its disc, rays and spots. Flowers and animals mistake themselves for one another and exchange forms.



"What is it with you, anyway?"

• •

Does this very biography, moreover, not suggest to us certain arresting coincidences? During the fall of 1896, in a period of extreme paranoia, Strindberg lived in the tiny Austrian village of Klam. It is, according to "Inferno," in the ravine at Klam, below the hill dominated by a medieval castle, that Strindberg underwent psychic shocks and sightings of an occult kind. In German, *Schloss* is both "castle" and "lock" (a duality that echoes the English "keep"). The syllable "Klam" suggests "grip," "constraint." That castle, that hill, and "Klamm," used as the name of a key character, will reappear in Kafka's "The Castle," and there are those who believe that it was a photograph of this setting in its association with Strindberg that inspired the locale and structure of Kafka's parable. To Georg Brandes, the great Danish critic and first champion of Nietzsche, Strindberg's occult speculations signified the lamentable fall of a major intellect and dramatist. To Strindberg himself, however, these descents into the unknown were of the essence.

Certain general reflections emerge from Lagercrantz's masterly study. The latter part of the nineteenth century and the *belle époque* as it precedes 1914 are usually characterized as optimistic, as unseeing of the nearing catastrophe. Obviously, there is truth in this view. But it is precisely at that

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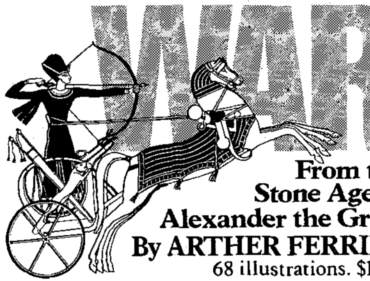

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juncture that a small number of exceptional individuals bore witness, in their personal lives and works, to the crises ahead. On the personal scale, Kierkegaard (the distant forerunner), Dostoyevski, Nietzsche, and Strindberg are an epitome of the conflicts and pathologies that were to dominate the twentieth century. In their different contexts and styles of vision, each of these four night watchmen gave notice of the metaphysical, political, social, and sexual revolutions in which we have been desperately implicated since the breakdown of the old order in 1914-18. The psychological excesses, the self-destructive obsessions that marked their several lives are not in any vague, romantic sense symptoms of private genius. They signify—they enact, pellucidly—a realization of the turbulent emptiness that would overwhelm Western sensibility and society in a post-religious, or, more specifically, a post-Christian, era. The insensate extremism of Strindberg's anti-feminism, his ungoverned attempts to refute the deterministic complacencies of nineteenth-century science result from the tensions between clairvoyance and the old, worn-out expressive forms. The language, the literary and discursive genres of the late-Victorian epoch were scarcely ready for what Strindberg intuited. Hence the erosion of form and common logic in such experiments as "A Dream Play" (or, correspondingly, in Nietzsche's lyric philosophy).

The second reflection has to do with peripheries. A pattern emerges if we bear in mind the weight of premonition and critique in Kierkegaard, Ibsen, and Strindberg; the rise of the Russian novel; Nietzsche's irrevocable resolve to live and work outside Germany; the sudden brilliance of the Irish literary genius (Joyce was alert to Strindberg). It is that of eminent intellectual energy and artistic innovation at the edges of Europe. In painting, in certain aspects of politics, Paris remained the pivot. But it is from the peripheries (witness Kafka's Prague) that prophecy and the understanding of crisis are heard most distinctly. The linguistic and geographical marginality that Strindberg often deplored and that drove him to seek out Berlin and Paris and to write in French was in fact an instigation to radicalism. He looked on the decaying, undermined centers of classical and liberal Europe with the unsparing eye of the barbarian. In turn, the avant-garde theatre both in France and in Germany saw in Strindberg the fascination and the menace of the invader.

Lastly, Lagercrantz's biography induces a nostalgic realization. Even when he found himself in dire personal straits—when divorce, libel suits, and financial stress pressed upon him—Strindberg could travel, could choose and change his places of residence as his peregrine spirit bade. He could test life throughout Scandinavia and in France, Germany, or Italy. In part, this liberty belongs to the age prior to modern inflation, to a system of credit in which small sums and middle-class self-assurance went a very long way. Essentially, however, an itinerary such as Strindberg's tells of a world without visas, work permits, cards of identity and of residence. We have lost this license to impulse, this freedom to invent and reinvent our existences at will. Since 1919, the pilgrim spaces available to Nietzsche, to Rilke, to Strindberg have been largely closed. A major book needs to be thought and written on the ways in which inflation and the constraints on movement and habitation imposed by twentieth-century bureaucracy—an imposition in which the prying, censorious instincts of American populism and centralization play an ironically large role—have affected the life of the mind and of artistic creation.

A photograph in this spellbinding book, that of "his last walk," taken in April, 1912, seems to crystallize all of Strindberg's anarchic solitude. The figure comes toward us, in a kind of ghostly clarity, out of a steam- or mist-shrouded urban backdrop. Under the Magritte-style hat, the eyes are riveting. But they look through us, searching still. The photograph captures, as do very few that I have ever seen, the ambiguous quality of possession, of possessing and being possessed by the imperative of the unknown. There are other haunting and instructive illustrations in Lagercrantz's portrayal. This graphic epilogue is, by itself, worth the (very reasonable) price of admission.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOUR SWEET, by Timothy Mo (Vintage/Aventura; $8.95 paper). Bobbies are "official bandits," Donald Duck is "Toh No Ngaap," Coca-Cola is "Whore Lock," and all Occidentals (including an agent from

Inland Revenue, with his current bun of a face) look alike in this shrewd and original novel about an enterprising Chinese family named Chen that moves from London's teeming Chinatown to London's seedy outskirts—more specifically, about the family's comic success in running a take-out restaurant, called Dah Ling, which caters to the lorry trade (the drivers call the family the Darlings), and about its tragic failure to keep clear of the local branch of the Triad society, which caters to the international heroin trade. One of the reasons the story rings true is Timothy Mo's rendition of the Chens' Chinese, which sounds like telegramese, and which affects the Darlings' English. Neither dialect explains why they thrive (the explanation is chips with sweet-and-sour sauce), but both are featured in some memorable scenes involving a beatup van that, looking potentially mythological, is called the Infernal Carapace.

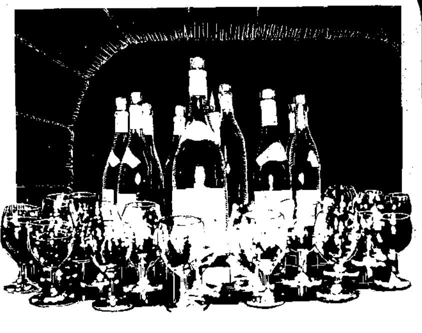
THESE LATTER DAYS, by Laura Kalpakian (Times Books; $16.95). The genealogy that appears at the front of this family saga set among Mormons in Utah, Idaho, and California is shaped like a tree, with Ruth (1864-1940) at the center, where the boughs would begin, and with her six children forming the trunk: an arrangement that makes more and more sense as the story grows—a story of offspring (mostly female) overshadowed by their mother's thorny past and by the Mormon vision of the future. Ruth's catastrophic marriage to a madman bent on bigamy forms the core of the plot, which is embellished by fine, grim details of turn-of-the-century American frontier life. Too many pages toward the end are the artless stuff of oral history, as old women whose births nearly killed Ruth ramble on about this and that, but the story is redeemed in the final pages, as the most promising of Ruth's granddaughters, named Eden, boards a train and heads into the sunrise, her destination not Paradise but Paris.

GENERAL

JOHN MASEFIELD'S LETTERS FROM THE FRONT 1915-17, edited by Peter Vansittart (Franklin Watts; $18.95). Unlike a number of other famous literary Englishmen, John Masefield had no reservations about Britain's war with the Kaiser. Although he was nearing middle age and was comfortably established as a writer and poet, he volunteered in 1914 and was sent to France the next year as a British Red Cross medical orderly. These letters, all of which were written to his wife, are mostly from the Western Front; one section was written in 1916 while he was on a lecture tour and propaganda mission in America. The book seems at first a far cry from the world of today—thoughts about a half-forgotten war by a half-forgotten writer. Once into it, however, the reader is seized by the resonance of Masefield's prose and by his humanity and his honesty. The face of war is found here in evocations of the Battle of the Somme and of devastated Verdun, which looked after the fighting "as though the earth had had a pox which had destroyed its life." In an introduction, Mr. Vansittart recapitulates Masefield's life and gives us an up-to-date, and just, evaluation of him as an artist.

INTIMATE STRANGERS: THE CULTURE OF CELEBRITY, by Richard Schickel (Doubleday; $16.95). The author believes that celebrity—being famous and personally or physically recognized, though not necessarily famous for or good at any particular activity—developed in the twentieth century as a result of innovations in the technology of communication, beginning with mass-circulation newspapers and blossoming with movies, radio, and television. It has become such a dangerous obsession, he argues, that the unbalanced commit crimes in order to become celebrities; the case of President Reagan's would-be assassin, John W. Hinckley, Jr., demonstrates that the distinction between celebrity and notoriety has all but disappeared. Mr. Schickel suggests that television fosters self-deception among viewers—encouraging them to imagine they know performers—and that the habit of counterfeit intimacy with sham personalities has had deplorable results for modern political life.

INTO THE HEART OF BORNEO, by Redmond O'Hanlon (Random House; $16.95). Mr. O'Hanlon, a natural-history specialist on the staff of the *Times Literary Supplement*, and James Fenton, a poet, recently journeyed by boat and by foot, with native guides, deep into the wilds of Borneo in search of adventure and



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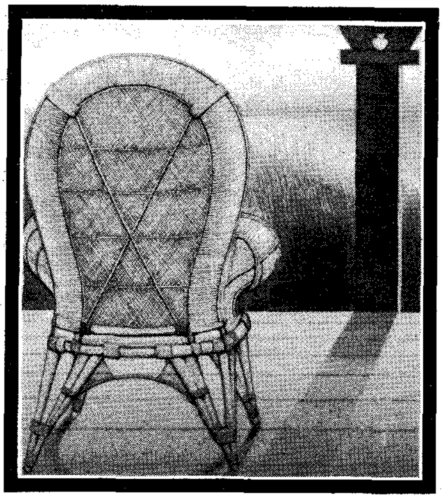

GENERATIONS

Every tribe has its customs and castes. Among the WASPs of the New England retreat known as the Island, there are the July people and there are the August people. And of the August people, surely the *most* august is Charles Winderman. For four decades, Ah-boo, as he is affectionately known to family and friends alike, has presided as a benevolent autocrat over the annual gathering of the clan, all three turbulent generations of it. Year by year he has forged the rituals that will be his legacy, from the communal labor of Deck Day to the final beach celebration that will mark a momentous occasion: Ah-boo's seventieth birthday.

A patriarch's culmination, in more ways than one. For as August slips by in a smooth round of tennis matches and martinis, Ah-boo finds himself in a battle of wills with Ellen, the newest Winderman and soon to be the mother of Old Seventeen, the last of the grandchildren. At stake in this test of strength is the precious unity of Ah-boo's tribe, a heritage he is determined to pass on.

Ralph Graves presents a wonderful portrait of the American Establishment, observed "with the keen eye of an anthropologist," as *Booklist* remarked. Norman Mailer saluted a "consummate sense of surprise."

But by our lights, Bill Brinkley said it best: "a tapestry of emotions achieving a rare universality." According to one of the characters in this marvelous story, WASPs don't cry. Perhaps not, but they *can* be moved to tears. *August People* are not so different from you and me, after all.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY publishes Ralph Graves' *August People.* It is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

the possible sight of the half-legendary Borneo rhinoceros. This account of their experience is entirely traditional. That is to say, the tone is jocular, the hardships are emphasized to the point of absurdity, and only the ornithology and the samplings of native alcohol are taken seriously. The most vivid pictures that one brings away are of the author studying his battered copy of Smythies' "The Birds of Borneo," of Mr. Fenton plodding at every opportunity through "Les Misérables," and of an unvarying cuisine of sticky rice and bony fish. Photographs.

THE FOUCAULT READER, edited by Paul Rabinow (Pantheon; $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). This selection from the writings of Michel Foucault (1926-84) is intended as an introduction to his work. It includes essays, excerpts from his books ("The History of Sexuality," "Madness and Civilization," "Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison"), and several interviews in which he discussed why he appeared difficult to classify among contemporary French thinkers. Foucault describes himself as being concerned mainly with ethics, and particularly with the ways that ethical problems have been formulated at different periods in human history; the phrase he uses is "the genealogy of problems." He points out, for example, that among the pagan Greeks and Romans the problem of sexuality was one of self-mastery—slaveowners did not want to become the slaves of passion—whereas for the early Christians the problem was one of attaining salvation. He considers problems and solutions—definitions of madness, say, and decisions about how to treat madmen—to be human inventions occurring in history, but he does not believe that any particular areas are "fundamental" to an analysis of society or history. He regards a philosopher's job not as arguing but as searching for truth, and suggests that since the eighteenth century the question philosophers have asked is "*What* is this Reason that we use?" The dozen translators represented here have served him well.

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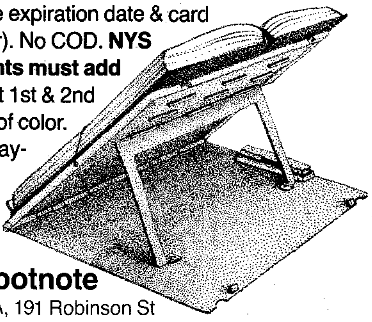

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